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REV. ROBERT STEWART FULLERTON:
A MEMOIR



ROBERT STEWART FULTON IN 1850

MEMOIR
OF
Rev. Robert Stewart Fullerton
American Presbyterian Missionary
in North India
1850-1865

Compiled from his Letters during fifteen years in India, and his
Narratives of the trials, faith and constancy of
Indian Christians during the
Mutiny of 1857

BY
REV. J. J. LUCAS

'I am glorified in them'

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PART I

INTRODUCTION

WHEN I came as a missionary to India in 1870 and became a member of the Mission of which Robert Stewart Fullerton had been a member for fifteen years, I heard one and another speak of him with such affection and love that I seemed to know him—the fragrance of his life still fresh in the Mission and in the circles in which he had moved. Wherever he lived he won a place all his own. Before and during the Mutiny, in 1857, he had charge of a large boys' school, and Mrs. Fullerton of a girls' school in Agra, and he also ministered as pastor to a congregation made up of officers and soldiers of the British army, civilians and members of the Anglo-Indian community, as as well as to the young people of these schools. That ministry bore fruit in the lives of many in those days, and is still bearing fruit in the lives of the children and grandchildren of some of those who were ministered to in so many and in such wise, loving ways by Mr. and Mrs. Fullerton. In his Agra congregation sat a member of what was then known as the Uncovenanted Civil Service, Judge Fraser, a devout, scholarly Christian, who contributed valuable notes to Sale's English translation of the Quran, and who, near the end of his life, requested that he be buried alongside of "dear Robert Fullerton": and so he is in the beautiful "God's Acre" in Dehra Dun. Yes, one may say, this is sentiment and a little thing, but such little things, and there are many such, tell the place Robert Fullerton won in the hearts of those who knew him. The letters to

his family, of which this Memoir is largely made up, show us what made him the man and the missionary he was. It is worth while to learn what gave him that beauty of spirit and strength of conviction which shine through these letters and through the narratives which he wrote shortly after the Mutiny, telling of the sorrows and sufferings of his Indian fellow-Christians during those days that tried their faith, some of them giving up their lives rather than give up their faith in Christ as their Lord and Saviour. When Mr. Fullerton met the poor heart-broken Christians at Rakha, Fatehgarh, their homes in ruins, the Rakha church burnt, the four missionaries of Fatehgarh, with their wives and two of their children, massacred; the headmaster of the Mission high school, Dhokul Parshad, his wife and four children and more than twenty other of their fellow-Christians fired from the guns on the parade ground within a mile of the Rakha church—of that sad meeting this is what he wrote :

“As soon as it was known that I had arrived, men, women and children gathered around me. We met in silence, neither they nor I could for a time trust our voices to speak for fear we should break down. They are the children of the Mission, and in Rakha they had found a happy home. In the midst of their prosperity, and at a time they least expected it, the storm arose which swept with such pitiless fury over these provinces, desolating many of its fairest fields and filling many of its homes with unutterable woe. It seized and scattered them like the leaves of the forest. For seven or eight months they were driven by it wherever it listed. I saw its effect upon them in their miserable clothing and in their emaciated appearance; but I shall not attempt to describe what my feelings were. They, no doubt, thought of their murdered teachers and brethren, whose faces they

will see no more ; of their wanderings and their sufferings since they were driven from the station ; and their feelings at their return were probably not unlike those which heave the breast of the survivors of a shipwreck on escaping from the horrors of a watery grave. When I could control my feelings, I asked for a Bible and hymn-book. We then sang the 23rd Psalm, and read the 103rd ; and then, kneeling upon the bare ground of the courtyard, we lifted our hearts in prayer to God, thanking Him for His many mercies to us during the terrible months which have intervened since these calamities overtook us, and for permitting so many of us to return to our home in peace. When we arose, each had his tale of sorrow and of suffering to relate. They had to flee here and there. All who set out for Cawnpore were not so fortunate as to reach it. A number of little children, unable to endure the privations and hardships of the journey, died. The case of the six blind orphan girls, poor blind Lullu, and the leper Khurga, is the one which has excited my commiseration most. Here were seven persons without sight, and one a most helpless leper, who were driven from their homes at the beginning of the rainy season. They were sometimes days and nights without shelter. I found them living under a miserable shed. Their poverty surpassed anything that I ever saw. Hearing my voice, they were overjoyed. At one time they no doubt felt that their friends and teachers had all been killed, and that they would never meet any of us again, and hence we need not wonder at their joy. I found poor Lullu lying on the ground, sick of fever, and with nothing but a few rags to cover him. I asked him if he had found Christ precious during the long months of suffering through which he had passed. His reply was, ' Oh ! yes, in *dukh* (pain) and in *sukh* (joy) He is ever the

same.' As I was returning, I met poor blind Susan, who, I had heard, was in search of me. A little boy was leading her. I asked her who she was, and her reply was, 'I am a poor blind girl; I have been looking for my *padri* (minister) but cannot find him. Oh! sir, it is very kind of you to come so far to look after poor blind people like us.' Poor girl! she little knew what a privilege I felt it to be; and who would not esteem it a privilege, seeing that our blessed Redeemer has said, 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me?'"

To help me in abridging and preparing for the press the narratives of the faith and constancy of his Indian brethren, written by Mr. Fullerton shortly after the Mutiny, I was given the privilege of reading three volumes of manuscript containing copies of letters to his brothers and sisters in America. These letters, begun eighty-two years ago, when he was a student in an American college, run on to near the end of his life on earth. To preserve them from going to pieces with age the letters were copied by loving hands into these volumes. They were handed me by his daughters with no thought of my drawing out from them a memoir of their beloved father. As I read letter after letter, my heart was often touched and the thought came to me—what a privilege it would be to let the life hid in these letters, and the light of that life shining through them, be taken out, if it may be, and put on a candlestick, so that many more may see the light and lift up their hearts in praise of the Lord Jesus. These letters long ago encouraged the members of his family and the Church in Ohio, of which his brother was pastor, to pray more earnestly, intelligently and unceasingly for him and for his fellow-workers, and for the Christians and people of India; and this encourages the hope that if read by a yet wider

circle, now taking in the Church in India, they would continue their ministry of faith and hope and love.

They may have a message also to a new generation of ministers and missionaries in India. They tell of missionary life in India seventy-five years ago; of how it was carried on in those early days, something of its joys and sorrows; something of its difficulties, its disappointments and its encouragements; of the motives which constrained and sustained the missionary, keeping his hand to the plough through long years of service without loss of heart, but rather with growing joy up to the very end.

Only a few weeks before his death Mr. Fullerton wrote: "The thought of dying in India does not trouble me; for the past fifteen years I have sowed good seed among this people, and in the great harvest I should like to waken among my sheaves. After all, it matters not where. I know in whom I have believed, and that He is able to keep what I have committed to Him until that day. I have no fear of death. I cannot tell you how grateful I am for this evidence that the religion I have preached to others is founded upon a rock — the Rock of Ages." Although suffering greatly for many days before the last day on earth, and speaking was a great effort, he said to those ministering to him: "I am so inexpressibly happy that I must talk to you for a little while. I wish to say that I would not exchange this bed of pain for crowns and kingdoms. Oh, I did not think that I would be permitted to enter the land of Beulah while here on earth, but I have entered it. I see that city where there is no need of the sun, but the Lamb is the light thereof. Do not think that this is excitement. I am as calm as I ever was, but my peace and joy are beyond expression. The river of death, as Dr. Payson said, is only a little rill. Oh, can it be that God would thus reveal

Himself to one so unworthy. Heaven is indeed begun below."

And so this great heart breathed out his faith and hope and love to the very end.

One of the words of our Lord which has encouraged me day by day these past weeks while abridging these letters, is found in His prayer for His followers: "I am glorified in them." How wonderful that the Lord of Glory may be glorified in the lives and even in the sufferings of His disciples! Yes, earthen vessels though they be, it is in them He puts the light of the knowledge of the glory of God. It has been my privilege to catch glimpses of this glory shining through the life and letters, and even death, of Robert Fullerton. And so I count it a privilege to have a part in putting the "inner light" which illumined his days on a candlestick in the form of this memoir, that it may continue to shine, reflecting something of the glory of his and our Lord and Saviour.

Landour,
21st May, 1928.

J. J. LUCAS.

CHAPTER I

ROBERT Stewart Fullerton was born on the 21st of November, 1821, in Bloomingburgh, a little town in the State of Ohio. His forefathers were among those Covenanters who left their homes in Scotland and Ireland to make homes in the then wilds of America.

They were men and women who came to America in those early days that they might be free to worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience, and not be dictated to by King or Parliament as to how they should worship. One of these, Humphrey Fullerton, left his home, whether in Scotland or Ireland is not quite clear, in 1723, and settled in Pequea, Pennsylvania. This grandfather of Robert Fullerton was a surveyor, and helped to survey the boundary line between the States of New York and Pennsylvania. He owned large tracts of land, and so the Fullertons of those days were country gentry. It is recorded of Thomas Fullerton, the father of Robert, by one who knew him well—"that he was the best conversationalist he had ever known," a gift handed down in rich measure to his son, Robert. And of his mother, Elizabeth, an old record reads that "she was ever a helpful teacher and sympathiser. To prudence, patience, industry and excellent judgement, she joined the most devoted piety." Alas! when four years old, Robert was left a motherless boy, and when 14 he lost his father. From early childhood until manhood his home was with uncles and aunts. Those homes, wide open to welcome this

homeless nephew, were never forgotten. Near the close of his life, after 14 years in India, he wrote from Dehra Dun to one of his cousins, Esther Hunt Tracy, in whose grandfather's house he had lived for a while when a boy: "I never think of you as living in Illinois. You are all at Concord, Ross County, Ohio, still. Dear me! now strange it would seem for me to go back to that neighbourhood and find your grandfather's house occupied by strangers, and then to visit your old home and find that it too had passed into the hands of aliens. But we live in a changing world. We have had four homes since coming to India—Mynpurie, Agra, Fatehgarh and Dehra. During this time we have passed through war, famine and pestilence, and seen many fall on our right and left. Oh! that we may all live so that our last change may be the happiest of our lives. Many thanks for your account of the last days of dear uncle Robert. I shall never forget the kindness shown me by him and Margaret while under their roof. What a dear, cheerful, happy home it was. If I could draw, I could give you a picture of the old school-house, the creek, the buckeyes and the large sycamores in the neighbourhood. Those were happy days! By this you must not infer I have seen none since. I have seen many here in India. Our outward circumstances have, I think, little to do with our happiness here. We were as happy in the fort, in Agra, while our house was lying in ruins and our property destroyed by the sepoys who sought our lives, as we were before or ever since."

Three of his letters, written after he graduated from Ohio University, in 1845, show not only the kind of pen he wrote with in those early days, but also reveal some of the thoughts of his heart as to his life work. The first letter is to his sister, Martha, dated Frankfort, Ohio, Saturday, November

21st, 1846: "Dear Sister,—Today is a day of rest with me. My mind has during the morning been roaming from place to place, and in its peregrinations made a long halt at Logan. You were probably not aware that I was looking in upon you; but look at this picture and then tell me if I was not there." (Then follows a pen picture of how each member of the family is occupied.)

"Imagination, you know, is tongueless, and as all my efforts to inform you of my presence were ineffectual the spirit was under the necessity of getting back to its clay tenement in order to make it a medium of communication. I am once more confined within the walls of a schoolroom. I have taught three weeks. My term is five months long. I think, when I am through with this term I shall close for ever my labours in unravelling the hidden mysteries of science as a country pedagogue. Do not misunderstand me. I am not giving up the profession because I think it beneath me; far from it. I think that school teaching is not my calling. I am too much of a peace man to thrash the children.

"An unfortunate and melancholy circumstance took place here a day or two ago. An old gentleman, who lives above this place, got drunk at one of the taverns in Frankfort. The landlord put him on his horse about ten o'clock at night, and started him home. When he came to the creek, instead of crossing he turned his horse upstream, got into a deep hole and was drowned. Who is the murderer?—the distiller? the retailer? or the people who tolerate the iniquitous licence law?—verily, I think we are all guilty."

Another letter of those early days to his sister, Martha, is from the Western Theological Seminary, February 12th, 1849: "There have been much sickness and many deaths

in this region during the last winter. And we have not escaped in the seminary. Previous to this winter, there had been but one death here in a period of 18 years, but we have already lost during the present session two, one twenty-fifth of our whole number. I received a letter from brother Stewart a day or two ago, telling me that Dr. Manary is dead. He was my school mate and companion. His work is finished. We meet him no more below. 'Tis a cheering thought that he has gone to a better land. None really knew him who did not love him, and I think no one knew him so well as I.

"Cousin Humphrey Fullerton, who lived near the seminary, has taken Joseph, one of his sons, and gone to California in search of gold."

In a letter to his brother, Stewart, from the Western Theological Seminary, dated April 3rd, 1849, he writes: "I expect to remain here until after the meeting of the General Assembly, and perhaps all the summer. By the way, who is your delegate? I hope you will send someone who will stir them up on the slavery question. Since Bradford and his friends have seceded, there is scarcely a frog in all this waste of waters to create a ripple. There is nothing like constant, prudent agitation in the work of reforming public sentiment. I think I never saw more clearly than I have since coming here the folly of secession."

Robert Fullerton's eldest brother, Stewart, 16 years older, in whose home he lived for years when growing up to manhood, was the pastor of the Presbyterian Church in South Salem, Ohio. To this elder brother he gave a love like to that which flows out to mother and father and brother all in one. The letters of this brother to Robert, before and after he went to India, show how worthy he was

of that love—letters preserved in the family these 80 years. A year before his own death Robert got word of the death of his brother. In a letter to Dorothy, wife of his brother, dated Dehra Dun, April 4th, 1864, he lets his heart speak of what his elder brother had been to him when a boy in his home: "Your long and intensely interesting letter of November 10th was duly received, and has been read by us both many times since. I am so thankful to you for writing the account of dear brother Stewart's last days. I am glad that he was permitted to visit the Lakes, to return in time to spend two weeks with his family and people, to have a quiet ride with you to Bainbridge, and to return home to die and be buried among those who knew him best and loved him most. Everything was ordered in wisdom and love; but oh, that I could have been with him during those two weeks—that I could have talked once more with him. His letters were always so good, so kind, and so cheerful that it was a great privilege to get them. With the exception of a few of them, which I may have lost when my house was broken open and my property destroyed in the Mutiny, I have, I think, all he ever wrote me.

"I have one, written on a long foolscap sheet, which I received from him in 1843, while I was a student in Ohio University. I was not then a professor of religion, and the object of his writing was to urge me to cast in my lot with the people of God. He spoke of the stand he had taken, of his having become a minister of the Gospel, and declared that these steps had caused him no regret; and, with regard to the Church for the future he said:

" ' For her my tears shall fall
For her my prayers ascend
To her my cares and toils be given
Till cares and toils shall end.'

"He then added—'It may seem strange to you, but I hope to see you a minister of the Gospel of Reconciliation.' What, I thought! I become a minister, who am not a Christian? I turned it over and over in my mind and it troubled me not a little, but the letter was then, and has ever since been, very precious to me. And it had not a little influence in bringing me here.

"Once, after having spent a pleasant vacation with you, during which he said nothing on the subject of religion, he followed me out to where my horse was standing, took me by the hand after I had mounted, and looked up with his earnest face and said, 'Good-bye, Robert, don't forget that you have a soul.' This was more than a dozen sermons to me, and the words—don't forget that you have a soul—rang in my ears until I hoped that I had found rest from Him who says, 'Come unto me.'

"But how I am wandering! I commenced to tell you how much we should miss brother's letters, and I find myself thinking and talking of what occurred long years ago; and it is ever so. I sometimes think of him, of what he did and said, until I reason myself into the belief that he must be in the land of the living still. Oh, what a void this departure has made in the parsonage, and, far off as we are, it has made one here too. I am glad you told me his last text. I heard a noble sermon from it just before your letter came, from the Rev. Mr. Symes, of the Baptist Church, a colleague of Carey, Marshman and Ward at Serampore, now an old man standing on the brink of the grave. The hymn, 'Palms of glory, raiment bright,' has for years been a favourite of mine, and it will be doubly dear now.

"Brother Stewart taught me to love the hundred and thirty-seventh Psalm. He selected the hundred and twenty-first Psalm with the intention of singing it at family

worship on the 24th June, 1850, the morning I left home for India, but, after reading the chapter, gave it up for fear of breaking down, and this hymn and these Psalms will always be associated with his memory while life remains."

This letter is given with such fullness because it takes us to the beginning of Robert Fullerton's inner life, when the Holy Spirit through his brother said to him, "Robert, don't forget that you have a soul."

CHAPTER II

WE have now reached a turning place in the life of Robert Fullerton. He had graduated at the Ohio University in 1845. He had taught school during 1846-47. He had decided to be a minister of the Lord Jesus Christ, and was studying in Allegheny Theological Seminary. He began his study of theology with the purpose of preaching in America among his own people. He had the gift of a friendly spirit, and with it the gift of a loving tongue and the pen of a ready writer. There were congregations that would have counted it a blessing to have him as their pastor. How attractive such a life must have been to a young man who loved people and was loved by them, and how attractive a home of his own among them must have seemed. Yes, these things drew his heart to make his home among his own people and minister in one of their churches. But a voice within had begun to draw his heart to go as a missionary to India. While he thought on these things, praying and questioning himself and others as to where he should spend his life, he wrote to his brother, Stewart, putting some questions to him. They were answered by his brother in a letter we still have. We have not the letter to which this is an answer, but the reply was evidently written in answer to the questionings of the heart of his younger brother, as to whether he should go as a missionary to India, and also whether he should go under the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, of which Dr. John C. Lowrie, founder of that Mission in

India, was the Secretary. This letter of his brother, Stewart, is undated but it was probably written in the early part of 1850. For this undated letter we may well give thanks. It spoke to the heart of this younger brother, troubled with doubts, and it has in it messages that are ever fresh, whatever their date :

“ We were hurrying to get our letter ready for the mail when yours of the 5th instant came to hand. The contents, though not entirely unexpected to me, have thrown a deep solemnity over our feelings and has caused many tears to flow. The little ones say, ‘ Tell Uncle Robert he must not go.’ ‘ Little Dora has many questions to ask about—how far is it to India, how can uncle get there,’ etc. As for myself, my language is, ‘ The will of the Lord be done,’ and I think it is very probable that it is His will for you to go to India. The Bloomingburgh folks have been looking to you with the hope that you would settle with them. My people have still consoled themselves with the thought that, if I should be laid aside, they would soon have an opportunity of inviting you to take my place. And I have long flattered myself with the hope of having you somewhere near me, where we could often cheer one another in our toils. But, Robert, Christ is our Master. The field is the world, and I would be very sorry to see you a minister of the Gospel at all if I thought you were unwilling to go at a word to any part of the field the Lord may point out.

“ But to answer your letter more particularly. *First*—‘ Am I qualified ? ’ If I had not thought that God was qualifying you by His grace for the work of the ministry, I would never have urged you forward in your course of preparation. And if you are qualified for being a preacher at home you are qualified as a missionary abroad. I do not believe in a Plebian and a Patrician religion. Faith finds its sufficiency

in God, and it can do it as readily in India as in America. As regards other qualifications, I see no reason for concluding you ought not to go.

"*Second*—'Will my friends object to my going under our own Board?' For one—I will not. I can say to it, 'With all thy faults I love thee still.' Indeed, I preferred it to all other Boards, and so I have told my people for years, although for the sake of peace among ourselves we have contributed to aid the American Board.

"*Third*—'Have the missionaries in India taken such a stand in reference to caste that it would be wrong for me to co-operate with them?' I cannot answer this question directly, for I know not what stand they have taken. This, however, I will say—caste is a heathen abomination of no ordinary magnitude. Our missionaries ought not to receive any to the communion of the Church who do not renounce this and every other heathen abomination. If our missionaries have decided otherwise, it would be wrong to co-operate with them, sustaining the decision. But it would not be wrong to labour with them in endeavouring to convert the heathen unto God. A mistake in one point does not throw them beyond the pale of our holy religion, unless the blunder be made very close to the Cross. They may see their error. I dislike very much the stand they have taken on polygamy, and regret that Mr. Lowrie published the action on this subject. Still, doubtless those brethren are good men, and if we were to refuse to act with good men because we think them mistaken on some points what body on earth could we unite with? Only one word more—you must be licensed and ordained here."

Robert Fullerton was ordained by the Presbytery of Chillicothe as a minister and as a missionary to India in June, 1850, in the church of his brother, Stewart, in South

Salem. Soon after this he was married to Martha White, a woman of culture and refinement, as well as of a strong character, the youngest daughter of the Rev. Robert White, for over 20 years pastor of Faggs Manor Presbyterian Church, Pennsylvania. They set sail for Calcutta from Boston on the 8th August, 1850, in a sailing vessel, the *Argo*. What this separation cost the loved ones, left behind, we learn from a letter of his brother, Stewart, dated South Salem, July the 11th, 1850 :

"It was indeed a dark day with us after you bade us farewell. As the day of your leaving drew near I began to envy poor brother James, who would be spared the trial of taking leave of you. And it was only by constant effort and by unceasing prayer that I could think of it with composure. I had selected some time before the hundred and twenty-first Psalm (H.M.) to sing when we would sit down together the last time for family worship. I wished to have your face well connected in our minds with old Lenox and that sweet song of Zion. But when the time arrived my heart failed me. I felt that my poor harp was indeed upon the willows, and we would have a regular 'break down' if we attempted to sing it or anything else. But although God did not 'open my lips' to show forth His praise on that morning, I trust that, with the sentiment of the Psalm, I made melody in my heart unto His name. And I never expect to read or sing that Psalm again without thinking of you, my dear brother, and of the 24th of June, 1850. Will not you and your dear wife sometimes sing in a 'strange land' this song of our God, and associate with it the remembrance of home and friends. And now, brother, we may look for a letter every mail until we get one. I do hope this will reach you before you leave New York. Peace be with you for now and for ever. Amen."

The first letter from India to his brother, Stewart, gives an account of the voyage from Boston to Calcutta. It is dated, Bay of Bengal, December the 23rd, 1850.

“My Dear Brother,—You have no doubt often wondered why you have not heard from us before now. The reason is that our track has been out of the range of homeward-bound vessels, and we have not had a single opportunity to send back letters since we left Boston. We are now within sixty miles of Sand Head, where we take on board the pilot that conducts us thence up the Hooghly to Calcutta. Our stay in Calcutta we expect to be short. Martha and I have read and re-read your and sister Dorothy’s letters until they are almost worn out, and we are now ready for new ones. I have given a full account of the voyage in the journal which I have kept for sister Dorothy, and which I expect to send back by the ship, but, as you probably will not get it before July or August next year, I will give you a slight outline of events now. We left Boston on the ship, *Argo*, on the 8th August, 1850. For a few days we had a delightful breeze, and were rapidly borne away from the land we love towards the coast of Africa. We soon changed our favourable wind for a head-wind and a head-sea, against which we beat for thirteen days, and did not reach the equator until the 19th of September—forty-two days from Boston, while our first-mate says he has made it in fifteen. The weather has been very fine nearly the whole voyage. We have had no storms, which all unite in saying is quite unusual on a voyage to India. We crossed the equator in the Atlantic on the 19th of September; we were opposite the Cape of Good Hope on the 26th of October, and crossed the equator again on the last day of November. Two weeks ago we encountered a waterspout, that frightened us very much for a few moments,

causing the vessel to tremble like a leaf ; but it passed without doing us any injury. I never had the most distant idea that sea birds are numerous as they are. I have seen acres of birds on the water at once. Our passage has been much longer than we expected when we left Boston. We were then told it would not be over one hundred and twenty days, and might not be over a hundred, but we now have been one hundred and thirty-seven days out, and shall feel well satisfied if we get out of the river in a week. I often think of the hour when you all assembled for family worship, and love to think perhaps you are praying for me and mine. Though you should forget us everywhere else, forget us not at the throne of grace. We know not what is before us—perhaps disease and a premature grave, but it matters not so God is glorified, whether we do it by living or by dying. I have frequently read over your hundred and twenty-first Psalm, third part, on the voyage, and it has ever afforded me sweet consolation ; but I more frequently think of it now, as we are about to step on a strange shore to mingle in untried scenes. And we have sometimes tried to sing it, but it calls up the last morning I kneeled with you in the family circle and the parting scenes—so that I have not been able to get through with all the stanzas at one trial, but we yet hope to sing it, according to your request, in a strange land. Your likenesses are precious mementos, especially the children, there they are, just as I arranged them for the artist. Perhaps I may yet see them in our common native land ; and perhaps some of them may join us as missionaries in India. I will leave the rest of the letter to be filled up in Calcutta.”

Postscript from Mrs. Fullerton : “ Calcutta, January the 6th, 1851 : Dear Brother,—Robert left a part of this page to fill up, and as he is now engaged I will use it. We

arrived here in safety on the 29th, and on the next day (Monday) left the *Argo*, which had been our home for 144 days, and came to our boarding-house, where we have been trying to make arrangements to proceed on our journey up the country. Robert was much disappointed in not getting letters here, but perhaps they may have gone on to Fatehgarh. After much perplexity and enquiries about the best and cheapest mode of travelling, we have concluded to go in native boats. Every other way is so very expensive that we had to adopt this from necessity. It is very tedious, and will take three or four months to reach our station, as the boats are pulled along by men, who go just when and how they please. We intend to take a teacher and commence the study of the language immediately, so that the time may not be lost. We wish, if possible, to start next week, and are now getting furniture to take with us, as it is much cheaper here."

In a letter from Calcutta, dated January 1st, 1851, from Mrs. Fullerton to the sister of her husband, who was a missionary to the North American Indians, she writes: "I know you will be anxious to hear from your brother, and, as he is particularly engaged in attending to business, he wishes me to write in his place and give some account of our voyage. He received your letter the morning we sailed from Boston (8th of August), after we came on the ship, *Argo*, and was indeed very glad to hear from you before starting. That day, as you may suppose, was a sad one to us, but you know the trials of parting from friends and home too well to need any explanation of the feelings which fill the heart at such a time. Our voyage was in many respects a pleasant one. Our vessel, the *Argo*, was a merchantman—not intended for carrying passengers, and of course wanting many of the comforts and conveni-

ences of such vessels, but the captain was kind and accommodating, allowed us every privilege which we could wish. For some weeks at first we were much detained by calms and unfavourable winds; but after crossing the equator, which we did on the 19th of September, and getting into the southernly trade winds, we sailed rapidly for some time. But again, about the latter part of the voyage, we encountered head-winds and calms, which made it tedious. We were out just 144 days, and did not see land from the time of leaving Boston until four days before we reached our port. The only time we felt danger from the elements was once, in the Bay of Bengal, when a waterspout struck our vessel. For a minute or two we thought it would go over on its side, or sink, but soon all came right again, and the waterspout went whirling off on the other side. We arrived safely, on the 29th of December, but, that being Sabbath, we remained on board the ship until the next day, and then came to our boarding-house, where we are trying to make arrangements to proceed up the river. It is seven hundred and fifty miles, or perhaps more, by the river to Fatehgarh—so that we have a long journey yet before us, and particularly in the way which we have to go—by native boats. These are pulled along by men, in the same way as our canal boats are pulled by mules, and much slower, so that it will probably take us four months yet to reach our home. It would, I am sure, excite your sympathy to see these poor Hindus in Calcutta. Magnificence and wretchedness are strangely commingled in this great city. We have frequently seen dead bodies floating down the Ganges, or lying unnoticed on its banks. To die on the banks of this sacred stream, or be buried beneath its waters, will, they think, insure to them perfect happiness hereafter. There are now a number of missionaries of different denominations in this city, but

our Board have none here—all theirs are in the interior. We may expect to find much to discourage us, but we do not serve a hard Master. If we are faithful He will not forsake us. His grace shall be sufficient for us. I must now say good-bye to you, and leave the next page for Robert to fill up."

Postscript from Robert Fullerton: "My Dear Sister,—When I left Boston I intended writing to you by the first opportunity, which I am now doing. We did not meet a return vessel during our entire voyage, and were almost two months before seeing one of any kind. God in His goodness has brought us so far in safety, and we are not only now 'living to praise him,' but we are in good health. I often think of the day I parted from you, one of the two sad days of my life. I never knew till then how much I loved you. It is a sweet thought that, though we are so far separated one from the other, that we surround the same throne of grace, have the same common Father, and our paths are rapidly converging to our home above. Be of good cheer and faithful even unto death, and you shall receive the crown of life. Much labour and many trials may be before us, but we trust in One who is able to help in every time of need. Your truly attached brother, Robert.

"P.S.—I attended the Independent Chapel and the Free Kirk of Scotland yesterday (Sabbath); found the ministers both good, evangelical men.

"Good bye, don't forget to write."

This first letter to the friends at home, telling of his long voyage, brought loving replies. One of these, from his brother, Stewart, is the pouring out of a big heart full of love for his far away younger brother. This letter gives us some idea of the love and wisdom with which Hugh Stewart Fullerton ministered to his own flock, in his village church, at

at South Salem, Ohio. Although written seventy-seven years ago, it still has the breath of life and joy in it, that joy exceeding great because his own children and the children of his church had come to know the Lord Jesus by personal experience as their Saviour from sin.

“SOUTH SALEM, OHIO.

“*March the 20th, 1851.*

“DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER,

“Never did a letter give us such joy before as yours from India gave us. After being lost to us so long, it is with gratitude as well as gladness that we hear your hail from beyond the great deep. We had long looked with earnestness for a letter, still hoping that some ship might meet you on your lonesome course, and bring us word that you are yet afloat. We, at length, began to despair of hearing from you in this way, and when your letter came and told us of your safe arrival we could scarce believe our eyes—the tidings seemed too good to be true, as we did not expect such news so soon. We hope that by this time you are far up the Ganges, and perhaps at your station. On Sabbath I announced from the pulpit the tidings of your safe arrival, and many rejoice with us. My people have contributed this year two hundred and thirty-four dollars towards your support, and the amount would have been a good deal larger if it were not for prejudices many of them entertained against the Board. Perhaps not less than forty copies of the *Foreign Missionary* are now taken here, and any letters from you will be read with great interest and will do good. We have much to be grateful for in review of God’s dealings with us last year. I have often been cast down in looking at the condition of our church, and yet, with all my depression and unbelief, we have been blessed. We have received to the communion of the church during that time fifty-two

persons in all, and forty of them on profession of faith. Of the latter, thirty have been received between the last two or three weeks, and many more have been earnestly enquiring the way of salvation. Our academies were greatly blessed, and we hear of a similar work of grace in many other academies and colleges of our land. In this you will rejoice yet more when we tell you that Thomas and George are among those who have professed to have passed from death unto life. Our three oldest children are now numbered with the people of God on earth, and we trust their names are in the Book of Life. This, you may be assured, is a great comfort to us. Oh, if I could see my whole dear family with myself in the Ark, I would say to the storms and floods and even to death—‘come on!’ You know not yet the solicitude and anxieties of a parent’s and a pastor’s heart. If ever you should feel them, you will find more need than ever for that animating assurance, ‘Underneath thee are the everlasting arms.’ You may be sure that you are not forgotten in our morning and evening worship. Brother Dunham has trouble at Red Oak. The people seem to be divided among themselves. They have been quarrelling so long that they would be out of their element in a calm. I spoke of colleges being blessed, among these are Oxford and Hanover. At the latter place, out of about 150 students, at the last accounts, but five were not professors of religion. We trust that God is about to raise up a great army, with which to carry forward the Redeemer’s cause. We may soon fall upon the battlefield, but it is sweet assurance that other soldiers of the Cross will carry on the war, and will over and around our graves raise shouts of victory which will be heard in heaven.”

The following letter will give a glimpse into the heart of Robert Fullerton, as he thought with sorrow and shame of

his countrymen in America refusing to set free the Africans in the fifteen Slave States, and the passing of a fugitive slave law, forbidding the giving of refuge in one's home to the runaway slave fleeing from one of the Slave States into one of the Free States of the United States.

Here, also, he tells of his sorrow as he beheld the slavery of caste and the power of idol worship everywhere in India, not only in temples, but under trees on the roadside and in the daily life of the people of this land.

"What do the good people of America think of the fugitive slave law? How do you of the North like your new position? It was bad enough before, but to be compelled by law to stand along the border of the Slave States, armed from head to foot, to keep the slaves from escaping to a land of liberty, is a position too degrading for freemen to bear. But what provokes me more than anything else is to see Christian ministers all over the land preaching obedience to the law, as though it was an ordinance of God. If I were in America I would never obey it. If an officer, I would resign if called upon to put it in force; and if commanded by an officer to aid in enforcing it, I would obey God rather than man, let the consequences be what they may. My heart aches for the poor slave. When will the day dawn? When will their sorrows be at an end, and America be indeed free? How long, oh Lord, how long? Oh, my brother, what a dark world we live in! How little the principles of the Gospel are regarded by governments even professedly Christian.

"Here the Bible is excluded by law from all the government schools. The whole tendency of the British rule in India is to make the people infidel. But when we turn away from the inconsistencies of men and governments professedly Christian, and turn our gaze towards the heathen

world, 'The whole head is sick, the whole heart is faint.' All around us is impenetrable gloom. The greater portion of the world is in heathen darkness. Think for a moment of the millions of China, of India, of Africa and of the Islands of the Sea, they are mad upon their idols. They are living without God and without hope in the world. If you could see what our eyes are really called to witness you would not say that the picture is too dark. But let us not despair of either our country or our race. 'For assuredly, as I live, saith the Lord, every knee shall bow and every tongue shall confess.' Let us then thank God and take courage. The slave will yet be free. Caste shall be forgotten. Idolatry will cease and 'Christ will be all in all.'

"Have you sent me papers from the Presbytery yet? If not, I hope you will attend to it immediately, as I wish to join the Presbytery of Farrukhabad. We are both hard at work at the language. We find many difficulties in it for an Occidental, but we hope by labour and perseverance to be able to surmount them. We expect to go on to Mynpurie next week, as we are every day looking for our baggage-boat, having heard that it is near. When we reach our station we shall be almost overwhelmed with labours. The care of a school, numbering 150 pupils, will be on us. I shall have to preach in the chapel through an interpreter until I have acquired the language, and in the meantime the study of the language will be my principal employment. We shall be entirely alone so far as missionary society is concerned. We hope that we shall hear from you often, and that you will not forget us at the throne of grace. May the blessing of God rest upon you and yours.—Your affectionate brother, Robert."

We now come to the letters of Mr. and Mrs. Fullerton after they had reached their first home in India and

begun work. We have seen how they got to Fatehgarh in boats—the 750 miles from Calcutta up the Ganges taking them four months. It was not only a long, tedious voyage spent on the Ganges until they reached Fatehgarh, but their boat was also beset with dangers from strong currents here and there in the river, and from sudden tempestuous winds, which threatened destruction.

In a letter to his brother, James, dated Mynpuri, June the 5th, 1851, Mr. Fullerton states how he came to be sent to Mainpuri (modern spelling of Mynpurie), his first field of service in India.

“You will perhaps want to know what we have been doing since we last wrote. At that time it was uncertain what our destination was to be. We have three stations in the Farrukhabad area—one at Fatehgarh, one here at Mynpuri, and one at Agra. Either brother Campbell, who came out with us, or I was to remain at Fatehgarh, and the other was either to go to Agra or come here. The Mission brethren at Fatehgarh at first determined to send me to Agra, giving up this place, where the Mission has valuable property and a school which has been in operation for the last seven years. But as this would be a great sacrifice, we volunteered to come on here and keep up the station as well as we could. When this decision was made all the brethren were here on a visit, and we were on our way to Agra. We then retraced our steps, to await in Farrukhabad the arrival of our baggage-boat, which was bringing our luggage up the Ganges from Calcutta. In the meantime we board with Rev. J. J. Walsh, who has charge of the Orphange Asylum in that city. I taught a class of the orphan boys, and commenced the study of the language under a *munshi*. Our boat arrived on the 20th May, and we came over to our station on the 22nd.

Mynpurie lies between Farrukhabad and Agra—40 miles from the former and about 70 miles from the latter. It is a small place, when compared with other cities in this country. It contains 18,000 inhabitants. It is the capital of the district whose name it bears, and was formerly a military station of some importance, but since the Panjab has been brought under British sway it has lost much of its importance in this respect. As the troops are not needed here they have gradually been withdrawn to the north. There is part of a native regiment here, with European officers, but they are soon to be withdrawn and the military station broken up. There will then be at the station only a few civil officers. As it is, we have but sixteen Europeans here all told, and of this number only three ladies beside my Martha; but after the troops are withdrawn the station will be much smaller. The people that are here are not religiously inclined; there are generally not more than three or four of them at church besides ourselves. We make it a point to attend once a day.

“We have a large, convenient house to live in, belonging to the Mission. It has a flat roof, after the manner of Eastern countries; there are six large rooms in it, besides a large number of smaller ones. The ceilings are very high, and in every room we have a large fan overhead, called a *pankha*, about ten feet long and two and a half feet wide. At two of the doors we have *tattis* up (mats made out of the roots of a coarse kind of grass found here). These are kept constantly wet by a coolie outside, and when there is a good wind blowing without they aid very much in keeping down the temperature within. But at best this is a terribly hot country. We never think of going out in the sun after it is a few hours' high without an umbrella over us, and we never go out in the middle of the day except in

case of absolute necessity. The thermometer within doors ranges from 90° to 92° , while in the shade of our verandah it is 110° and sometimes higher. Thus you see it is necessary for us to have a large house and every convenience in order to keep cool. But you would be more thoroughly convinced of the necessity if you got a blast of our hot winds, which feel as though they issued from the mouth of a heated oven. One of the greatest annoyances with which our house is infested is scorpions, whose sting, though not always followed by death, is terrible. The first six days we were here we killed on an average one a day, and have killed a number since. Only a day or two ago, in removing some papers, I picked up one in my hands, but providentially it did not sting me.

“The school numbers 150 scholars. We have one munshi (Persian teacher), two pandits who teach Hindi, and a head teacher, who understands English and aids me in imparting instruction in that language. I go to school early in the morning and spend about three hours. Our first lesson in the morning is a Bible lesson, and it gives me real pleasure to explain it to the scholars. The higher classes recite in the catechism once a week, and do it quite as well, I think, as boys at home. Sabbath evenings, at six o'clock, I preach to teachers, scholars, my servants, and whoever else may choose to come. This I do, of course, through an interpreter, as I am as yet unable to speak in their own tongue. Oh! that my tongue were loosed. It seems to me that I could preach Christ and Him crucified to the people from morn until night. I feel more than ever the importance of this glorious work, and, though cut off from a thousand home enjoyments, I am happy, very happy in it.

“Pray much for Mynpurie; pray much for us, that the

word of the Lord may prosper in our midst. We are both in good health. Write a long letter, and tell us all about yourself and family."

Here is an extract from a letter to his sister, Dorothy, written the same day. It gives us a glimpse into his heart. He had taken down a book, *Life of Abraham*, to read on the Sabbath—a book which brought back memories of his old home. "I took it down and opened it, and the first thing my eye fell upon was a little twig from the honeysuckle, which grows under your window, pressed in between its leaves. How it came there, whether by accident or whether you pressed it for me, I am unable to say, but I suspect the latter. I at once thought of how often I have seen you and brother and the children sit at the table by that window, and how often I have sat there myself, and looked at the honeysuckle and watched the humming birds as they sipped their honey. Thanks, many thanks, to you for the honeysuckle. Though I may never see home, I have a piece of it with me."

CHAPTER III

MR. FULLERTON'S sister, Martha, had gone as a missionary to the American Indians, then far away in the Western States of the United States. That meant, in those early days of Mission work among the North American Indians, a long and wearisome journey from the Eastern States and a life of loneliness and privation. In this first letter of her brother, Robert, to her from India, will be seen something of his affection and solicitude for this sister, so it is given in full.

“MYNPURIE.

“*June the 10th, 1851.*

“MY DEAR SISTER,

“It is now a little more than a year since we parted in Cincinnati, you to find a home among the Indians of the far West and I to sojourn among the Indians of the Eastern World. How many long miles I have travelled since then! How many changes I have witnessed and how many new faces I have seen, yet all has not sufficed to erase from memory the bitterness of parting. For several days I had tried to prepare my mind for it, but when we kneeled together at cousin George's, the morning I was to leave you, the thought that it was for the last time on earth quite unmanned me. Our trip across the ferry, and our farewell at the Cincinnati wharf, are as fresh as though they had taken place but yesterday. I separated from you with many misgivings, both on your own account and on my own. I thought it hard for you to leave your friends and to go out

alone to the heathen, and on my own part I feared that my constitution might be unsuited to this climate, and this, I believe, was the opinion of most of my friends. I have not heard from you for many months, but for myself I can truly say, 'Hitherto has the Lord helped me.' It is true, I suffered much on the voyage from sea-sickness, and sometimes thought that I, if permitted to see India, might possibly be obliged in a short time to return; but, though I did not know it then, I believe that it was the best preparation for the climate I could have had. I think my constitution underwent quite a change. God has been very gracious to me, and has given me a Martha who I think is a Mary also. You will see from brother James' letter, which was written in part to you and which I have directed him to send to you, that we have a wide field of usefulness, and thus far I have found more pleasure in the work than in anything in which I have ever been engaged. If God will only bless our labours I know that we shall be happy. As it is, we only want the presence of a few kind friends to make our cup of blessing full. I hope, my dear sister, that you can sing of mercies also. Is it not true that the more we sacrifice for Christ, the happier we are? I have never been more happy than since I came to India. I never had such clear views of the Saviour, such strong confidence in the promises of God, and such cheering hopes of the future. I believe I can now say with more assurance than ever before, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' and what a glorious Redeemer He is. How tender, how lasting is His love! And how strong to save! Oh! shall we not tell to sinners around—what a dear Saviour we have found.

"Heathen temples are all around us, and every day we witness the idolatry of the people. I visited a temple

this morning, which is a few hundred yards of our house, and my heart sunk within me as I watched the people prostrating themselves before their gods of stone. I longed to be able to tell them in their own tongue of Him who came to save. Let us be faithful, my dear sister, even unto death. Our toils will soon be at an end—the sooner if we feel the concern for souls that we ought to feel. Write soon, and pray for your affectionate brother,

“R. S. FULLERTON.”

On July the 6th, 1851, Mr. Fullerton received two letters from his brother, Stewart, which filled his heart with joy. They were the first letters he had received from this beloved brother since his reaching his home in India. Long months had he waited for them. His letter in reply is dated Mynpurie, September the 1st, 1851.

“MY DEAR BROTHER,

“Your letters of March 20th and April the 16th reached us on the 6th of July. You can hardly imagine the pleasure the perusal of these letters give us. I had longed and looked for them until hope deferred had almost made the heart sick. But at last they came, bringing the cheering intelligence that all was well, and the still more cheering intelligence that God in mercy has visited your family and people with an outpouring of His spirit. My heart leaped for joy while I read this first item of news. I know how much it must have cheered your heart. Since I left your roof my daily prayer has been that God would bless you and your people, and my poor prayers have been more than answered. To Him be all the glory. So Thomas and George are numbered among the people of God on earth. In this I rejoice with you, and my prayer shall be that not only theirs, but that the names of all your dear children may be registered in heaven. The death of Fathers Wilson,

Brown, and Steele did not surprise me. Perhaps I told you of Father Brown's blessing me, the last Sabbath spent in Salem. I often think of it, and love to think that the blessing of one who was so ripe in years and in Christian experience, and now entered the gates of the celestial city, rests upon me. When we last wrote we were in the midst of the hot winds, which set in in April and left us on the 2nd of July. Then every door and window was closed, and it was necessary for us to have a man to throw water on the tattis, in order to bring down the temperature, from morning until night. Then the trees were covered with dust, and plains of almost boundless extent spread themselves out on every side of us, on which scarcely a single blade of grass was visible. Now we sit with doors wide open all day long. The rains have washed the dust off from the trees, and those sterile plains are covered with verdure. If a man were to go to sleep here in the latter part of June and wake up in August it would be hard to convince him that he was in the same world. Every prospect pleases. Plains covered with luxuriant crops of corn, hemp, grass, rice and sugar-cane, interspersed with groves and villages; and here and there flocks of sheep and goats and herds of cows and buffaloes, with their keepers, meet the eye. If you were to see the soil you would think that nothing could grow on it, but water and sun in this country can clothe even a barren sand bank with the richest robes of green, and it is astonishing with what rapidity things grow. A few nights suffice to cover a plain with grass when nothing was to be seen before. A word now about the rains; they commenced on the 2nd of July and we will probably have them until the beginning of October. I used to think that during the rainy season the rain fell almost constantly, but it is not

the case. It sometimes rains for four or five days in succession with great violence, but we have intervals of one and sometimes two weeks in which there is little, if any, rain. In the latter part of July, Rev. Mr. Walsh paid us a visit on his way to Agra, and, as I found I could do so without expense, I went with him, as I was anxious to visit Mr. Scott and see our Mission there, as well as the Missions of other Societies. Agra is about 70 miles west of us, and is the capital of the North-Western Provinces. The Lieutenant-Governor resides there, while the Governor resides in Calcutta. We travelled by night as well as by day, the former being the better time for travelling in this country and that in which the most of it is done. The road from this to Agra, or indeed from this to Calcutta also, is one of the Company roads, and which are not surpassed in beauty and usefulness by any in the world. We had horses stationed every ten or twelve miles, this being the distance which horses are usually driven in a day here, and we glided rapidly and pleasantly on our way. I was delighted with the country over which we passed. A great rain had fallen just before we started, and we now and then crossed plains, miles in extent, covered with water; as the road was above high-water mark we could watch the waves, as they chased each other to the shore, with immunity. As there is nearly always a breeze on these plains, the agitated surface of these hastily-formed lakes often reminded me of the ocean. The road was thronged with travellers riding on horses, camels, asses, mules, buffaloes and cows—but the greater part of them were on foot; and among the number we saw a company of thirty or forty Bengali widows on a pilgrimage to Muttra. They were performing a journey of a thousand miles. Now and then we passed or met long caravans of

camels, driven by Afghans, a manly independent-looking set of men, who were carrying down to the Lower Provinces the products of their own country, or returning with those of this. Their appearance reminds me much of the descriptions which I have read of the Bedowins. Their camels carry immense burdens, and can endure hunger and thirst better than any other animal. Next to the camel the buffalo is the most useful animal in this country. They are worked like oxen and are also taught to bear burdens—lying down to receive them on their backs, or to have them taken off, as the case may be, and this only requires a signal from the master. But of all creatures in the world the buffalo of this country is the ugliest. It is about the size of a very large heavy set ox, and has scarcely any hair on it, and its horns are generally horizontal. They are exceedingly fond of mire, and I have often seen dozens of them in ponds with nothing but their noses above water. Everything is made a beast of burden in India. I have seen 200 head of cattle, laden with sacks of sugar, driven along the road by five or six men as you drive cattle at home—each one being allowed to go where he pleases so that he keeps a general direction. But you must not think from this that the Hindus have no other modes of conveyance. They have their carts for pleasure and their carts for burden by thousands. Great multitudes of these pass on our way. When we were within thirty miles of Agra, the old musjids, mausoleums and tombs—nearly all of which are in a ruined state—told us we were approaching what was once the proud capital of Akbar. And in a few hours the domes and steeples of the city burst upon our view.

“Agra stands on the right bank of the Jumna, on an eminence which enables it to be seen from many miles.

As we drew near it, and saw the ruins on every side, and thought of those who three hundred years ago gloried in their pomp and power, a strange indescribable feeling came over me—a feeling of sadness mingled with pleasure. The one, caused by the marks which were everywhere visible of departed greatness, and the other, by the proof which they afforded that ‘the Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men, and giveth it to whomsoever He will.’ We crossed the Jumna on a bridge—constructed by the East India Company at immense cost—on iron cylinders, which float on the surface and are kept in their places by anchors. We soon found the house of Mr. Scott, and were cordially received, and remained a week with him, visiting the various Missions and objects of interest in and about the city. Agra, two or three centuries ago, must have been a great city—if miles of ruins in all directions from it prove anything. The modern city numbers about one hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants, and contains more European residents than any other city in India, Calcutta excepted. It is built almost entirely of bricks taken from the ruins, and this includes miles and miles of walls, from four to six feet high, serving as fences, of the same material. You will have some idea of the immense number of bricks burnt here when I tell you that there are multitudes of old brick kilns, thirty and forty feet high, about the city, so extensive that they have large dwelling houses, with large door-yards about them, upon their tops. It was once a walled city, and the old gates and part of the walls are still standing. Some of these gates I have visited. They bear the names of the great cities to which the roads lead which pass through them—though they are sometimes several hundred miles off—as the Ajmer and the Delhi gate. Just beyond the Ajmer gate is

an old Muslim graveyard, which contains thousands of tombs. But the objects of interest are the tomb of Akbar, his old fort and palace (which is now used as a fort by the English), and the Taj. The latter is the tomb of Mumtaz Mahal, the favourite wife of Shahjahan—the grandson of Akbar. It is built entirely of white marble, inlaid with precious stones. Twenty thousand men were twenty-two years in building it, at a cost of about 12 or 13 million dollars. Such another building, I suppose, the sun in all its circuit never shines on. It is beautiful beyond description. I may tell you more of Agra again. Returned home, and since then have been hard at work at the language and in the school.

“ Affectionately your brother,

“ ROBERT.”

“ P.S.—We can only pay postage for our letters to the coast. From there, coming and going, they are paid for by Mr. Lowrie, and charged to us at the Mission Rooms. A single letter costs somewhere between 50 and 75 cents.”

In a letter to his sister, Dorothy, dated Mynpurie, September the 1st, 1851, Mr. Fullerton tells us something of his first experiences in India. It gives a picture of the home and everyday life of a missionary, living 78 years ago in what was then known as the North-Western Province of India, with its capital at Agra, but now known as the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh. That province until 1848 had been the farthest north of the provinces under British Rule. It was then, even as it is yet, the very heart of the inner life of the people of India. From its great mountains flows out the Ganges, on whose banks are the most sacred places in India—Benares, Allahabad and Hardwar—with great temples and many places of worship, all down the river to Calcutta. Within this province also lie Agra and

Lucknow, with their mosques and palaces and tombs, reminders of the bygone days of Moslem rule.

The letter that follows is a long one, but it is one of those family letters which tell us things we like to know, the pen not thinking of the public but only of the little circle of home folk in far-away America.

A word should be added here to explain that the word "heathen," which is found here and there in these letters, is a word which 70 or 80 years ago was used largely to designate a people who worshipped idols of stone, the workmanship of their hands. It was not used in an offensive sense. Mr. Fullerton, as his letters show, was a lover of India. He appreciates the things of beauty he saw in the country and people, but he was not blind to things that marred that beauty and condemns them, but it was with the same pen and in the same spirit and love which led him to condemn the system of African slavery in his own country and among his own people; and so the use of this word "heathen" by him, and by missionaries of that early day, must not ruffle the feelings of the readers of these letters.

"MYNPURIE.

"*September the 1st, 1851.*

"DEAR SISTER DOROTHY,

"I wish you could look on us and see us as we are. I believe I never told you about our home. We live about a quarter of a mile from the city and about two miles from the English residences, 16 in number. Our house is large—built after the Eastern style, having large rooms with high ceilings, and a panka, eight or ten feet long, in each room; large doors with windows in them, and many of them. The whole is surrounded with a verandah and the roof is flat—a circumstance which adds much to our comfort, as we often resort to it in the evening

to enjoy the fresh air and take a view of the surrounding scenery, which at this season of the year is worth looking at. The yard about the house is large and contains many young trees, which in time will render it very beautiful. It is now covered with nice long grass, and looks almost like one of your meadows at home. On the premises, near the road, stands the church. Just at the back of our house stands, or rather lies, the garden. It contains about two acres of land, surrounded by a beautiful green hedge, and a walk, about eight feet broad. It is laid out in beds, with broad walks between them, which are bordered with fruit trees and flowers. Oranges, limes (sweet and sour), several kinds of lemon, loquats, guavas, custard apples, peaches, pomegranates, grapes, mangoes, and several kinds of fruits whose names I am unable to give you, grow in it. The plantain I forgot to mention. Apples and peaches in this country are not worth much. The trees only grow five or six feet high, and the fruit is about the size of small crab apples. We have in our garden many kinds of flowers and flowering plants. The former, I think, are much inferior to the flowers at home, but some of the latter are, I think, unsurpassed by any country. Oh, how much I should like to send you one or two that are now in full bloom. The cypress, rose, and oleander are very flourishing here. The rose blooms the year around, and I have seen finer and larger oleander growing by the wayside and in the jungle than I ever saw in the garden or hot houses at home. We have several varieties—red, white, single and double. The potato and the sweet potato are very fine; roasting ears are abundant and very cheap. We can get ten or twelve for a cent. We have been feasting on them for a long time. I suppose we could have them, with a little care, almost from one year's end to another.

“ Oh, what a delightful country, you will say—when you have read brother Stewart’s letter and this thus far! But every rose has its thorn, and this one is not without its share. When we have no rain for a few days, the thermometer ranges from 88° to 92° in the coolest part of our house, and we are unable to sit ten minutes without the panka without being covered from head to foot with perspiration. Then the country abounds in all kinds of ugly creatures—noxious and innoxious. The white ants eat our carpets, clothing, books, doors and window cases, and whatever they can get at. The crickets annoy me more than ants, for we can watch the former, but the latter will gnaw the leather off the backs of my nice books, in spite of all that I can do. Their name is legion. The toads—though chased out every day—are jumping about in almost every corner, much to the enjoyment of the kitten, which takes great pleasure in boxing them about with his paws. We have but few flies, but the reason is they are eaten up by the lizards as fast as they come in—one of which is stationed on almost every door, window, and piece of furniture. One occupies the top of our centre table, another that of the dining table, but it very politely retires to the under-side when the cloth is spread. Another takes charge of the sideboard; and another has taken up his abode upon our bed. The lizards are ugly creatures, but as they keep away the flies we never disturb them. Of rats we have several kinds. We have the common house rat, a musk rat about the same size, but much lighter in colour, and another kind, three or four times as large as the largest Norway rat I ever saw. They all stay outside and burrow in the ground, but they sometimes find their way into the house at night. The servants and I have killed a specimen of each. But worse, and to be dreaded more than

all, are the scorpions, with which our house is infested. The first two months we were here we killed 44 of them. Their sting does not often occasion death, although I suppose that it is more painful than that of any other living thing. The day before your last letter arrived, one stung me on the forefinger of the left hand, which I picked up through mistake in a dark room, thinking that it was the fastening of a door which I had just dropped. In an instant I had my finger in my mouth, sucking out the poison. I then had Martha tie a string around it as tightly as could be borne, and I took a needle and pricked it full of holes, and sucked out the poisoned blood. This was done almost as quickly as I have told you. I then swallowed a large dose of laudanum and bathed the finger in turpentine and camphor, but I found more relief from an application of bruised onions than anything else. The pain was terrible at first, it was but a moment until I felt it under my arm, and indeed the pain was greater here than anywhere else. In two or three hours it was in a great measure gone. All the next day my finger and the leaders in my arm felt as though they were dead, but when I woke on the third day they were as well as ever. Last Sabbath the servants that open the chapel killed five scorpions and a big cobra in it. A day or two since the servant killed a double-headed snake in the yard. Its head and tail look so much alike that it was hard to tell which was which. Hence its name. But we are, in a measure, getting used to these things, and they give us much less uneasiness than formerly.

“But you will want to know how we put in the time. We generally rise just as it is getting light and walk in the garden until tea is ready. After drinking a cup of tea and eating some bread and butter, I get in my gig and go to

school, where I remain until nine o'clock, when I return and we have breakfast. After breakfast we study Urdu until three, when we dine. After dinner the munshi comes, and we recite our lesson, and are then engaged in reading and writing letters and doing whatever else we may have to do until it is time for us to take our evening drive. From this we return at dark, and we generally take our chairs and sit out on the verandah and talk about the scenes and friends we love until nine o'clock, when we go to bed. I preach on every Sabbath in the chapel, and on the first of every month to the beggars, who assemble at that time for alms. On the first of last month 170 were present. We are working very hard, and are encouraged to believe that we are making some progress in the language and at the same time that we are doing some good. I want much to be able to preach without the aid of an interpreter, so that I can go out and preach in the bazaars and by the wayside or wherever I can gather an audience. The Mission work seems to increase in importance every day we live in this land. I gave up home and friends in America with many misgivings, and they are now more dear to me than ever—still I am glad I came. If I had half a dozen lives to spend I should want to spend them among the heathen. Pray for us, dear sister, that grace may be given unto us to be faithful unto the end, and that we may be made instrumental in winning souls to Christ. And pray much for India. A wide and effectual door is surely here open. Pray that God would put it into the hearts of more to come over and help us by their labours and their prayers.

“We have just received a note from Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, of Fatehgarh. They write that cholera is raging also at Agra.

“ As an item of news that may interest you, I must tell you that Dr. Guise, of Fatehgarh has given me a horse ; kind isn't he.

“ I have just written a long letter to the Society of Inquiry in the Western Theological Seminary, and have no time to write to the rest of my family.”

CHAPTER IV

THE letter of Mr. Fullerton in the previous chapter tells something of the life of a missionary in northern India 78 years ago. His wife's pen, however, gives deeper glimpses into that life, and so we give in this chapter part of a letter of Mrs. Fullerton to her mother, dated Mynpurie, August the 23rd, 1851. "I have just learnt that the overland mail leaves day after tomorrow. I know you have been wondering why we did not write, and it is just because we could not send letters. There is no regular overland mail during the summer, on account of adverse winds in the Bay of Bengal. You will see by the heading of this letter that we are in a different place from that in which the last letter was written. We are now in our own home, and, as brother says, have 'gone to ourselves.' We came over to this place immediately on the arrival of our boat on the 21st of May. It was in the very hottest part of the season, and we had, of course, to travel at night, but it was even then extremely hot. We had relays of horses provided, and came all the way (40 miles) in one night, but it was rather a wearying journey. However, we soon got comfortably fixed, and we were so glad to get into a home of our own, after a year's wandering, that small inconveniences were not to be noticed. The manner of living and everything here is so different from what it is in the United States that it requires different kinds of management to get along, although I like the old way the best and would be glad to adopt it if I could. The rains commenced in the beginning of July. You could

not imagine what a change there is in the appearance of the country. Some corn in our garden was a foot high in two weeks after it was planted, and it is plain that nothing is wanting but plenty of water to make this one of the most productive countries in the world. If you could see the dense population by which we are surrounded you would wonder how so many continue to live. I know that you will want to know something of the missionary work and what is being done. Mr. Fullerton is labouring here alone, and indeed we do not know yet whether we will be permitted to stay here or not. It appears that this station will have to be given up, and then it would probably be that we will be sent to Agra, 60 miles distant, where Mr. Scott now is. We will hear from New York soon and know what is to be done. I think it will be a great pity to leave this place now, and certainly there is work enough for many missionaries. The Mission school contains 150 boys. Mr. Fullerton goes to it every morning at six o'clock and stays until between eight and nine. He teaches the older boys in the English department and superintends the whole. You would be astonished to hear some of the boys answer from the Bible, which is one of their daily studies, and to see what clever ideas they seem to have of its truth, and yet for fear of losing caste they will go to their heathen temples and worship, when at the same time they admit that their religion is false. There is a little chapel on the Mission premises in which Mr. Fullerton preaches every Sabbath. It is on the public road leading to the city, where numbers are constantly passing, and sometimes many crowd around the doors to hear. Some attend regularly and appear attentive. He has, of course, to preach now through an interpreter, but we hope these attempts to sow the seed may not be altogether in vain. But the largest audience

Mr. Fullerton ever has is on the 1st day of every month, when the beggars of the district come to him for the pice which he gives them. He gathers them together and preaches to them before giving them anything. On the 1st of this month there were 170 gathered outside of our house. He is more anxious to embrace these opportunities of preaching, because there are always some women among them, and it is the only time in which he can gain access to them, as they never think, as a rule, of going out or being seen among men, unless necessity compels them to do so. We make quite a business of letter-writing before the overland mail leaves. Write to us as often as you can, and do not be anxious if you do not hear regularly. For sometimes the mails do not go as they should, and we cannot send. I believe they are regular, however, during the winter. I wish it were possible for you to be with us."

P.S.—Mr. Fullerton adds a brief postscript to this letter of his wife to her mother, which shows the source of his peace and comfort although separated by thousands of miles from home and country.

"I can assure you that we often think about you and pray for you. What a precious privilege this is. We are thousands of miles apart, but the throne of grace is equally near to us and there may we meet. Let us not then harass ourselves about the absent ones, but, committing ourselves and one another to the grace of Him who is able to keep us from falling, let us not look backwards, but forwards to that glorious meeting in our Father's house above."

The following letter is of interest, as it tells of how Mr. and Mrs. Fullerton were led to leave their happy home and work in Mynpurie very soon, and with what reluctance

they thought of giving it up and going to Agra to open a new work—schools for the boys and girls of Anglo-Indians. Mr. Fullerton tells also in this letter of a comforting Communion service at Rakha, Fatehgarh, with his beloved friends, the Campbells. When five years later he got word of the massacre of these friends and their two children at Cawnpore, his heart would find comfort as he looked back to that peaceful Sabbath with them at the table of the Lord.

“FATEHGARH, N.W.P.

“*January the 7th, 1852.*

“DEAR BROTHER STEWART AND SISTER DOROTHY,

“We are here in Fatehgarh on a flying visit, and spending the time with Mr. and Mrs. Campbell. Last Sabbath they had their Communion, a delightful season to Martha and myself, as we had been cut off from the fellowship of our brethren for nearly eight months. The little church here is one of the most cheering objects in all the North-Western Provinces. It contains about 70 members; two joined on the Sabbath, both adults. A more cleanly, well behaved congregation is not to be found anywhere. These members have almost a hundred children, who are receiving a Christian education and most of whom will in all probability become Christians. A glance at this little church amply repays for the twelve years of toil that has been spent in getting it together. We have no converts in Mynpurie yet; but we believe and hope that the eight years of labour that have been laid out in that field are not lost. A work is and has been going on there that will be seen and felt. I may not live to see it, but yet it will be seen and felt.

“We had the examination of our school in Mynpurie on the 20th of last month. The Rajah of Mynpurie and many

men of wealth and influence were present, besides nearly all the Europeans of the station. It passed off well. We have been so fortunate as to secure the influence of the latter class, and especially of the magistrate of the district, and, through them, the influence of the former. The Rajah called on us a few days after to express his gratification, and sent us a basket of sweetmeats, fruits and flowers. Some of the other principal men sent us similar presents. One of them said to me, 'Oh, Sahib, if you only stay with us all our boys will come to school to you.' The English have become exceedingly kind, and almost make us feel that we are not exiles from our native land. But it seems that our lot is again to be cast amongst strangers. There is a large class of people in and around Agra called East Indians, one of whose parents is European and the other native. They have perfect command of both English and Hindustani. For this class the Committee in New York have decided to establish a school in Agra, with a view of raising up from their midst catechists, teachers and ministers to aid us in our work. They have sent me orders to make a beginning. We are exceedingly sorry to leave our present post. We are now well acquainted with the people, and hope that we have in some degree secured their confidence. Another thing is, if we go to Agra, we will have to give up all hopes of acquiring the language, of preaching in a tongue spoken by 150 millions of our race, a subject upon which I have had my heart much set. Our labours and our responsibilities will also be greatly increased. The undertaking is an arduous one, and should be in the hands of an older, a more learned and a more experienced man. And we are not altogether without hope that we may be permitted to remain, . . . until we can hear from the Committee again,

our hope is that they will send someone else to Agra. But we will not concern ourselves about those matters—our trust is in Him who has brought us hitherto. If it is His will that we should go to Agra we hope He will prepare us for whatever is before us.

“Mr. Campbell baptised our little boy on Sabbath.” (After this follows a generous offer to help his brother in the education of one of his sons.) “Do not have any hesitation in accepting it. It is true we have a boy of our own to educate, but it will be many years before he will need it, if ever. Let the money be used now while it is needed, and God will provide for the future.

“Your much attached brother,

“R. S. FULLERTON.”

The following letters tell of the beginning of the schools for boys and girls in Agra—schools that are still bearing rich fruit. The children of not a few of the boys and girls educated in those schools are today occupying positions of honour and usefulness in the United Provinces and in the Panjab, as did their fathers and mothers before them. The impress of the characters of Mr. and Mrs. Fullerton on the boys and girls of their Agra schools abides to this day. These letters to his brother Stewart and to his brother's children will have an interest all their own.

“AGRA, NORTH INDIA,

“*July the 5th, 1852.*

“My dear Brother,—Thanks for your kind letters and for all your kind wishes for our little boy. We are all in good health. My own health has never been better. This season has not been so hot as last, though the thermometer has stood at 90° in the coolest part of the house for weeks. The rains have just set in and the hot winds have probably gone for this year. Millions of frogs are croaking around,

although a week ago you would probably not have been able to find one in all India. For the last month I have been very busy. I have had my school every morning from five to ten o'clock—to answer sometimes half a dozen notes a day in reference to the school, keep up my daily study of the language, and preach in the place of Rev. Mr. Warren, who has but just returned from Fatehgarh. I am much encouraged in the school this month. New scholars are coming in rapidly and the prospect now is that we shall have a full school. We have the sons of four native gentlemen, who are high in rank and high in office. We tell the parents openly that we shall do all we can to make them Christians, but, notwithstanding this, they send them.

“Martha has opened a private school for girls, partly to oblige those who send boys to the high school and partly to keep the girls out of the convent. She has already rescued three who were about to enter it. Her school numbers 15, although it is not yet a month old, and the probability is that she will have her hands full, and more than full, soon.

“Dear Libbie (his Uncle Stewart's eldest daughter), we accept your offer to become Robby's nurse! You will, of course, take the same wages that we are paying now—two dollars and a half per month, and clothe and board yourself! Your Aunt Martha will soon cross you off her books if you do not send her that long answer to the long letter she sent you.”

In a letter Mr. Fullerton wrote to the youngest children, he says:

“It has now been a little more than two years since I left Salem, but I have been so much of a traveller since then, and have seen so many strange people, places and things,

that it seems as though half of my life has passed since then. But although it seems like a long time when I think of my journey across the great ocean and my sojourn amongst strange people, in a strange land, still it seems but yesterday since I bade you good-bye. Would you like to know what Uncle Robert imagines when he remembers that two years have passed since he saw you? Well, here it is. Georgy and Stewart have grown to be large and are both going to the Academy. Georgy is probably reading Cæsar or Virgil and studying algebra. Stewart is commencing Latin grammar and arithmetic, and tells mother sometimes that he intends to try hard to overtake Georgy. Both of them are now useful in many ways. Their father has no longer to saddle the old black mare when he wishes to go out, and the farming goes on bravely when they are not in school. Esky is getting to be a big boy too, now loves to go to school and is probably reading in the second reader, and is looking forward to the time when he will go to Oxford and study with Tommy and come out an A.B. How does this picture do? But if you are changed, Uncle Robert is changed too. I imagine if you were to see him you would say there is a difference. But there is one thing about him unchanged—his love for you all and your dear happy home. I should love to see you once more in the parsonage. I should love to see you here too. Can't you get father and mother to make you up into a big over-land package and send you by mail? I will be sure to take you out, although I expect the postmaster will want to charge me double postage. When you get here you will find me living in a house three times as large as your old Academy. In one end of it you will find me busy with 35 or 40 boys—some learning A B C and some reading Cæsar, and some studying algebra and geometry. Among

the best you will find some fine bright-eyed native boys, whose eyes sparkle with intelligence and who are nearly always at the head of the class. You will see white boys and black boys and yellow boys sitting side by side getting their lessons, or, if it is play time, you will see them running and jumping together. None says, 'I won't play with you because you are black,' for all are abolitionists. In the other side of the house you will find your Aunt Martha whom you have never seen. She has a group of little girls and young ladies around her, and is teaching them to read, write, cypher, etc. In the middle of the house, or perhaps outwards on the verandah, you will find little Robbie and his bearer. You have read of 'Little Henry and his Bearer.' I often think of them when I see Robbie in the arms of 'Budhoo.' They love each other very much, and the little white-haired boy, with his soft white skin, forms a strong contrast to the dark-haired and dark-skinned Hindu. May Robbie be successful in leading his bearer to the Saviour, as little Henry was with 'Boosy.' I know a little boy in Mynpurie, whose name is Willie Raikes, who goes to his room every day and shuts his door and prays to God to make his bearer a Christian.

"But my letter is nearly full. Love one another. Love the blessed Saviour and give your hearts to Him, and when you pray for yourselves and others, don't forget to pray for your affectionate Uncle Robert.

"Agra, July 5th, 1852."

CHAPTER V

THE following letter to his brother, Stewart, dated Agra, October the 7th, 1852, draws a contrast between everyday life in India and America. It tells why the American in India has to keep so many servants, and answers the charge that missionaries are living in indolence and luxury. It tells of the help given by friends in India to his schools in Agra, making them almost self-supporting, and it tells also of what Europeans and missionaries living in India in those days thought of African slavery in America.

“My dear Brother Stewart,—It has been a long time since I wrote to you directly. Let me thank you for the treat which your last letter afforded us. I say so, for little Robbie has learnt to look pleased when we do. What a host of recollections these home letters bring thronging around us. But these are not the only things that remind us of home. No one can spend a day in India during the summer season without being reminded, by sand-storms and his proximity to the sun, that he is not in the latitude and longitude of either Pennsylvania or Ohio. Dear happy old America—the sun in all its circuit does not visit another land so happy and so free, and where all the comforts and necessities of life can be had so cheaply by all classes. The Board sends us the *Presbyterian* every month and also the *New York Observer*, and recently one of Mr. Walsh’s friends sent me a file of the *New York Tribune*; from these papers we see that the several parties

have chosen their candidates, and that you are now in the midst of the Presidential contest. Each freeman can vote for whom he pleases, but it is not so here. The rule of the English is a pure despotism. No one talks of politics, no one thinks of politics, for no one outside the East India Company has anything more to say as to who shall govern us or how we shall be governed than you have. Don't think that I am finding fault. The present is the best government that this country ever had, and the freedom of speech and of the press is fully secured to all, and the courts are open to the poorest man who is in search of justice. But still, India is not the United States. The great mass of the people are poor—very poor. The labourer is barely able to make a living when he can find work, and when he cannot he is reduced to starvation. Carpenters, blacksmiths, shoemakers, tailors, and indeed all kinds of tradesmen, can be hired at 9 to 12 cents a day ; while outdoor labourers—field hands—can be had for six, or a dollar and a half per month. Out of this the labourer must board and clothe himself, and in cases without number has to support a wife and half a dozen children. When thrown out of employment he must beg. The poor have no schools, and in nine cases out of ten cannot read, and are constantly cheated by wealthy merchants and bankers and landholders, notwithstanding the efforts of the Government to protect them. Bankers often loan money at 100 or 150 per cent.; the merchants use false scales and sell damaged articles ; and the landholders keep back the wages of those who cultivate their land, and then bring hired scoundrels to prove that they have paid them. Of course, in such a land beggary is to be seen in its worst form—the beggar, the lame, the halt and the blind, the little orphan child and the superannuated old man or woman, may be seen upon every highway, extend-

ing their helpless hands for alms. As you pass along they generally address you as follows: 'Master, may your hat remain safe.' They, of course, mean the head in it. How such an expression came into use I am at a loss to know, unless it be that under the former rulers of this country no man's head was safe and might be stricken off at any moment. But this is one side of the picture. It has another. If India is a hard land to live in for the poor, it has trials for the rich also and those who are in easy circumstances. To live comfortably you must keep a train of servants—a cook, a bearer, a steward to set the table and make daily purchases for you in the bazaar, a sweeper to sweep the house daily, a waterman who carries water in a goatskin and supplies your house, a washerman who washes and irons for you, a watchman to keep the thieves off, a baker to bring you your bread, a milkman to bring milk and butter, a gardener to take charge of your garden and furnish you with vegetables, a groom to take care of your horse, and a 'grass-cut' to supply him with grass. A week seldom passes without someone being killed within the limits of the city for the merest trifle—children frequently robbed of their little silver bangles, often not worth more than half a dollar, and then thrown down into wells. You are sick at heart at the scenes of suffering and wretchedness that everywhere fall under your notice. Everyone wants to aid the needy. Dr. Simpson, of Mynpurie, cut off a man's leg to save his life—at his own earnest request—but the task was no sooner performed than the man said: 'Now, sir, you have cut off my leg, you, must support me as long as I live. What can I do?' Another man in Mynpurie heard that I was in the habit of giving a small sum every month to the poor, and came and asked me to give him something. I offered him the usual

sum, he tossed it from him with disdain. He said I had been giving to others for some months before he heard of me, and demanded arrears. When I refused to give them, he laid down in my verandah and declared his intention to lie there until I paid the claim. But what is worse than all is the idolatry—the abominations of heathenism. These pain the heart of the Christian who must come in contact with them every day. But Hindus are not worse than others by nature. They have been made what they are by generations of tyranny and deceit on the part of the rulers; and, besides this, they have temptations to lie and steal that no one, not placed in their needy circumstances, knows anything about. The Gospel—and nothing but the Gospel—can elevate them and make them happy, truth-loving and free. May God in His mercy speed the day when their shackles shall fall. But I am afraid I have been dwelling too long on this subject. Let us now introduce you to our home. The building was originally built for a pleasure-house, and was called the ‘Nautch Ghar,’ or dancing house. The whole affair was in a dilapidated condition when we bought it. We added to the original building the long verandah and the carriage entrance in front, and the side rooms on the north. It is now a noble house, and cost, ground and all, less than three thousand dollars. It was purchased and fitted up by friends residing in India, but most of them members of the Church of England. The Lieutenant-Governor put down a thousand at once for it (rupees, I mean), but we asked and received permission to lay aside the half of it to buy apparatus with. Bishop Heber’s son-in-law, John Thornton, Esquire, gave us rupees 200, and others contributed liberally. You will think from all this that we are

living in ease and luxury, but not so — our life is one of constant care and effort. Much of the repair has been done since we came here, and for three months we had thirty men hammering and shouting around and above us, and these required much of my attention. We keep but a small corps of servants when compared with others, and would not keep any if we could get on without them. But there are some servants that we cannot get on without, e.g. the waterman (*bhishti*). There are hundreds of wells in Agra, but only three of them containing sweet water—the rest are so brackish that we cannot drink it. Should I dismiss the man, I should have to shoulder his *mushak*, or goatskin, and march off to a well a mile distant some two or three times every day, under a scorching sun. By doing so I would save a dollar and half a month; but I would be wasting my own time and that of the Mission, and at the same time be keeping a poor fellow out of employment who can do nothing else. Again, should I dismiss my grass-cut, I should have to abandon everything and devote myself to cutting grass for my horse, for six months of the year it is a work for one man, and a hard work too. I should have to walk out of the city from five to ten miles, and, having laboured all day to collect the little arm-load of grass, walk back in the evening. I would save if I could live through it, during a month, about a dollar and a half. The probability is that I should receive a sun-stroke the very first day. I know that it is said at home of missionaries that they indulge in too much luxury and indolence, but as far as I have seen they are laborious, self-denying men. The foundation of the charge is the fact that they are compelled by circumstances to hire others to do for them here what they would do for themselves at home.

“As to the charge that it makes men pro-slavery to live in India—it is not true. I believe there is more anti-slavery feeling among our missionaries here than you will find among the same number of ministers in almost any presbytery out of the Chillicothe Presbytery. The truth is, it is the popular side here. The English reproach us with it. We are cut off from all parties and party feeling, and look back upon it as the crying sin of our native land. We mourn over it, and pray that God may speedily wipe it out for ever.

“Our schools are getting on finely. We had first expected to have not more than twenty boys by the 1st of this month, October, but we have now 43 in daily attendance. I am assisted by a young man, formerly a teacher in an academy in Calcutta under the Rev. Mr. Morgan of the Free Church of Scotland. In addition to him, I have a munshi who teaches the native languages, and we have a man employed to teach French for an extra fee. Our school commences now at ten a.m. and closes at four p.m. The summer’s work has been hard but satisfactory.

“You know something of Martha’s school. She opened it on the 1st of June. It has gradually increased until it now numbers 25. This is all her own private affair. She receives no aid from the Mission and has to see that all expenses are met out of the proceeds of the school. The whole community are clamouring loudly for a high school for girls on the same footing on which the boys’ school is based; and the hope is that the Board will, during the present cold season, sanction the establishment of such a school. You have probably seen the account of the departure of the Rev. Mr. Williams ere this for India. He comes out at my own request, to take my place as principal of the institution. He is about 32 years of age, and one of

the best, if not the very best, scholars of his age I ever knew. I am longing for his arrival. My time has been so taken up since coming to Agra with other things that I will have but little time to devote to the study of the languages. I shall have more then. As it is, I am trying to read a little every day, and can read with some facility and can talk about everyday matters to the people, but I am not fit for bazaar preaching yet. I hope I shall be able to do a little about the time Mr. Williams comes.

"We have had a good deal of sickness among us since last June. At length we were so worn out that we took a week's holiday, and went to a garden on the opposite side of the banks of the Jumna for a change of air, but the last night we were there the poor little fellow Robbie was attacked with dysentery, which wasted him to a skeleton. Nothing but his mother's indomitable energy could have kept her up through all her afflictions, but no persuasion could induce her to go to bed and keep quiet. Her boy and her school are on her mind, and I believe she has not failed to attend school one day since she commenced it. The cold weather is now beginning to set in. The climate of India from this time until March is delightful, finer than anything you have in the United States, and we have it all before us still.

"My letter is intended for you all. From a note from brother Campbell we learn the gratifying news that two caste natives were to be baptised on last Sabbath. 'Let whosoever will, come.' Love to all your respective household from us all. It is now one o'clock in the morning. Martha is sleeping in a tent out in the yard, and I must close and go out to see whether the jackals have carried her off or not! There are thousands of them here, and they keep up a great howling about our tent every night,

"Pray for us ; pray for India, that the work of the Lord may abound among us—even as with you.

"Your affectionate brother,

"R. S. FULLERTON."

A letter of Mrs. Fullerton to her sister, Dorothy, dated December the 30th, 1852, tells of a holiday trip to the ruins of Akbar's old city, Fatehpur Sikri, 14 miles from Agra.

"We are out on a holiday tour, and have encamped in a place that I would like to describe to you if I could hope to give you anything like a correct idea of it, but that I know would be impossible. It is an old city or palace of the Emperor Akbar, and, although now in ruins, still enough of its ancient splendour remains to fill the spectator with wonder and astonishment, and convince him that the inhabitants of India once knew more of luxury and refinement than their present mode of living would lead him to think. The immense buildings of elegantly carved stone, the bathing houses, fountains, etc., are on a scale of magnificence not attempted in the present day. I will try to persuade Robert to tell you all about them, for I think he is as enthusiastic in writing as he is in exploring and examining. I know you will be interested in his description.

"Our schools both closed for the holidays on the 21st of December. There was an examination of the boys, and I believe all present thought they did well, and give Robert credit for having laboured pretty hard among his pupils during the past summer. As mine was a private school I did not have a public examination.

"I do not know whether we have ever told you anything about the custom among Europeans in India of living in tents during the cold season. Whenever the weather becomes cool enough, all who can start out in tents and travel about, sometimes encamping for a few days or a week in

one place and sometimes moving every day. The missionaries of the different stations go out in this way, preaching and distributing books in the villages and towns they cannot visit at other times. At the same time they recruit their health and that of their families. Both Robert and I felt the need of change, having been so confined by our schools. I think it has done our little boy much good. He had not entirely recovered from the effects of his summer's illness. We cannot feel lonely with his happy, laughing face beside us.

"Since Robert wrote before, the Mission has purchased a house for the girls' school, and it is to be opened on the 1st of February, 1853, as a public high school, a boarding department in connection with it for the accommodation of girls from other stations. For the present I will have the care of it, and it is an undertaking which I dread—particularly the boarding house, as I have little experience in that kind of business. However, we must do as well as we can, and try to learn. We hope soon to hear of the arrival in Calcutta of Reverend Mr. Williams, who is to assist in the boys' school. He will be a pleasant fellow-labourer for Robert. I am very sorry he is not bringing a wife with him. She might be a pleasant friend for me as well as a 'helpmate' for himself, but I suppose he thinks it better for him to live alone.

"We commenced our march homeward soon after I began this letter. I have been so uneasy since getting home that I could not finish it!

"Your affectionate sister,

"M. W. FULLERTON."

Mr. Fullerton, in a letter dated May the 4th, 1853, tells the good news from Fatehgarh: "You will hear from George something of the interest that is excited in one or

two villages, near Fatehgarh, under the care of our missionaries there. All eyes are turned towards it. Such a movement has never taken place in northern India before. The people say: 'Give us preaching.' One of the villages has contributed Rs. 700 (350 dollars) for a church in their midst. A number of Brahmans and a native lady worth 50,000 dollars are among the inquirers. I am sure you and your people will remember this movement in your prayers. Please say to brother Stewart that the religious interest in the village near Fatehgarh still continues. Two have recently been added to the Church; there are many inquirers and applicants for Church privileges.

In a letter to his sister, Martha, under date Agra, August the 8th, 1853, Mr. Fullerton writes: "From a note just received from Lahore I learn that Mr. Morrison was just setting out for Rawalpindi, where there were 60 inquirers who had renounced caste and were seeking the truth. 'O Lord, how long! When will such cases be frequent?'

"There are trials connected with a missionary's life that I never dreamt of at home. This day, three years ago, we looked upon the shores of our native land for the last time. In looking back they seem to have been but three short fleeting years, but how much had crowded into them. How much joy and sorrow and how much of labour and care. We both feel older than we did by twice or three times the number of years that have passed since then. Last summer was one of much solicitude to us. We were just commencing our school, and everything depended on getting started right. We were worn out with teaching, and in the middle of the season Martha's health failed on account of her heavy duties in the girls' school and her care and anxiety about our little sick boy. The schools have now

grown and the care connected with them increased. In the boys' school we have 80 pupils, and in the girls' upwards of 40. The latter is a boarding school, and we have a goodly number of the girls in our family. In addition to this, we have to teach in our respective schools several hours each day, to collect fees, pay to teachers, keep the books, and correspond with the parents who are scattered throughout the North-Western Provinces—from the banks of the Indus to Benares. About June we had our mid-summer holidays, and Mr. Williams and I ran over to Mynpurie for a change. When I returned I found poor little Robbie prostrated with an attack of cholera. From the effect of this he has not recovered. He causes us many sleepless nights and anxious days. But I must not dwell on the dark side of the picture. We have many blessings to be thankful for, many more than we deserve.

"Are you going back to the Indians? How much I should like to look in upon you all once more at the parsonage? There is no spot in memory so green and fresh as South Salem."

A letter from Mr. Fullerton to the mother of his wife, tells of their great sorrow in the loss of their little boy.

"AGRA.

"September the 3rd, 1853.

"Since you last heard from us the hand of God has been heavy upon us. Our dear little Robbie, our first born, is not, for God has taken him. He died on August the 30th. The poor little fellow was a great sufferer all summer. About the middle of June he had an attack of cholera, which came very near carrying him off; shortly after this he had fever and diarrhoea. He was attended by an able and skilful physician. His sickness extended over a period of two and half months. We were weighed down with

work connected with the school. To add to our trials we were, and are still, suffering from drought, and the heat was almost intolerable, and several weeks before Robbie died the doctor told us that his only hope for his recovery was in a change. How we watched the clouds during those long weeks. If one arose as large as a man's hand, hope led us to see in it a precursor of rain. Sometimes the sky would be filled with dark clouds in the evening, which we thought would drench the earth with rain before morn, but when morning came we found the same scorched and parched earth beneath our feet, while the sky was fiery and cloudless above us. Robbie lingered until the 30th, when he died. We thought we had suffered everything in anticipation, but it was nothing when compared to the reality. It is hard for parents to lose children anywhere, but especially so in India, where we are so dependent on them for society. An old man, who used to come when he was only a few months old and of his own accord carry him about the compound, ate nothing for two days after he was buried, and still mourns over him as though he were his own. The old woman who nursed him in his last sickness, and whom he tenderly loved, I found weeping as though her heart would break the night Robbie was buried. When I asked why she wept she said, '*Mera Aziz chota sahib akela para hai,*' viz. 'My dear little *sahib* is lying alone.' Pray for us that the trial may be sanctified to us, and may lead us to work while the day lasts. In the midst of our afflictions God has not forgotten us, but has been very gracious to us. Heaven seems no longer to be a strange place. It is Robbie's home, and this is another tie to draw us thither."

In a letter, dated Agra, October 6th, 1853, Mr. Fullerton writes to his brother, Stewart: "It has truly been a trying year. We have had no rain for four months. One of the

two principal crops has, in consequence, entirely failed, and unless we have rain so that the next can be sown we shall have a famine. Grain has already reached famine prices. The poor are leaving the district by thousands and fleeing to districts more promising than this. Whole villages are standing as silent as a grave, and it is distressing 'o see the starving condition of many that remain. To add to our troubles, Mr. Thomason, the Lieutenant-Governor, died suddenly a few days ago. He was a man on whose judgment all had the greatest confidence, and the people and Europeans were looking to him to devise some expedient for our relief. Our Mission has lost in him a warm friend. He gave us during the year 750 dollars, to aid us in carrying on our work."

In a letter to his brother, George, dated December the 6th, 1854, Mr. Fullerton writes: "I was much interested in what you wrote about the drought. It seems to have been very severe and very extensive. You have had so little weather of this kind that you have not got used to it. 'Nearly three months without rain,' you say. Our rule is three months with rain (namely, from the middle of June to the middle of September) and nine months without. From the middle of March to the middle of July nothing could look more dreary than the plains of India. During these months the hot winds blow as though they came from the mouth of a heated furnace. Even the leaves on the trees are sometimes dried up by them. Corn is sown (never planted in rows) in the beginning of the rains. Wheat, barley, potatoes, nearly all other crops are sown or planted in the dry season, and have to be watered from wells sunk for the purpose. Every garden and every field has its well or wells for the purpose. But here we have the advantage of you, for, as if to compensate for the want of showers

from heaven, God has given us inexhaustible supplies of water in our wells. Two yoke of oxen are often employed in drawing water out of a well, in buckets made of leather, holding about half a barrel at a time, from one week's end to another without making any change in it. You must have felt quite uncomfortable when the thermometer reached 105° in the shade, but from the 1st to the middle of June of this year I never saw the mercury here below 116° after eight or nine o'clock in the morning until four or five o'clock in the evening. During the whole of the time I do not believe it was ever as low as 105° , either by day or night. We have had delightful rains this year, and such crops as I have never seen in the country before. Even the poorest can eat to satiety—a thing that never happens when there is not a very abundant harvest. The fields of wheat and barley where they are well watered are beautiful, fresh and green. The trees are clothed with richest green.

“Our missionary work is going on with the usual amount of light and shade.”

In a letter to his brother, Stewart, dated Agra, February the 26th, 1855, Mr. Fullerton echoes the longing of many missionaries for more labourers in God's harvest fields.

“Our work is progressing as usual. Mr. Williams has now sole charge of the boys' school. The number in attendance is nearly 100. Mr. Scott is Secretary of the North India Bible Society, and has charge of the native work—preaches to one congregation and manages the catechists and two bazaar schools. Martha has charge of the girls' high school—number of pupils 40, 25 of whom are boarders in our family, and sit down with us at our own table. All their clothing, making, washing, mending, and so forth Martha has to look after, in addition to her other domestic cares, and is engaged in teaching from ten a.m.

until four p.m. She is a great worker and is everywhere spoken of as such, and yet, notwithstanding her many cares, everything goes on with the regularity of clockwork.

“My work is now mainly the charge of the Church—English department. I have to prepare for this three sermons a week. I have also the superintendence of a native school, composed of Roman Catholics, Muhammadan, and Hindu children—40 in number. I visit it regularly, direct their studies and talk to them in Hindustani. In addition to this, I have a large Bible class, which meets once a week in the girls’ school, and a young man who is preparing for the ministry comes to me once a week to recite a chapter in Dick’s theology. I mention these things not to boast of what I do, but to show you that I have enough of it if I would only do it well. But, alas! What shall I say on this point? The older I get the more dissatisfied I grow with myself and my services. Will I ever be what I should be? Oh, for more learning, wisdom, patience, zeal and grace! I know people are dissatisfied with me for not writing home more. Mr. Lowrie says, ‘Write for our papers.’ The brethren in the Theological Seminary at Allegheny say, ‘Write to us,’ and others say, ‘Write for our monthly missionary meetings.’ What can I do? I have only time to drop my relatives a hasty line now and then, in a great hurry. Send us more labourers and then we will write more frequently. I cannot get reconciled to the thought that your son, Thomas, is to be a lawyer. Millions are perishing around us, while there is but a little band of missionaries, and these over-worked, to break unto them the bread of life. Are lawyers more needed than missionaries? I wish he were here only for a month. I know he would abandon his law books for ever. In the midst of our labours the Lord has given us some tokens

of success. Several are concerned about the salvation of their souls. Two of our school girls are rejoicing in hope and will sit down with us next Sabbath at the Table of our Lord. Our boarders are thoughtful, and some of them are feeling deeply. Oh, that the Lord would bless and cause His face to shine upon us. I have been more encouraged in our work than formerly, but when I remember the activities of Satan in these regions of darkness I rejoice with trembling.

"We are expecting a large party of missionaries from America this evening, on their way to the upper stations in the Panjab, viz. Messrs. Newton, Barnes and Leavitt, the two Misses Newton, their mother, and Miss Jamieson.

"But I must close. How are you all in the dear old parsonage? It will soon be five years since I left you, yet my recollections of you are as fresh as ever."

In a letter, dated Agra, February the 9th, 1856, Mr. Fullerton writes to his wife's mother of their home:

"We have now three interesting little girls and they make our home a very happy one, but we do not forget the warning you gave us in reference to little Robbie. We know they are not ours, but are lent to us by the Lord; that He who gave has a right to take them away; and our prayer is that we may discharge our whole duty to them while they remain with us, or we with them. Pray that we may be faithful and that they may be 'children of the covenant.' We both feel thankful that we and they on both sides of the house, as it is usually expressed, belong to a praying connection. It does seem that the blessing flows down through families from generation to generation.

"Our flock is progressing as usual. Miss Browning is an excellent young lady and a great help to us. We have 166 pupils in the two departments of our school, and there

are still others coming. Our church is pretty well attended, but I am sometimes almost ready to cry out, 'Who hath believed our report?' Yet I hope our labours have not been in vain."

CHAPTER VI

A LETTER from Mrs. Fullerton to her sister, Dorothy, dated Agra, May the 20th, 1856, describes the experiences of a missionary mother, who not only ministered lovingly and faithfully to her own three little girls, but to twenty of her schoolgirls who lived in her home.

"I believe Robert is going to write to brother Stewart, and I will leave him to talk about public and Mission affairs, and will tell you something of our own family—my little world, for beyond it and my school I have not much to do with the world. I must hurry, too, and write while my babies are taking their daily nap. The weather is now so very hot that we commence school at five o'clock in the morning, and have to be early risers. I still teach some every day, but am greatly relieved from the care of the school by Miss Browning, our new assistant. She is a faithful, energetic teacher, as well as an excellent girl, very intelligent and ladylike. I do not know how we could get on without her this summer. The girls' school now numbers 45, 21 of whom board with us and add not a little to our household cares. We hope good is being accomplished by the school. Another of our pupils united with the Church two weeks ago. Miss Browning is engaged to Reverend David Herron—one of our missionaries at an upper station—and will remain with us until we get someone to take her place.

"The heat for the last few weeks has been distressing. We can get but little sleep on account of it, and often get

up more wearied than when we go to bed; but while we have health we should not complain. My little girls are all up now, and I must close for this time."

A day later, May the 21st, 1856, Mr. Fullerton wrote to his brother Stewart: "In a little more than a month it will be six years since I left the Parsonage. How short they have been, and how have my circumstances altered since then! I am now at the head of a large family, have three dear children of mine and one is not, and the care of some thirty more who belong to others. Oh, that I could live and act toward them all so as to receive the commendation of the Father of the faithful! I every day feel more and more how solemn a thing it is to live. What an account we must all render at the Judgement Seat of Christ! How soon will we be there! The days in India seem but hours. There is a good deal of sickness this year. Smallpox has been raging in many parts of India. At Fatehgarh so many have died of this disease that they are carried by cartloads and thrown into the Ganges. There has been some here, but its ravages have not been as great.

"Our work is progressing. During the year seventeen were added to the Communion of our church, and I felt much encouraged. But the annexation of Oudh is thinning our members. A number of men have received offices under the Government and have gone to fill them, but they are not lost. I hope God intends to use them as instruments for building up His Kingdom in that region. Four have been added to the Communion of the church within a few weeks: three of them from among the heathen, and two of them through much opposition on the part of parents and friends. They were shut up in a house for the greater part of the day on which

they were to be baptised, but they managed to escape by the evening and we baptised them. The other was a Miss Hodges, who was baptised by Brother Rogers, some 14 or 15 years ago—the daughter of a wealthy East Indian in the employ of the Rajah of Kapurthala. She has been for the last three years an inmate of our family. I have just commenced a series of letters to the Chillicothe Presbytery Sabbath School children, and forwarded by today's mail the first letter to Mr. Lowrie. Hope to send him one a month for some time to come. Do so because he has complained of us all for not writing more, and because I hope they may do some good to those to whom they are directed. My first two letters will be about the *Thugs*. The reason why I commenced with these is that Captain Chamberlain—a member of my church—is employed in the *Thuggie* department and has interested me in the subject."

The following letter, to his brother, Stewart, written from Agra, March the 25th, 1857, shows how little fear there was of the Mutiny, which within two months broke suddenly like a cloudburst all over North India:

"You will want to know what Indian news we have. The winter with us has been a very pleasant one. Our children have never been so well as they have been the past three or four months. We parted with them all yesterday for seven months. Mrs. Scott—a missionary sister—is on her way to the Hills with them, 250 miles distant. They are to spend the summer at Landour. It was a hard struggle for us to give them up, but the trials through which we have already passed reconciled us in some degree to it. We have 27 boarders, who are to be provided with food and clothing, and the same number of day scholars, making 54 pupils in daily attendance. I have written Mr. Lowrie to send us two teachers without fail.

Martha has repeatedly urged me to ask you to let Libbie come for five years, but Agra is a long distance from South Salem. Were it not so far off, I need not say how delighted we would be to see her and have her make her home with us. She could be very useful in the school. If Libbie should be willing to undertake the responsibilities of the step, and you and sister Dorothy do not object, she should communicate her wishes to Mr. Lowrie without delay. Teachers receive twenty dollars per month and room, boarding, postage (when they write to persons in this country), medical fees, etc. They can live comfortably upon the sum, but nothing more. I do not ask you to let Libbie come. I do not advise her to come, but this I will say—that we will take the best care of her should she, of her own accord and with your consent, join our Mission family. I will only add that I do not regret having come to India. With much love from us both to all the dear inmates of the Parsonage.”

We now begin the letters which tell of the Mutiny in 1857. That was a storm which threatened to sweep away British rule in India, and with it missionaries and Indian Christians alike. The story of the storm, as told in these family letters, enables us to see how missionaries and other Christians faced the dangers of those dark days. The first letter is to Mr. Fullerton's brother, James, written from Agra on May the 19th, 1857.

“A serious insurrection has broken out between this place and Landour, and all communications have been broken off. The cause of this insurrection is as follows: You know the Government of India, or rather the East India Company, hold India mainly by her own soldiers, whom they pay on a most liberal scale while they are fit for service, and pension in the same manner when from any cause they are laid

aside. Of these soldiers they have in their employment two hundred and thirty-four thousand. They have hitherto been true to Government—or, as they express it, ‘True to their salt.’ Within a few months they have become greatly dissatisfied—for what reason it is difficult to find out. . . . Little cakes were sent some time since (whether by them or not is not known) over all parts of India. A village watchman carried them to a neighbouring village and gave them to one of its watchmen, with directions to make as many more and pass them on to the next village, with the same directions which he had received. In this way these cakes were sent to Lahore, to Calcutta, and from Sialkot perhaps to Bombay. The Government tried to find out whether it meant anything, but was unsuccessful. Those whom they questioned about it declared that they did not know what was meant by sending these cakes, and that, as they were given to them by watchmen, who like themselves were in the employment of the Company, they thought in forwarding them they were obeying an order of Government. I now believe that these cakes were sent by the native soldiers, and that their significance was this: ‘We belong to many castes and have hitherto stood aloof from each other; come, let us for once be of one bread and let us drive these foreigners out of the country.’ The complaint they bring against Government is that it is trying to make them Christians by giving them cartridges greased with tallow and hog’s lard. The end of these is to be torn off with their teeth. Whether the cartridges are thus greased or not I do not know. It may be that this is a mere subterfuge, designed to conceal the real cause of their rising. But, be this as it may, they have on several occasions refused to receive the cartridges; and when the matter was pressed at Barrackpore

and Lucknow, their decision broke out into open mutiny. In consequence of this the 19th regiment and a part of the 34th regiment at the former place were disbanded, and a part of the regiment at the latter place was disbanded. We next heard that the native troops at Ambala were giving trouble—burning barracks and bungalows, and in other ways giving trouble. Not long after this we received a telegraphic dispatch informing us that the three regiments had risen and were killing their officers and setting fire to the station of Meerut.

“Having given you the cause of the insurrection so far as we know it, I will now give you some account of the insurrection itself. After we had received the dispatch just alluded to, the telegraph wires were cut and we heard nothing more for several days. The outbreak occurred on Sabbath evening, May the 10th. We heard nothing until the next Wednesday (13th). As we were 130 miles from the scene of the difficulty, and as we knew that there were several companies of European troops there, we felt no uneasiness with regard to the result. On Wednesday, at 3 p.m., I was sitting in my study writing a sermon on Matthew, tenth chapter, verses 29–30. The text was chosen without reference to the disturbance and without a thought of our being in danger, but the selection could not have been more suitable—‘Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? And one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father, but the very hairs of your head are all numbered.’ While thus engaged, Mr. Clarke, a teacher in the high school, ran in, almost out of breath, saying, ‘We seem to be in great danger. The native troops have risen in Meerut, Delhi, Muttra and Aligarh; have murdered the entire Christian population of their stations, and are within four hours’ march of Agra. They are expected here at midnight.’ He also

told me that all the offices had been closed and that the heads thereof had gone to the Lieutenant-Governor to attend the Council of War. I waited until I thought Mr. Raikes—one of our judges, and an old friend—had time to get home from the Council. I then wrote him a note, asking him whether the reports I had heard were true or not, and if so what was to be done for our safety. Before I received a reply the road in front of our house was full of persons fleeing to the Fort for safety; and several friends wrote and others called, urging us to flee at once, telling us that there was only one European regiment in the station, while there were two native regiments; that the disaffection was probably general and that the latter, aided by the native population, might rise and prevent our entering the Fort. The school had been dismissed for the day and the day scholars had gone home, but our boarders, 25 in number, were much alarmed, and the most of them were in tears. We knew not what to do. We felt that we might be killed if we went, and that if we stayed at home we might be killed. We never felt such a weight of responsibility resting on us before. We at length concluded to remain at home until we heard from Mr. Raikes. He soon came over. His advice was to remain for further orders where we were, saying that scouts were out in all directions, and that the moment he heard there was immediate danger he would let us know it. Some time after Brothers Scott and Williams came. Brother Scott had just seen the Commandant of the station and Mr. Colvin, the Lieutenant-Governor. Both thought that we were in great danger. They said that all communications between Meerut and Agra had been stopped, and that the insurgents were in all probability trying to take us by surprise. We concluded, after counsel among us, to remain in our house until morning, and then go to the Fort if we found

it necessary. Mr. Scott and Mr. Williams remained with us, and we watched by turns all night. In the morning the alarm was very great, and some hundreds had taken refuge in the Fort and others were making their way thither. The insurgents—5,000 strong—were every moment expected. The cannons were loaded, and we were awaiting their arrival at two different points. The suspense was most painful. We were at length startled by peals of cannon in the direction of cantonments. We now thought it was all over with us, that the sepoys had risen and were killing the European troops, but our fears were soon allayed. Mr. and Mrs. Raikes called and told us that the Lieutenant-Governor had been addressing the troops, that the firing was of salutes, that all had promised to be faithful and that there was now no immediate danger, as the scouts had some of them returned, and that there was no enemy within thirty or forty miles. We learnt in the course of a day or two that Muttra and Aligarh had not been disturbed, and that all was quiet there. The news from Meerut and Delhi was more serious. The attack was made in the former place on Sabbath evening, just as the people came out of the church. Men and women and children were massacred without mercy. As soon as the three regiments of sepoys rose they were joined by the Goojars—a set of murderers and thieves who are found in great numbers in that region. They killed many people and burnt all the houses in one part of the city. A captain and his wife were slain, but their three little children were saved by the nurse, who fled with them to a place of safety. After having done much damage in the station, the insurgents made off for Delhi. There they are said to have killed nearly all the Christian population, who were cruelly put to death. None was spared who fell into the hands of

either the sepoy or the Goojars. The treasury and the bank were robbed, and about one million five hundred thousand dollars fell into their hands. The magazine was blown up by the lieutenant who had charge of it, to keep the arms from falling into the hands of the enemy. The latter took possession of the Fort, and proclaimed the heir-apparent king. This is the son of the last of the Moghal kings who sat upon the throne of Timour, and who has only the shadow of power left under the British Government. The disaffection has extended to four districts, Bulandshahr, Meerut, Muzaffarnagar and Delhi, and in all these martial law has been proclaimed. The Government were at first almost paralysed by the suddenness of the attack, but the most active measures are now being employed to bring the rebels to terms. Troops are marching from all quarters to Delhi, and we may expect to hear of a battle in a few days. If other regiments do not rise the rebellion will soon be put down, but the troops we expected to have fought our battles for us may turn against us. In that event it will be difficult for us to retain a foothold in India. We have just heard that 400 sappers and miners, who were on their way to Delhi, had revolted, and were on their way to Roorkee, where one of our missionaries, the Rev. Mr. Caldwell, lives. We are uneasy about him and his family. Six men were hung in Meerut last night on the charge of murder, and one more is to be hung today. Some of our pupils are from Meerut and Delhi. The parents of one of them were burned out of house and home at Meerut, and barely escaped with their lives. Another can hear nothing of her friends, and we have great reason to fear that all the friends of another have been slain. We still feel somewhat insecure here. We have had five or six men watching our house ever since

the outbreak. I have been up several nights until one or two o'clock. We hear most alarming stories every day of revolt, burnings and murders. News has just come that the sepoy's have rebelled at Allahabad and Bareilly. These may, however, be only reports. I hope the insurgents may receive a check soon. If they do not, there is danger of the whole country rising. Three of the disturbed districts lie between us and our children. The consequence is that we can hear nothing from them. We hope, however, that they are safe. The rebels would hardly wish to ascend the mountains, and they would probably find it difficult in the presence of European troops there to do so. Martha and I are in usual health. We have a great deal of work and much anxiety, but we are not cast down. You remember the promise—'Lo! I am with you always.' Pray for us that we may have peace, that our Missions may not be broken up, and that the work of the Lord may prosper in our hands."

Fifteen days later, on June the 3rd, Mr. Fullerton writes from Agra to his brother, Stewart: "Since my letter of the 20th last month, we have been in a great state of alarm in the most of our stations in Upper India. We have mutineers on all sides of us. At Muttra, Aligarh, Mynpurie and Etawah the sepoy's have revolted. At Muttra, Aligarh and Etawah the public treasuries have been robbed, private property destroyed, and lives taken. Thieves are busy in all directions, and there is no security for life unless we are in the neighbourhood of European troops. A few days after I wrote, Mr. Ullman, with his wife and little boy, suddenly made their appearance. They are the missionaries from Mynpurie. They had fled for their lives, and had travelled all day in the boiling sun and half the night without stopping. They are still with us. Mr. Williams and Mr.

Scott of this station are with us, and in addition to these we have a family of teachers and girls, consisting of about 30 persons. Up to the 31st of May we felt comparatively secure at this station, as we had 800 European soldiers and two native regiments; one of the latter, we were sure, would prove true, as they had behaved very nobly in Burmah, but we were mistaken even in this. A company of 100 men from each of these regiments was sent to Muttra to guard the treasury there. One day last week—on Saturday night—they mutinied, killed several persons, fired some houses, and made off with the treasury, obtaining some four or five hundred thousand rupees. Word reached us of this event early on Sabbath morning here, and immediate steps were taken to disarm the remainder of the two regiments. The Christian community were quietly ordered to resort to two or three points for defence. The two mutinous regiments were then paraded in front of the European regiment the men of which had their muskets loaded and several cannon drawn up ready to be fired. The mutineers were then ordered to lay down their arms. At first they refused. This was a most critical moment, but on receiving the order the second time they obeyed it. Some of them remain in their lines, but most of them have gone to their homes. While these arrangements were being made we were all under arms from 5 a.m. to 11 a.m. Since this event we have not slept in our own house, but have gone for protection to a place guarded by European guns. From this place we see villages on fire every night. We have also had frequent fires in the station, but not since the insurgents have been disarmed. The whole country is in a most disturbed state, and the authorities are hanging the rebels in all quarters. A petty rajah was hanged not far from this place yesterday. Last

night we received the joyful news that a little band of European troops had met a large body of the insurgents near Delhi and defeated them. A great battle, which is perhaps to decide our fate, will be fought before the walls of Delhi in a few days. Our troops are marching on that city.

“We had news from our dear children yesterday after so long a time—all of them are well and our hearts are much lighter. Remember us all in your prayers. The cause of Missions—so far as we can now see—is in great peril. May the Lord bring order out of confusion.”

The third letter telling of the Mutiny is dated six days later, June the 9th, addressed to his brother, George. The picture is dark indeed, but there are gleams of light shining through it—servants, true to their employers, placing their lives in peril to save them from the swords of their enemies.

“You will have heard before this reaches you that we are in the midst of war. My last letter home was dated the 3rd instant. Since then the Mutiny has been spreading among the sepoys, and now whole districts are for the present given up to anarchy and confusion. At many of the stations the English officers, both civil and military, have either been slaughtered or driven off. The native officers, when they are disposed to favour the Government, are overawed and all law is trampled under foot, and every man does what seems good in his own eyes. The consequence is that there is no security in these districts for either life or property. One village plunders another and neighbour rises up against neighbour. The villagers slaughter indiscriminately all who come within their reach, if they have anything of which they can be plundered. But the sepoys direct all

their effort against Christians, and seem determined, if possible, to drive them from the country. I have already told you something of the Delhi and Meerut massacre. We have, since I wrote, heard fresh particulars, many of which are too horrible to relate, and will never be put on paper. The mutineers not only slay men and women and children without regard to age, rank or sex, but mutilate their bodies in the most shocking manner. At Delhi the massacre lasted from 10 o'clock until night. The poor Christians were hunted from house to house, and nowhere received any quarter. Forty-eight fled to the king's palace for protection, but were ultimately given up and slaughtered in cold blood. A few escaped from the city, and, having wandered in the jungle for ten or twelve days, have turned up at different points, after having suffered everything but death. One of our little schoolgirls came to my study a few days ago to tell me that her mother and little brother, for whom she had mourned as though they were numbered with the dead, had reached a place of safety. But in this dark picture there is here and there a ray of light. Servants, so far as we have heard, were everywhere true to their employers and in some instances placed their own lives in peril in order to save them from the swords of their enemies. A number of days after the slaughter a *fakir* (a naked religious mendicant) made his appearance in Meerut, 38 miles from Delhi, with a little baby which he had picked up upon the banks of the Jumna; and, though he had been badly beaten by his countrymen in order to induce him to abandon it, he was true to the charge which Providence had given him until he had delivered it for safe-keeping to the Commissioner of Meerut. It is not known who its parents are, but guardians are not wanting to take care of it. The fakir positively refused a reward when one was

pressed on him, but at length told the Commissioner, when further urged, to dig a well upon some roadside, where it was needed for the relief of travellers, and to call it by his name, and, having received the promise that it should be done, he departed.

“On Sabbath week the sepoy mutinied at Shahjahanpur (40 miles from Fatehgarh), while the Europeans were at church, and it is said that everyone bearing the Christian name was killed but the magistrate, who fled. The rebels then went to Bareilly, where they were joined by three other regiments of mutineers, and it is said that after murdering all the Christians of the station but two, who escaped by flight, they proclaimed a king and went on to Moradabad, which fell into their hands. They are now in uninterrupted possession of Rohilkhand—a large district to the north-east of us. There have also been disturbances in Oudh. At the last account a little band of Christians were shut up in the Fort at different points, but, as the mail has been stopped in that direction for six or seven days, we know not what has become of them. Cawnpore, we fear, is in great peril, if it has not already fallen into the hands of the enemy. Rajputana states are also moving. But why do I mention these points? The whole of northern India is heaving to and fro, like the waves of the sea. The difficulty is, we can trust no one. A regiment swears that it will be true to its colours today, is sent off to protect some point, but, rising, murders its officers and joins the mutineers tomorrow. This has repeatedly happened. Some thirty or forty thousand of these mutineers are now, I am informed, at Delhi, where they have proclaimed one of the descendants of Timour as king and are determined to defend him. Agra is comparatively quiet since the disarming of the native troops here. Yet we leave our

house every night to sleep in a building defended by fifty European soldiers, with two guns and the usual complements of small arms. From our place of rendezvous we see villages on fire nearly every night, and several large fires have occurred in the station since I last wrote.

"I hear that all of our missionary brethren up the country, except Mr. Golakhnath of Jullundar, have either been driven from their stations to seek refuge in the hills or are shut up in forts. At Allahabad our missionaries are in the Fort. With regard to those in Fatehgarh we are very anxious. The troops at that station have for some time been in a mutinous state, and they have been surrounded by mutineers. When the massacre took place at Shahjahanpur it seems they felt their position so unsafe that they, with nearly all the station, procured boats and floated down the Ganges. We have heard nothing from any of them directly since they left. We much wished that they could get over here, but they were afraid to risk the road, and it would have been unsafe, as we have heard of several parties being murdered on it. This party of missionary friends consists of the Rev. J. E. Freeman and wife, the Rev. D. E. Campbell and wife and two children, Rev. A. O. Johnson and wife, and Rev. R. McMullen and wife. Martha had a letter from Mrs. Campbell a few days ago, telling her what the prospects were, and saying that she was busy putting up a few changes of clothing so that they might be ready to move on their boat at a moment's warning. They have a little boy on the Hills, and it must have made their hearts bleed to turn their backs on him. Their first plan was to float down to Cawnpore and Allahabad, but they are detained, whether willingly or unwillingly it is hard to say. We heard from Mrs. Scott and our dear children yesterday. The letter was written on the 4th

instant, and all were well up to that date. We feel much our separation from them in these trying times. They cannot stand the heat of the plains under the most favoured circumstances, much less the experience to which we are subjected now. The overland mail is not expected to leave before the 18th instant, but I find that none of the mails are in today, except the Bombay, and I am afraid something may have occurred to close this also. Should the mail carts be running on the 18th I will drop some of you a line.

“June the 10th. All is quiet in Agra still. A few fires last night, but little harm done. No news from Delhi yet.”

In a private letter, enclosed in the last letter, Mr. Fullerton writes to his brother George: “If we should both be cut off and our children spared I commit them to my dear brothers and sister. I know that they will see that they want nothing. We are surrounded by many dangers, but we ‘know in whom we have believed, and that he is able to keep that which we have committed to him against that day.’ May our heavenly Father be gracious to our children, and may we all meet in heaven.”

CHAPTER VII

WE know of no more vivid and trustworthy record than these letters of Mr. Fullerton's contain of those dark days, when the whole future of north India hung in the balance. They may serve to confirm facts that have been questioned, and also to correct the mistakes of those who were not eye-witnesses of the things happening in those days. One to his sister, Martha, tells of their daily hopes and fears during this period.

“AGRA.

“June the 10th, 1857.

“MY DEAR SISTER MARTHA,

“I sent off a letter to brother George this morning, and now at 4 p.m. commence one to you. My intention is to write a letter every day until the overland mail leaves us. There is no news from Delhi yet. You may imagine the anxiety with which we are looking for it. Success there, humanly speaking, seems to be now our only hope. I am not sanguine as to the result. How precious, under such circumstances, are the Psalms! I see beauties in them that I never saw before. How many of them seem exactly suited to our case. I often read the 46th, 54th, 57th, 90th, 121st, 125th and the 79th and 80th Psalms. The psalmist was no doubt situated as we are when he wrote the last two — ‘Help us, O God of our salvation’ (is his language in the 80th) ‘for the glory of thy name, and deliver us and purge away our sins for thy name’s sake. Wherefore should the heathen say, Where is their God?’ And such is the

language of God's people in India now. We must soon be off to our place of rendezvous. A letter reached the station today, telling that a large body of mutineers, with an artillery company, was marching in the direction of Agra, and warning us to be on the look-out for them. To meet these we have only 1,000 reliable men, and in addition to these we have to guard some 4,000 persons who are in jail—the most desperate characters in these Provinces. In every case the rebels commence by turning the prisoners loose upon a station. To add to our troubles, we have a population in the city of one hundred and twenty thousand, many of whom are only waiting for any opportunity to rise, fire our houses, and make off with our property.

“June the 11th, 4 p.m. The situation was unusually quiet and we had a good night's rest at our rendezvous last night. We saw, however, what we took to be signal fires of the rebels on the east bank of the Jumna. I spent a good part of the forenoon in visiting my people. In these troublous times I see them as often as possible. Among them is a young mother, formerly one of our pupils, who has just given birth to a son. Her poor parents are made very happy by the event—so much so that they seem almost to forget that we are surrounded by enemies.

“We have been very sad for some days at not hearing from our missionary friends who fled from Fatehgarh, and were, when we last heard from them, in charge of a Zemin-dar in Oudh. A letter was received from Fatehgarh today, telling us that the tenth regiment had not mutinied and that the station was quiet and the residents returning to it. This relieves our minds very much. It seems our friends are not prisoners, as we had feared, but can come and go at their pleasure. The name of the little fort in which they

have taken their refuge is Hardeo Baksh. It is five miles below Fatehgarh.

"June the 12th. Saw last night signal fires on the east banks of the Jumna. What can they mean? I have heard that it meant that their object is to assemble the Muhammadans of the city, whose sympathies are with the rebels, for the purpose of laying their plans for our destruction. The signal fires invariably occur about 8 o'clock in the evening. No news from Delhi today. No letter from our children, and nothing further from our dear friends at Hardeo Baksh. Mails are very irregular. The wonder is that we get letters at all. Word has reached the station that Hissar and Hansi, two cities north-west of Delhi, have been sacked, and their inhabitants, with two exceptions, put to death—Christians I mean.

"The Nasirabad mutineers were within three marches of Bharatpur on Tuesday, and are probably there today. If so, they are within thirty miles of us, and may be in Agra tomorrow. We have been in much alarm on account of these rebels. We are less today, although they are so near us, because we have learnt that, having tired of dragging their guns over the sandy plains of Rajputana, they have abandoned them upon the roads. The report may have been got up to make us less vigilant. We shall not breathe easily until we have heard that they passed us by.

"Sir Henry Lawrence is one of the oldest servants of the East India Company. He has filled many appointments—both civil and military—and in all has greatly distinguished himself. He has for many years been a liberal supporter of Missions. Indeed, all classes have found in him a friend. He is the founder of the Lawrence Asylum, at Kasauli, for poor European children; and the founder of another at Rajputana (at Mount Abu) for the same class. His large

salary is spent on others rather than on himself. His wife is a kindred spirit. He passed through Agra a few weeks ago, on his way to Oudh, called to see our school, asked permission to go over all parts of it, and seemed to take a most lively interest in it. He is at present the Commissioner of Oudh, a newly annexed kingdom full of disaffection; and if he can weather the present time he is the only man who could do so.

"But it is now time to go to our place of rendezvous. Good-bye, my sister. May He, whose mercy is in the heavens and whose faithfulness reaches unto the clouds, preserve you and us from all evil, and give us peace.

"June the 13th. The Nasirabad mutineers cannot be far from us, and fears are expressed today that the troops at Bharatpur will join them and attack our station. Should this happen, it will be difficult for us to maintain ourselves at Agra. Our people are busy today strengthening their positions. May we all be prepared for whatever may befall us. Alas, I fear many are unmindful of the injunction of the Saviour, 'Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul, but rather fear him who is able to destroy both the soul and body in hell.'

"We have just learnt that all parties are forbidden to resort to our place of rendezvous. It is to be kept for a movable force. We shall remain at home tonight and tomorrow night, and then look out for another place, if spared.

"June the 14th. We have no service in our church today. Many of our members were on duty; and, as our church is in an exposed position, some of our people thought it unsafe for us to meet. I have, however, visited nearly all of them during the day, and read portions of Scriptures with them. I have endeavoured to direct them to the Rock of Ages, and have committed them to the God of all

grace and consolation, in prayer. We have had a day of uninterrupted peace; and I trust that it has been one of much spiritual benefit to both pastor and people.

"Monday, June the 15th. I have pitched two tents in a garden near my house, which has been partially fortified. The Nasirabad rebels passed a place twenty miles west of Agra a day or two ago, and are with some other rebels at Aligarh today. This is fifty miles to the north of us.

"June the 16th, 1857. The telegraph wire has been cut between Agra and Bombay, so that we are now entirely cut off from the world. I now fear that you will never see this letter. Remained at home last night. Suffering to-day from a severe cold and a sore throat, which was brought on by exposure to the sun on the Sabbath. This is the hottest part of the year, and I was out from 5 a.m. to 11.30. The report of yesterday in regard to Delhi has been confirmed in part. The walls of the city have been battered down and our army is in possession of it, but the Fort has not yet fallen into their hands. I cannot tell you the rumours which reach us almost every hour. The country is in a fearful state of anarchy. Aligarh has been sacked for the third time by the sepoys. The second band that sacked it were met at Khoorjah, on the way to Delhi, by a large company of Goojars (formerly a tribe of thieves), who killed nearly all of them and took possession of ill-gotten gains. Major Raikes, of Mynpurie, writes that the rebels are slaying each other by thousands; that almost every road which is frequented by them is strewn with their dead bodies. Of the two companies—200 sepoys—who plundered the Muttra treasury, after having killed one of their officers and fired at the rest, there is not one alive now. Fearing that they could not get possession of the treasury alone, they revealed their plan

to a large number of lawless characters in the city, and promised them an equal share with themselves, upon condition that they would help them. This they readily agreed to do, but when they demanded their share of the spoils, a few miles out of the city, the sepoy opened fire upon them, and killed most of them and the rest fled. The sepoy now thought that they were sure of the whole, but they had not gone far until they were attacked by the Goojars, and cut up to a man. Their treasure was their ruin. How true it is that 'They that take the sword shall perish by the sword.'

"The papers today give us an account of some narrow escapes on the part of Christians who had to flee to out-stations. One poor man, who fled on a camel, was cut down, while his companions escaped on horses. The houses of Europeans at nearly all out-stations have been burnt to ashes, and many have lost their all. Some escaped with their clothes on their backs, and some were stripped of even these by the villagers, reaching places of safety without clothes. We were called upon yesterday to assist a family, consisting of ten persons, who reached our station in this state. We have been made sad by hearing of the murder of Miss Georgianna Wilton, of Jhansi. She was formerly a pupil in our school, and lived in our family. She became a Christian while with us. She was a sweet, consistent Christian, and has, we doubt not, passed to her reward on high.

"No news from my dear children. May our heavenly Father be their protector. We have not heard from them since the 5th instant.

"June the 17th. At home again last night ; were aroused by the cry of fire shortly after we went to bed. While watching this fire another broke out in a village near us.

The flames in the village back of us were suppressed, amid the barking of dogs, the screams of the villagers, and the cries of the watchmen. From the commotion we could not tell for some time whether a band of insurgents had paid us a visit. We are now a family of 35 persons. I cannot tell you how heavy our responsibilities are. We have just closed our midsummer holidays, and are again busy in school. A band of villagers, who went on the night before last to a village twenty miles off, to escort a number of ladies into the station who were fleeing from Etawah, returned during the night, bringing the ladies with them. The Christian community of Gwalior came in this morning, bringing word that the sepoys there had mutinied. I much fear you will never see this letter.

"June the 18th. Slept last night in the Khandari Garden for protection—found it very uncomfortable. Our little army had been attacked at Delhi, we hear today, by the enemy, and, though the latter were repulsed, we suffered a great loss.

"God bless you, my dear sister, and make you a blessing to others."

We now begin the letters of Mr. Fullerton, after he and his wife had fled to the Agra Fort for safety. He shrinks from writing of the horrors of those months—among them the massacre of eight of his fellow-missionaries, and two of their little children, killed and then thrown into the well at Cawnpore. The record of the Mutiny would not be true were mention of these horrors omitted. We have, however, abridged the narrative here and there, leaving out some details of the sufferings of those massacred. Nor were the sufferings all on one side. Many of the poor villagers, innocent of all crime or complicity in the Mutiny, had to flee for their lives, their houses and villages destroyed.

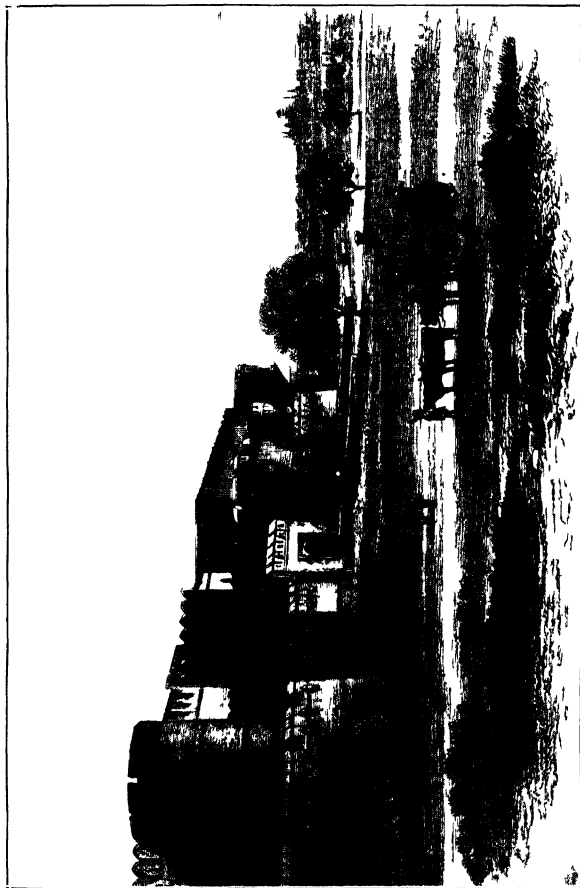
In a letter to his brother, Hugh Stewart Fullerton, he writes :

“ THE FORT, AGRA.

“ *28th September, 1857.*

“ MY DEAR BROTHER STEWART,

“ Your kind letter of June the 24th reached me in an unusually short time. Many thanks for it and for the assurance that we have a place in your prayers. You little thought when you wrote what our circumstances were here. We had come into the Agra Fort just two days before, and were threatened by enemies on every hand. We have now been in the Fort for three months, and, though our houses have since been plundered, the most of our station laid in ashes, our little army defeated, and many who entered the Fort with us have gone to their long home, we continue—thanks be to Him who controls all events—until this day. We came into the Fort a few days before others were permitted to do so, by the order of Mr. Colvin, our Lieutenant-Governor, who died a few weeks ago. We were brought in by Major Pendergraste, an able-bodied, healthy man, who died in less than a month after that time. Last year plague swept over our city—destroyed its thousands. This year the sword has been let loose in our midst, and many whom I have known ever since I came to India are no longer in the land of the living. For the last two years I have felt that I have been treading upon the very borders of the eternal world. Oh, that God may enable us to remember our days so as to apply our hearts unto wisdom. No enemy has appeared before our walls since I last wrote, though our alarms have been many and at times our peril has been great. Our greatest danger has been from our proximity to Gwalior, the Rajah of which Native State is one of the most powerful in India. He



THE FORT AT AGRA IN 1857

rules the kingdom under the English, and the latter have hitherto kept some ten thousand troops within its limits to enable him to preserve the peace. These troops mutinied, and, having assembled at Gwalior, the capital of his kingdom, they endeavoured by every means in their power to induce him to unite his forces with theirs and march on Agra. They at length threatened to depose him if he refused to comply with their wishes. But the Rajah is both an enlightened man and a shrewd prince. He took them all into his employment, giving them three months' pay in advance, and telling them that when a propitious time came he would march with them. By these means he has kept the most of them quiet until now, and now they can do us no harm. Two regiments refused to be controlled by him, and for the last three weeks they have been encamped upon the banks of the Chambal—20 miles distant. Their picket have been within ten miles of us.

“The Fort itself for the last three months has presented an uninterrupted scene of activity. Hundreds of houses in the neighbourhood of the Fort have been torn down, and hills have been dug down in order that we may be surrounded by an open plain. Our defences have been strengthened, our magazine covered with earth, our granaries filled with grain, and every precaution made to enable us to sustain a siege, but no enemy has yet attempted to besiege us.

‘Delhi has at last fallen and the rebels are scattered in all directions. This good news was announced yesterday, and I need not say that it has filled every heart with joy. Our little band of Europeans at that place sat down before Delhi in the beginning of June—the most trying month in the year, when the hot winds are blowing as if from the mouth of a furnace. In the month of July the rains commenced, and have continued until now. You have no idea how

trying these are to Europeans who are exposed to them. The poor fellows had nothing to sleep in but tents, and these were pitched in a swamp. Nor was this all—the region round about was hostile, and as our troops had to contend with rebels outside the walls as well as within them, they must have fought from beginning to end a hundred battles. They had cholera, fever and dysentery in camp.

“In the list of the slaughtered at Cawnpore you will find the names of our missionaries at Fatehgarh, who, you will remember, floated down the river in boats to that place, were dragged on shore and put to death. Our hearts bleed for these dear friends. We have just learnt that 21 of our native Christians have been killed at Fatehgarh, and seven European women and some little children were publicly slaughtered at the same place and time. A young lady of our acquaintance was blown away from the mouth of a gun. Oh! the horrors of this rebellion, who can describe them? You will see much said about them in the papers, but the half will not be told. All this has maddened the European soldiers, for among the slaughtered are a large number of their wives and children. Maddened as the soldiers were at the conduct of the mutineers in killing their wives and children, no woman or child in Delhi was killed except by accident. The walls of Delhi were shattered and its streets deserted. Some say that it should be levelled to the ground, but only a few sympathise with this spirit. We feel that it would not do to blot out the proudest and the most beautiful city of India.

“Do not suppose that I like to dwell upon these details. My heart bleeds for both Europeans and natives. The latter have been even greater sufferers than the former. The villagers have risen against villagers, and the whole

country has been one scene of plunder and rapine. In the Panjab, where the sepoy mutinied, they were killed almost to a man by the Sikhs. Hundreds have been hanged at some of our principal stations. I must write to you soon again, giving you my opinion as to the cause of this widespread mutiny, and my opinion also as to its results. 'The Lord reigneth.' And these events have not occurred without His permission and without a design. We are in usual health, but have felt much the confinement of the Fort. This letter was commenced on the 28th of September, but the most of it has been written today, October the 1st.

"With much love to you all,

"Your affectionate brother."

Mr. and Mrs. Fullerton came out of the Agra Fort to find their house, school and church burnt, the girls and boys of their schools scattered, the fathers and mothers and relatives of some of them killed. Their fellow-missionaries at Fatehgarh had been massacred, their houses, schools and churches burnt.

The Mission, thus stricken, transferred Mr. and Mrs. Fullerton and Mr. and Mrs. Scott from Agra to Fatehgarh, to gather the scattered Christians, to rebuild houses, schools and churches, and begin work anew. The chapters that follow will tell the part Mr. and Mrs. Fullerton took in the establishment of Mission work once again at Fatehgarh and Farrukhabad. The letter to Mrs. Fullerton, dated March the 30th, 1858, tells of this. Mrs. Fullerton (worn down by fever and the burdens of many kinds she had to bear during those long months shut up in the Fort at Agra, making a home there for her schoolgirls and for missionaries in the Fort) had been compelled to go to the Hills (Landour), in the hope of recovering her health. Mr. Fullerton writes to her from Fatehgarh :

“ Dr. Farquhar says that the fever will entirely leave you as soon as spring fairly sets in. How charming it must be on the Hills by this time ! It would indeed be pleasant to spend the summer on the Hills, with the dear children and you, but with my good health it would be wrong to be away from my work. I think I never had better health than I have now. I feel more cheerful and happy than I have since the outbreak of the Mutiny. I am so glad to be at work again. We called yesterday on Mr. Ross, the Commissioner, Mr. Vansitart, the Magistrate, and on Mr. Lindsay, the Joint Magistrate, and this morning we went to the Fort to see Mr. Pierson. They all treated us very kindly. Mr. Lindsay wishes us to preach for them, but I do not know yet whether we will do it or not. We will probably give them one sermon a week for a while. You know I wish to engage in nothing that will prevent me from getting the language. We were at Rakha this morning. The compound and the graveyard are covered with a white flower peculiar to this place. There was nothing of the kind when I was here before. When I saw these flowers, I thought of the words of our Saviour, ‘ Though a man die, yet shall he live again.’ In this compound I looked upon them as an earnest that our Mission should spring from the dust more beautiful than ever ; and in the graveyard, as an emblem of that event when we shall put off the mortal and put on immortality. I send a little piece of the grass on which the flowers grow. There are two or three blossoms on the end of it, but they are already withered. We have not found a house here, but hope to get some place this evening. We are still with Adam (Ishwari Das). He is a most excellent man. I am really afraid we will not be able to get houses ready for you by the time you come down.

We can rough it, but we do not wish you to have to do so. The rebels are still on the other side of the Ramganga."

In a letter to his sister, Dorothy, dated Fatehgarh, June the 26th, 1858, Mr. Fullerton takes a look back over the eight years since he left the beloved Parsonage in South Salem, and tells also of some of the dangers and difficulties that beset him at Fatehgarh.

"It is eight years since I left the Parsonage, and yet it seems but yesterday since it was my home, but, rapidly as these years have glided by, they have wrought many changes—changes in the Parsonage and changes in me and mine. Time has not been less busy in India than at home. I do not, however, feel very old, except when I look at my little girls, or rather think about them (for I have not seen them since the 10th of March), or think of the dreadful scenes through which we have passed during the past year. We who were in India in 1857 will never forget it. There are days the anniversary of which will ever cause us to shudder. Here are some of them :

"May the 10th—The beginning of the Mutiny at Meerut.

"May the 11th—The massacre at Delhi.

"May the 31st—Disarming of our rebel sepoys at Agra. This disarming was done on Sabbath day, and I, with 150 others, was for the first time in my life called upon to shoulder arms. It was to defend a house filled with women and children.

"June the 4th—Our missionaries left their station (in Fatehgarh) to return no more.

"June the 22nd—We took refuge in the Fort at Agra.

"June the 27th—Massacre at Cawnpore occurred.

"July the 5th—Agra was burnt to the ground before our eyes, and our little army, with one-fifth of their number killed and surrounded, retreated to the Fort.

"But who has such reason for thankfulness as we have? There are but a few homes in north-western India that have not been clothed in mourning. Martha and I were both dangerously ill, and our three little girls were at a station 300 miles distant, where they were exposed to the greatest danger. But out of these troubles God has delivered us. I think that we do feel thankful and that we can enter into the spirit of the Psalmist's words, 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits. Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies.' We were constantly threatened by large bands of rebels, who were on the opposite side of the Ganges from us. For several weeks after we came to Fatehgarh we never lay down at night without feeling that the rebels might be on us before morning. But these have been driven away. Rohilkhand and several other districts have been partially settled, and a great number of forts taken. We were all much startled two weeks ago to hear that Gwalior, with the strongest fort in India, had fallen into the hands of the mutineers. After the taking of a stronghold of the rebels at Kalpi by the English, the former fled to Gwalior, attacked the Maharaja, who is at the head of the Mahrattis and an independent prince. His own troops joined them, and they drove the Rajah from his palace, took possession of his kingdom, and declared the Nana Sahib—the murderer of our missionaries—Maharaja in his stead. This event made us fearful that the whole Mahratti people, one of the most warlike in India, would rise, and that then the Bombay army would also go. But the danger is now past.

"We have had a very hot summer, and nothing but an outhouse to live in here. The thermometer has ranged, in the coolest part of our house, for the last two weeks,

from 100° to 103° , while outside it stood at 150° and 171° . Even at night it has not been lower than 94° . My blood has been boiling in my veins for weeks. We have had no rain until now, and no appearance of rain, in this district. Since last August up to the time of my commencing this letter we have had it perfectly dry. The clouds have suddenly collected and grown black, and rain is now falling in torrents. We shall have it cooler now.

“What glorious news the papers bring us from America. God seems to have been pouring out His Spirit upon the Churches. We long to hear from you, that we may learn more about it. May you all at Salem be sharers in the blessing. Oh, that God would breathe upon these dead bones and make them live! He will, for He has said so. We believe that He is even now preparing His way in India. Pray for us.

“With much love to all,

“Your affectionate brother,

“ROBERT.”

CHAPTER VIII

FOR a year after returning to Fatehgarh the danger from roving bands of the sepoy army continued. There were constant alarms, which threatened wiping out the churches and schools once again, as well as the massacre of Christians in places unprotected by British troops. Through all this trying year the courage of Mr. Fullerton, founded as it was on his faith in God, never wavered.

"We have had a very trying season. The heat has been great and we have had nothing but an outhouse to live in, and this is very open. Our families must spend the winter in it. By spring we hope to have houses built, so as to occupy them before the extreme heat of the next hot season. But while the summer has been trying, it has not been without its pleasures; and I trust that it has not passed unprofitably either to myself or to others. I have been hard at work, teaching and preaching in Hindustani and have spent all my spare time in study. Last Sabbath was our first Communion Sabbath since we came over from Agra, and it was a most interesting season to us all. Sixty-five of our communicants were present, and seven others were admitted to the Church on the confession of their faith. Five of these were from among the heathen—all adults. Two of these persons were parents, and their children were baptised at the same time. The Rev. W. Butler, of the American Methodist Episcopal Church, was with us over the Sabbath. In a short address to the communicants, he mentioned the murder of mission-

aries—Freeman, Campbell, Johnson and McMullen—who were with them at their last Communion, and of their untimely (humanly speaking) end, and of the loss to us by their death. There were not many dry eyes in the assembly, and our poor members wept like children.

“The war is still drawing its slow length along. The rebels are defeated in every engagement and scattered, and their guns and military stores taken, but in a few days they rally again, are joined by some rajah with a large supply of guns and ammunition, and take the field as strong as ever. A very large body of rebels has been lying about sixteen miles of us all summer, but they have not molested us and are not likely to do so. I do so long for peace.

“And now for home matters. Martha and the children are still in the Hills, three hundred miles distant. I am expecting them to join me in about a month. It will be so pleasant to be all together as a family. But this cannot be for many years. We begin to dread the time when we must send the children to America, and be separated from them. Yet why should we be anxious about the future? Before that time comes we may all be in our eternal home.

“How you must have enjoyed brother Stewart’s and Libbie’s visit. I wish that while you were all together you had run over to pay us a visit! Never mind, perhaps a day may come when the facilities for travelling will be such that we can leave this place on Saturday morning and reach you on the evening of the same day, spend the Sabbath with you and hear you preach, and return on Monday. This all seems very improbable now. But since the Atlantic electric telegraph has been laid and is now in successful operation, let us call nothing improbable. You cannot imagine the pleasure with which we have just hailed the announcement of the

completion of that scheme—the chaining together of the old and the new worlds. Cairo in Egypt and the United States are in connection, or rather communication, with each other ; and a powerful company is busy laying down—no, not yet ; getting ready materials for laying down—the cable in the Red Sea and across the Arabian Sea to Karachi. We are already in communication with that place, and by 1860 we will probably be able to flash a message from Fatehgarh to our friends in the West in a few minutes. I do not think that any movement of our time has been fraught with such momentous interest to the world as the laying down of the Atlantic electric telegraph. The English will not stop now until they have chained all of their widely extended possessions together. And why has God given these possessions to a Christian nation, and why are they bound together ? Does it not look as if God were preparing the way for a more rapid diffusion of Christianity and for the upbuilding of His blessed kingdom ? I sometimes feel that we are upon the eve of great and glorious events, and that it is indeed a great privilege to live in such an age as this. How many are preparing the way of the Lord who know it not ? The miner, the smith, the sailor, the soldier, the signaller, and men of all classes and conditions in life. What a privilege it is to be at such a time a watchman upon the walls of Zion.”

In a letter to his wife’s brother, Rev. Nathan Grier White, Mr. Fullerton takes a look back at his six years in Agra, how his plans were all broken up by the tragedy of the Mutiny, and also with what thoughts he looks forward to his new field of service in Fatehgarh and Farrukhabad.

“ We have felt very deeply the loss of our schools, of our churches at Agra, and the breaking up of all our plans there, but we trust it may be seen in the ‘Great Day,’ if not

before, that our six years' labour in that field has not been expended on it in vain. Our present field is to me one of the most interesting in India. We have here a larger body of Christians than any other place in northern India, and are surrounded by a very dense heathen population, which opens to us a wide door for missionary labour. Mr. Scott is pastor of the Church at Rakha, and has a great body of our Christians under his care. We are to live in Barhpur, three miles from Rakha, and our work will be mainly in the city of Farrukhabad—a mile distant from us, and will be confined to the heathen. The city contains one hundred thousand inhabitants, and is one of the most wealthy and flourishing cities in this part of India. I spend about four hours a day in it now, and hope to spend more time in it with our catechists and teachers as soon as we get to Barhpur. I have under my care the city high school, containing 320 pupils, twelve bazaar schools for boys, containing on an average twenty pupils each; and we have recently commenced a girls' school, which is to be under Martha's care, containing fifty pupils. I preach in Hindustani on the Sabbath to the teachers and pupils of the high school, assisted by Ishwari Das, who was partly educated at La Fayette College, Easton. We feel much encouraged in our work. There has never been a time, since Fatehgarh was occupied as a station, when there have been so many additions to the Church in a few months as there have been lately. I know that you will continue to pray for us, that our labours may be blessed, and that the Lord may be exalted among the heathen, and sinners saved.

“We have not yet a home, but are busy repairing the house that the Campbells occupied. I am now writing in a tent, which stands in the compound. We lost so many of

our acquaintances during the Mutiny that we now feel, so far as society is concerned, almost alone in India. You have little idea how we look for the overland mail, and how deep our disappointment is when it brings us nothing. With love from us to you all."

In the fragment of a letter to one of his brothers, Mr. Fullerton writes:

"We are repairing, or rather rebuilding, the house that the dear Campbells lived in, and in two months we hope to get into it. We feel much encouraged in our work. Our schools are all under religious instruction—that is, the Bible and the catechism are the text-books in all the schools. The teachers and the pupils of the high school are required to attend the church on Sabbath, and the services are conducted in Hindustani by Ishwari Das, our headmaster, and myself alternately. Our catechists are daily employed in preaching in the streets of the city, in the bazaar of Fatehgarh, and in the surrounding villages. I join them in the work as often as I can, and wherever we go we have crowds to hear us. The opposition which once met us at every point has disappeared. The people now say that there is no use in resisting the spread of Christianity any longer—that what is written 'on their foreheads' must come to pass. They are as sure as we are that, sooner or later, the whole country must become Christian. The fact that a widespread rebellion has been put down by means that they at first thought utterly inadequate to the task, is evidence to them that to fight against Christianity is to fight against God. But still you must not expect to hear of their embracing Christianity at once. When the times comes a nation will probably be born here in a day, but, humanly speaking, a vast preparatory work has yet to be done. The masses are dreadfully ignorant and dreadfully apathetic.

The field is wide and ready for the harvest, but the labourers are few. My heart is sometimes ready to sink within me, when I enter the city and see its streets crowded with thousands upon thousands of the perishing heathen, and then think that I am the only one whose business it is to labour among them. Verily the children of this world are wiser than the children of light. When Lord Clyde took the city, a year ago, he was backed by ten thousand British soldiers, but the Church sends a single man to attack the same city, although for ages it has been a stronghold of Satan. Oh, that the Church at home would take hold of the work of Missions in earnest! Detached, spasmodic efforts will not answer. What we want is united, earnest, continued labour. We must not grow weary in well-doing. Do preach more about the importance of Missions, and try to make your hearers feel that they have each something to do in this matter. Pray for us. We need your prayers more than we ever did before. Pray for the heathen, but more especially for those who refuse to come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty. With our united love to all."

A letter from his brother, Stewart, dated South Salem, May the 3rd, 1859, tells of how the hearts of loved ones in the old home were touched by these letters from Fatehgarh, and also of the sorrow in the Parsonage over the division in the Church. It also tells of the trouble and division in the Churches in America, 78 years ago, over the legalising of African slavery, and how that question divided the Church of his brother, much to his sorrow. All this may have a message, even after all these years, to the Church in India as well as in America. There were grievous divisions even in those days, as this letter shows—written, as it is, out of the depth of a pastor's heart to his brother in India :

“How little did I think, some years ago, that our father’s family will ever be so scattered as it is, and how soon our own families may be scattered the same way. Oh, my brother, will all our children meet us there? This question presses more and more heavily upon my heart every year. That prayer, by which we can cast our dear children upon the grace of Him whom we trust for salvation, becomes to me more and more precious.

“Did I ever tell you that our Church here has been divided? Several of our members with their families have withdrawn from us on account of slavery. They are still my warm friends, and attend my ministry as formerly, but they will not commune with us, and have formed a little Church of their own. As they are not able to build a meeting-house, they meet in the little house belonging to the Protestant Methodists, where they have preaching on the afternoon of every Sabbath. This has been a grievous thing to us, and many unpleasant things have grown out of it, but we trust that God will bring light out of darkness. If I could have believed it to be my duty to withdraw from the Presbyterian Church, all my people would have gone with me and I would have avoided much trouble, but I am well assured that the Presbyterian Church, notwithstanding that it is defiled with slavery, is a Church of Christ, pre-eminent among His Churches, and I have never been able to find any Scripture warrant for withdrawing from the Church of Christ and refusing to commune with it. The Free Presbyterian Church—to which these went who withdrew—has done much harm, and is declining everywhere. I have no idea that it will retain its present position very long. But what will be the result of this slavery agitation in our Church? My opinion is that, as all the Churches except the Episcopal have done, it will divide before long, some-

where about the region of Mason and Dixon line; and, while I would do nothing wrong to precipitate such a division, I am very confident that it would further the cause of Christ. The southern portion of the Church is becoming more and more pro-slavery, while the northern is becoming anti-slavery; and it seems to me impossible, if not undesirable, that they should hold together any longer. Those of our members who have left us would joyfully return if we were once cut loose from slavery. But I must stop and let Dorothy finish this letter."

"Robert, your letter caused tears in the old Parsonage; indeed, they always do. Sister Martha, write us more about your prayer meetings. Perhaps it will stir up the hearts of more of our good women here to pray more earnestly for your work."

A letter from Mrs. Fullerton tells of some of the trials of life in Fatehgarh—among them, living being more expensive than before the Mutiny, and the most necessary articles taxed 20 per cent. The letter is dated Fatehgarh, June the 9th, 1859, and is addressed to her sister, Dorothy.

"We are very glad to live again in a house, after so many months of tent life, though we have not got comfortably settled yet. We have almost to commence housekeeping over again, as we lost nearly all we had in the late uprising, and while living in an unsettled state in tents we did with as little as possible. Now I find it very expensive too, for everything is much increased in price. We think it rather hard that Lord Canning should lay such a heavy tax upon us after all our losses, and the English people here exclaimed loudly against it. Many of our most necessary articles are taxed 20 per cent., and living is so very expensive that I have to set my wits to work in economising. We are watching the progress of events in Europe with no

small interest just now, and a few months may make a great change in our situation here. What a comfort it is to know that all is over-ruled by One who can make even the ambitious designs and evil passions of men to work out His great designs. I fear our communications with the United States may be cut off if the French army gets the Mediterranean Sea in possession, and that would be a great calamity to us, even if nothing worse were to fall upon us."

In a letter to his brother, Stewart, dated Fatehgarh, June the 8th, 1859, Mr. Fullerton ventures on certain prophecies, born of the signs of the times as he sees them. They are interesting, as showing how thoughtful missionaries in India felt, as they looked out at the warring of great principles among the nations. The letter also answers four questions of his brother, and once again has a word to say of African slavery in America.

"You will think I am in a great hurry to answer your letter, but the news from Europe is so startling that we fear that the overland mail will soon fail to reach us, or to carry letters from us to others. You have seen before this that Austria and France are pouring vast armies into Italy, that the Russians and the French have coalesced, and that Germany has sided with Austria. Now the coalition between Louis Napoleon and the Czar can only have for its object a re-adjustment of the map of Europe. Napoleon no doubt wants to take Italy, and the Czar wants Turkey. To this England will never consent. By doing so she would at once lose the proud position which she at present holds among the nations; and hence, should we in another month hear the roar of the British lion above the din of conflicting armies, we need not be surprised. Napoleon has anticipated this, and has strengthened his navy. Against whom has he prepared it, if not to act

against England? He has a long head, is as ambitious as his uncle, and as unprincipled as he is ambitious. In the event of a war with England, Napoleon will no doubt make arrangements for sweeping the Mediterranean, and this will put an end to our overland mail. But there is another aspect of the case that is far from pleasant. Should a general European War occur, England will have to withdraw her troops from India for the defence of her own coast, and then France and Russia would not be long in attacking her in her weakest point. The latter would probably attack us on the north-west by land, the former by sea. But long before either one or the other could reach our respective stations, the sepoys would clear the country. Now all this may never happen. I hope it may not. But the signs of the time, as I read them, are not encouraging. After all, 'The Lord reigneth,' and He can easily cause these dark clouds to disappear.

"You ask some questions in your letter, which I shall now proceed to answer:

"(1) Our children remember their home in Agra, but are well pleased with their new one. There we could not have a garden, because the water is so brackish that it kills everything upon which it is thrown. Here the water is sweet and we have a nice little garden, and the children are delighted with it. I wish we could send you some of our Bombay mangoes, which are now ripe.

"(2) Our house is nearly done, and we hope soon once more to be comfortably settled. On the 22nd of this month—two years ago—we were driven from our home in Agra, and by the second anniversary of that day I hope to be able to dismiss the remaining workmen upon this house.

"(3) We do regard Fatehgarh as our home. We expected it to be our home when we left America. It was the scene

of the labours of our dear martyred brethren, and, although it has sad associations connected with it on this account, still it has others that are very pleasing, and I would not exchange it as a field for missionary effort for any other in India.

“(4) We lost about a thousand dollars by the Mutiny, six hundred of which we have received from the Relief Fund. This is our direct loss. We have lost much more indirectly, for the necessities of life cost double, treble and even quadruple the amount they did before the war. This state will not, I hope, last long. The Board would increase our salary if we were to ask them, but the loss of our Mission has been so great that we do not wish to ask them to do so.

“And now a word about slavery. Yes, it is a dreadful disturber both in Church and in State, and the longer I live the more I hate it; but do not be discouraged. The man who strikes a thousand blows upon a rock with a sledge hammer thinks, perhaps, that it is the last one that breaks it, but he is mistaken. Before he struck the last blow the work was 999 parts done. Now the blows have of late years been falling thick and fast upon slavery, and in the end it must yield. If I read the papers and the signs of the time right, we are to have but one more pro-slavery President, and I am not sure that we shall have even one. With a free-soil President in the chair there will be no more legislating for the ‘peculiar institution,’ and then it must die. The sooner the better for all concerned.”

In a letter to his sister, Dorothy, written the same day, he opens his heart to tell of the debt of gratitude he could never pay, as he thought of what her home had been to him when a motherless boy. “And now a word of encouragement to you and sister Caro. Do not think that your

domestic toils and care have been unnoticed, or that they will go unrewarded. I have no doubt that all who have resided under your roof feel as I do about it, that we owe you a debt that we can never pay. Your kindness to me at the Parsonage has made it to me among the very bright spots in America, upon which my memory loves to linger—the brightest of them all.

“We are at present having vacation in the high school, and I am embracing the opportunity to preach more in the bazaar than I have been able to do during term time. We get up very early in the morning and I go to the city. There I am met by two of our catechists, with whom I go to some public place, and soon we are surrounded by a crowd of listeners. I allow one of them to commence; I follow, and then the second catechist closes. We are usually occupied from 2½ to 3 hours. I have for the last three mornings preached successfully upon the following texts: ‘Come unto me, all ye that are weary,’ ‘There is no other name given under heaven,’ ‘Strive to enter in at the strait gate.’ It is a joyful work to preach the Gospel, but what can we do among so many? The city contains eighty thousand inhabitants, and is dependent upon two catechists and myself for preaching. Do pray for us, that we may understand our duty and have grace given us to discharge it.

“And now a word about going home. This is a matter about which we do not allow ourselves to talk much. Our general plan, however, is that some years hence Martha should take the children home, while I remain at my post. But we know not what a day may bring forth. The European War may affect us, and things at best are in an unsettled state here. The East India Company’s European troops are almost in a state of open mutiny, because their services have been transferred to the Crown without their consent. In

consequence the troops in the field will not fight against them, and in several places they have only been kept down by the native army. I know not where all this will end, but for the present our path of duty is plain—and that is to work away here.”

And so the next letter to his brother, three months later, at the close of the three hottest months in India, finds him still in the path of duty. That path had been full of peril for nearly two years, and there were still constant rumours which kept the people excited. Of this and of his work Mr. Fullerton writes to his brother, Stewart, on September the 9th, 1859.

“You will see from the papers that the rebels are making no stir in India now. There are still small parties of them in Nepal, but they seldom venture the risk of an attack on British territory. We have still, however, many unpleasant rumours, and the mass of the people are in an excited, unsettled state. As I go to the city every day, and as I know many of the leading men there, I have opportunities for becoming acquainted with the feelings of the people that others have not. Here are the bazaar rumours for three successive days :

“*1st day*—France has attacked the English and has driven them into the sea.

“*2nd day*—The English, having lost England, are landing by thousands in Calcutta.

“*3rd day*—The Queen has reached Calcutta.

“*4th day*—The Queen, in consequence of the loss of her kingdom, has killed herself by means of poison.

“This is a specimen of the reports which reach us every day. Sometimes the Russians are within a few marches of us. Sometimes the Nana Sahib, at the head of the Nepalīs, is coming down upon us ; and sometimes a Muhammadan

prophet, who they say has recently made his appearance in Persia, is moving in the direction of India, with a force that will at once break down the power of the English for ever. There are but few native newspapers, and these are for the most part inimical to the rule of the present Government, and hence these stories are believed by thousands. Still, unless attacked by France or Russia from without, I do not anticipate another break for another hundred years to come. The country is being thoroughly disarmed.

“But you will want to hear about our work. We have just now a good deal of encouragement. A good many are asking the question—which of all questions is the most important—‘What must I do to be saved?’ I have several most interesting inquirers, and a day seldom passes without some of them visiting me in my study. Were it not for caste, thousands would embrace Christianity. When you pray for India, pray first of all that caste may be overthrown. This is the greatest evil the missionary has to contend against. Our schools are flourishing and all operations at the station are in a satisfactory state. I have been hard at work for the last eighteen months, but, as our annual meeting is to be held in Saharanpur two months hence, I am looking forward to a short period of rest.”

CHAPTER IX

IT had now been nearly ten years since Mr. Fullerton began the long voyage to India. In a letter to his brother, Stewart, from Fatehgarh, dated April the 3rd, 1860, he tells why he does not think of returning.

“Your letter of December 19th reached us two weeks ago. Since the late war in India our mails have been much longer than usual in reaching us. The reason, no doubt, is that as there are so many more Europeans in the country than formerly, the carts between this place and Bombay are overloaded and for this reason make much slower progress. But come when they may, your letters are always welcome. It is now ten years since I offered myself to our Board in New York; but when I think of your grown-up children and look upon my own children, I can hardly realize that it has been but ten. The Mutiny, too, and the many changes through which we have passed, make the time seem long since I saw you. You perhaps think that the longer we remain in India the less we think about home. But such is not the case. On the contrary, the desire to revisit our friends increases every year. ‘Why, then,’ you may ask, ‘do you not pay a visit to the United States? Are you not entitled to it?’ The Board would no doubt allow us to do so, if we were to ask for it, but it is a long way to America—coming and going would take two years, not an insignificant period in a short lifetime. Besides this, millions are perishing around us, and who would break to them the Bread of Life should we

leave the field? Many missionaries do return before they have been in the country as long as we have, but it is usually on account of poor health—an excuse which we cannot plead at present. As for my own health, it is always invariably good, to the astonishment of the English, who think that a cold-water man cannot live in this country.

“I am watching the anti-slavery struggle with intense interest, but I do not indulge in your forebodings as to the dissolution of the Union. On the contrary, I am encouraged. The North is at last united, and seems determined to resist all efforts to extend slavery. But the principal ground of hope is this: God did not give us up as a nation when there were none to raise their voice against this great evil, and I do not believe that He will now give us up, when the opponents of slavery have become almost innumerable. By the last *Presbyterian* I see that the Board took up ‘Chocktaw Mission.’ I am sorry for this. Since I heard it was talked of, I sent my protest against it just as you did, and told Mr. Lowrie that it will prove to be a heritage of woe. The day is not distant when we shall have to heave it overboard—just as was done before. I wrote to Mr. Lowrie that if pro-slavery Missions were to be sustained, the South should sustain them; that as long as India, China and Africa are open, and we can preach the Holy Word of God in them, without keeping any portion of it back, we have no business to go to people who insist on telling us what we may or may not preach.

“Our work is in a satisfactory state in this station. We have received fifteen persons to the Communion of the Church within the last month, and our schools are full of pupils under religious instruction. Do you ever see the *Foreign Missionary*? I am publishing a series of narratives in its columns. I have just finished the sixth

and last, and will send it off by this mail. I might write many more if I had time, and if I were not afraid of wearying my readers, so I have thought it best to break the series here. Let us hear from you soon—the long wearying summer months are just at hand, when we shall have to remain shut up in our houses during the most of the day, and shall need your letters to cheer us.”

A paragraph of a letter from his brother, Stewart, dated South Salem, October the 8th, 1860, explains the way many of the children in the Mission orphanages got English names seventy years ago.

“I forgot to tell you that the Sabbath school resolved to contribute towards the support of a child in one of your schools. If there is anyone we can call Robert J. Irwin, after our superintendent, it would be agreeable to the school. And if you can write a letter to the school it would be more pleasing. Your ‘Narratives’ were read with great interest here, and many wish them to be printed in book form. Glad to find that you are still encouraged in your labours. What great changes are taking place in Syria and in the south of Europe! And what great changes the signs of the times indicate as near at hand! And how sweet to feel that in all these heavings and tossings we are, through grace, on God’s side! And how sweet to pray and hope that our children will all be with us there! Tell the little ones that their Uncle Stewart thinks a great deal about them and prays for them.”

In a letter, dated Fatehgarh, February the 19th, 1861, Mr. Fullerton tells his brother, Stewart, his plans for the coming years so far as he could look ahead.

“I have told you, I think, our general plan. Martha is to take the children to the Hills for the summer for the next five years, and superintend their education there, after

which she will spend the next five years with them in the United States, should there be a United States then, and of this I have little doubt, notwithstanding all South Carolina's efforts to separate them. After this I may return to America on a visit, to bring them back, or they may return to me without my going. This is our general plan, but I know a day or an hour may change it, and hence say—'If the Lord will,' things shall be thus and so.

"You write that you have had, in most of the States, an abundant harvest. It is far otherwise in northern India. In a number of the districts to the westward of us they have had scarcely any rain for the last two years. The consequence is that their fields are as dry and unproductive as an ash heap. Thousands have left their homes and fled to more fertile districts. Many are dying from actual starvation, and were it not for the efforts of Government and benevolent Christians in different parts of the country thousands of others would inevitably perish. The worst districts are Agra, Aligarh, Muttra, Bulandshahr, Delhi and Meerut. The suffering in this district is comparatively light. Many fear that the famine has not reached its crisis yet. If such is the case, whole districts will become almost depopulated. I have said that we have comparatively little suffering here, and yet were you to see what there is it would make your heart ache. Our Relief Committee, of which the Rev. Mr. Ullman, a missionary colleague, is almoner, is daily supplying the wants of eight hundred of the starving poor. In two or three days we raised seven or eight thousand rupees for this purpose. The Government has promised to give as much for the same object; we shall doubtless raise much more for it. Calcutta has raised and remitted to these Provinces nearly Rs. 90,000. Madras and Bombay have also done nobly. But I will not dwell

upon this painful subject. God's judgements are abroad in the land. In 1856 we had the cholera in this part of India—sweeping over the land as an epidemic and carrying off untold numbers. Then came the Mutiny a year later, with its scenes of blood and rapine, and now the famine is upon us. And a Government that two years ago was draining its coffers to purchase munitions of war with which to reduce the people to subjection, is now draining its coffers to buy bread for them. Oh, that the governed and they that govern may learn righteousness !”

And yet in the midst of these calamities and looking back he found much to comfort and encourage his heart to go on in the work to which he had consecrated his life.

In a letter to his brother, Stewart, dated July the 9th, 1861, he writes :

“But you may wonder that I speak of my field as a pleasing one. But such it is. It has, it is true, its drawbacks—the heart is every day pained by the ignorance and idolatry of the people ; the climate compels me to live for months separate from my dear wife and children, and sickness sometimes lays its hand upon me ; but, notwithstanding all, it is a pleasant field. It is a part, and a populous part, of that great field which our Saviour spoke of as ‘The World.’ It is true I have comparatively few seals to my ministry, but there is here a wide door, open for the preacher of the Gospel, and we have the assurance that His Word shall not return unto Him void. We have but little to encourage us now, but still we have our encouragements. Prejudices are wearing away ; Hinduism and Muhammadanism are gradually becoming undermined, and we look forward to the time when they must both fall. We may not live to see this, but we know that the end is approaching, and the thought that we are now sowing the

seed which may hereafter yield an abundant harvest makes us to labour on, not only patiently but joyfully. Four short years ago we thought we would be safer almost anywhere else in the world than here; now we feel safer here than we would in the United States.

“The poor who fled from the famine-stricken districts are now returning to their homes, and the Government is giving them oxen, ploughs and seed. You have heard how nobly the English have come forward to relieve them in their distress. Five million dollars have been received from England in the shape of subscriptions, and this was to help those who three years before were imbruing their hands in the blood of their fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers and children. Is not this a noble revenge? One well worthy of a Christian people? It will have its influence. Influential men tell me that neither Hinduism nor Muhammadanism ever did anything so noble. We are still feeding three thousand of the sufferers from the famine of this station. They stop quite near us and depend upon us for food, clothing, medicine and shelter. One of our members, the Rev. Mr. Ullman, gives the most of his time to them, and I need not say that he has his hands very full. I passed through this crowd this morning on my way to my school; and I often see objects that would touch a heart of stone. On every hand you see the lame, the halt and the blind, and even the dying and the dead. There is a good deal of cholera and other sickness in the neighbourhood, but we are in the hands of our heavenly Father—and there we are safe. Dear brother, pray for me and mine—not that we may live long, but that we may live well while we do live.”

In a letter to his brother, George, dated Fatehgarh, September the 1st, 1861, Mr. Fullerton writes :

“We have had a splendid rainy season and our crops are most promising. Nearly all traces of the famine in this district have disappeared. Our work progresses as usual. The high school occupies much of my time — more indeed than it did last year, for my headmaster became almost blind and I have not been able to get anyone to take his place. I preach sometimes during the week in the bazaar, attend the prayer meetings, preach twice on the Sabbath in Hindustani, and once in two weeks to the 42nd Highlanders. They are fine-looking men and most attentive to the preaching of the Word. I cannot tell you how much good it does me to preach to them.”

Before Mr. Fullerton came as a missionary to India, his sister, Martha, had gone as a missionary to the North American Indians, who 80 years ago were illiterate, superstitious, living a wild, roving life in the western territories of the United States. Her main field was in the territory now included in the State of Iowa. There she spent the best years of her life, teaching in the Mission schools of the Presbyterian Church. This sister and her brother, Robert, were enrolled among the foreign missionaries of the Presbyterian Church; though separated ten thousand miles or more, yet one in the supreme purpose of their lives, as the following letter of her brother, Robert, dated Fatehgarh, March the 18th, 1862, to his brother, Stewart, shows:

“I received on the 7th instant your letter of December the 23rd. I trembled while I opened it, for I expected it to contain the news of dear Martha’s death. Edward’s letter prepared me for this. And is she indeed gone? I cannot realize it. I parted with her on the wharf at Cincinnati in May, 1850 — almost 12 years ago — she to go to the Indians of the Western, and I to the Indians of the Eastern,

world. I shall never forget that morning — her earnest face, her eyes suffused with tears, and her affectionate good-bye. I did not at heart approve of her going to the Indians, partly because I was afraid that she was not equal to the hardships of such a life, and partly because I was afraid that she would become soon dissatisfied and by her return disappoint the Board. But her missionary life proves that my fears were groundless. How nobly she sustained her part! She made no display, but I know from letters from the Rev. J. C. Lowrie, D.D., that her worth was known and appreciated at the Mission House in New York. Few persons would have returned to the mission field after having undergone as severe a surgical operation as she did some years ago. And no one ever lived more faithfully at her station than she did. I had to hear all this from others, and not from herself. She was one who literally did not let her left hand know what her right hand did. She has ceased from her labours, and her works do follow her. Her dying words have cheered me more than I can tell you. 'I have not a cloud, not a fear, not a doubt. My Saviour is with me. I know it. I feel it. I seem to see Him. He is supporting me with His arms.'

"Oh, that my last end, whenever it may come, may be like hers!—crosses, separations, and sorrows will then be all forgotten. Dear sister Martha does not now regret all she did and suffered for the Saviour; and if we also suffer with Him, we too shall reign with Him. I felt the loss of sister very deeply while reading your letter, yet heaven seems so much nearer to me than America. But four of the eleven links in our family chain are left. Nearly two-thirds are gone, and the remaining links must soon follow. May we all be re-united in that other world."

Mr. Fullerton's heart was often filled with sorrow during

the Civil War raging between the people in his native land. During the four years of that awful fraternal strife, in some of the States brother was arrayed in arms against brother. Fifteen of the southern States wished to withdraw from the Union of States, in order to be protected in their "State Rights," one of those rights being to hold Africans as slaves. The other States of the Union were not willing to allow them to withdraw and establish a new government. In letter after letter Mr. Fullerton pours out the thoughts of his heart during those four sad years of war. Though written 65 years ago, they have messages for today, if we have ears to hear them.

In a letter to his brother, Stewart, dated February the 19th, 1861, he writes :

"What exciting times you are having at home! How foolishly the South is acting. The Union will, I think, be preserved, and my earnest prayer is that it may. Still, I hope there will be no more compromises. The time is come to look slavery in the face—and if it cannot be kept within its present bounds without a resort to arms, be it so. A three months' war would be better than the indefinite spread of such a curse."

In a letter to his brother, Stewart, whose two sons were in the Union Army, he writes on August the 16th, 1862 :

"How much you must feel the absence of your son. He was engaged in a good cause, and may the Lord shield him. I am sorry that S.K. is in the army, and much wish that he was quietly pursuing his studies at Oxford. But the impulse that took him into the army was a noble one, and I quite sympathise with him in the course he has taken. I am not sure, but think that I would have done the same under similar circumstances. I am glad for your views of the war so fully and so clearly

expressed. They are in every particular my own. I watched its progress with the most deep and, I must add, with the most painful, interest. I cannot tell you how deeply interested I feel in all that pertains to the welfare of our country. I sometimes rather envy the poor soldier, who has it in his power to do something for his country, for I can only feel and pray for it. The loss of the army of the Potomac will be a dreadful blow. Will the North give up in despair? I hope and believe she will not. For my own part, I agree with Dr. Breckenridge that it would be better to commence again at Plymouth Rock than that this wicked rebellion should succeed. It would be harder to get on with such neighbours out of the Union than in it. We would always have to get a large standing army to keep them in check, and would be involved in endless strife with them. I sometimes fear that we have so long and persistently hated the poor negro, and trampled upon his rights, that God has given us up as a nation, and that we may now find no place of repentance, though we may seek it with tears. 'Because I have called and you refused, I have stretched out my hands and no man regarded; but you have set at naught all my counsel, and would none of my reproof, I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh,' applies to nations as well as individuals. But when I remember the efforts which we have made of late for the overthrow of slavery, I comfort myself with the words of Manoah's wife, 'If the Lord were pleased to kill us he would not have received a burnt offering and a meat offering at our hands, neither would he have shown us all these things.' Again, the thought has struck me that after we shall have spent millions upon millions of dollars upon this war, and poured out our blood like water, and thus have received punishment for our com-

plicity with slavery, the South may after all be permitted seemingly to triumph. But should it be so, I am persuaded that it would be their ruin. When I look at the subject in all its bearings, when I think of the many insuperable difficulties in the way of our separation, I feel that we are right in fighting for the integrity of the country, and my daily prayer is that slavery—not the Union—may perish. If the late telegram is true, our President has, I hope, ere this proclaimed liberty throughout all the land and to all the inhabitants thereof. I had fondly hoped that emancipation would be brought about by the masters themselves, but if they force us to choose between the destruction of the Union and the destruction of slavery, we will not hesitate, I hope, as to which must go down. I know from sad experience that war is an evil greatly to be dreaded, but there are worse evils than war. I feel this war more than I did the great outbreak in this country in 1857, although my own life and the lives of those who are dearer to me than life itself were then at stake.

“You forgot to tell me what regiments Thomas and George are in. Were they in the recent fight? I long to hear everything. Oh, for peace! It distresses me to think of our distracted and bleeding country. But, bad as war is, good often springs from it, and I shall be much mistaken if this particular war does not result in the overthrow of slavery.”

In a letter dated December the 4th, 1863, Mr. Fullerton writes of a meeting of the American Presbyterian Mission, of which he was that year the president.

“Just before the meeting we learnt that Mr. Lincoln had appointed the 26th as a day of thanksgiving for the victories vouchsafed for our armies, and we were so glad that we had such a good opportunity to observe it. Mr. Owen

conducted the service at 11 o'clock and delivered an excellent address, and Brother Johnson and I led in prayer. At night we had speeches at the dinner table. We wrote a letter to President Lincoln, thanking him for giving us the opportunity of observing the day, and assuring him of our sympathy and prayers in his efforts to put down the rebellion and restore peace to our country. This we all signed. We also collected Rs. 140 for the Christian Commission. I am to write to Stewart and send him the money."

In a letter to his brother, George, dated August the 10th, 1864, Mr. Fullerton writes :

"Oh, when will this war end? It makes me unspeakably sad to think of all the suffering and sorrow which it has occasioned. Still, I do not wish to see it end until slavery is overthrown and the rebellion crushed. No man living dislikes war more than I do. But I think it is really best to fight it out on this line if it should take the next twenty years. A war now followed by an honourable, lasting peace—not peace now followed by war without end. Are we not verily guilty concerning our brother? Therefore all this has come upon us. May the Lord help us and save our beloved country from ruin. In Him alone is our strength.

"I send you herewith a leaf from a newspaper published in this place (Dehra Dun). It contains an editorial on the Civil War in the United States written by me. It is, I believe, a correct statement of the cause of the war. I aimed at nothing more, and the article has, I think, done good. I first talked it over with the Editor and then got him to adopt the article. It has, I think, done more good in this way than it would have done had it been known that an American had written it."

In a letter written from Dehra Dun, dated June the 1st, 1865, to his brother, George, Mr. Fullerton writes :

“ We hope the war is over and slavery—its cause—a thing of the past. We have felt keenly our position for the last few years. The newspapers all around us were (with some honourable exceptions) rejoicing over our misfortunes and predicting our utter ruin. But, thank God, we have a country still, and one that is worth all that it has cost us. To Him be the praise ! ”

CHAPTER X

ALTHOUGH Mr. Fullerton's work was largely that of the farmer whose field was thick with tares and much of it stony, yet he was not discouraged. He longed for the time of the harvest; the conviction that it would surely come, however long delayed, kept him patient and unflagging to the very end. His letters, these last years of his life, give us glimpses into his heart as he went about his daily tasks. In a letter from Fatehgarh to his brother, Stewart, in March, 1862, he writes:

"The Mission work progresses as usual, but this is not what we desire. We wish to see something unusual. Oh, for a Pentecostal season for India! A season of general refreshing, during which thousands might be added to the Church of such as shall be saved. Our schools are full. We have at this station alone some 800 pupils; and the preaching of the Word is listened to with seeming interest by thousands, and yet, 'who hath believed our report?' A great work is, I know, in progress. I am sure, as I am of my existence, that India is to sparkle as a brilliant gem in the Redeemer's crown; but how much faith, how much patience labourers in such a field need to enable them to wait for the approaching harvest. I feel that missionaries are sowing the seed where they will never live to reap. Others will enter into their labours and reap; and the world will say and the Church say, 'Had such men been sent to India before it would long since have embraced Christianity,' but it matters not; the harvest will be His

whose we are and whom we are bound to serve. Not unto us, but unto Him be all the glory.

"Martha and the children are still at Landour. I hear from them twice a week, but shall not have the pleasure of seeing them before the middle of October. None of us likes these long separations, but we must either submit to them or leave the country. Our children enjoy the best of health in the Hills, but they cannot stand the heat of the Plains. Never mind. After the hot weather the cold will come and then——!"

In April, 1863, Mr. Fullerton went with a party of preachers to Hardwar, a place held sacred by Hindus, where the Ganges issues from the Himalayas. To this place come millions of Hindus from all parts of India every year, to bathe and take back to their homes the water of the Ganges. In a letter to Mrs. Fullerton he writes :

"We had a delightful trip to Hardwar. The first ten miles we rode in a *palki gharry*, the next ten on horseback, the last stage brought us to the banks of a little river, where we remained under a large banyan tree until the evening, when we resumed our journey by *bailis* (ox-carts). We had sent our horses on, and when we came to where they were, we mounted and rode to Hardwar, which we reached about dark. I was much pleased with the scenery in the Dun. The forest through which we rode quite reminded me of the American forest. We saw spotted and red deer with their great branching horns, and monkeys innumerable. The jungle cocks and pea-fowl frequently reminded us of their presence, the one by their crowing and the other by their screaming. In several places we saw the forest on fire, and it all reminded me of what I used to see in the West. But what of Hardwar? A wonderful place — temples, fakirs, Brahmins, the ghats, and so forth without number. But I

shall not attempt to describe them until I see you again. We go out morning and evening to preach. We have large audiences and, we trust, are doing good."

During the winter of 1863 Mr. Fullerton made a preaching tour through part of the Farrukhabad district, of which he writes to Mrs. Fullerton from his camp at Khudaganj. With him were Rev. A. Broadhead, Rev. B. D. Wyckoff and 14 catechists and Scripture readers.

"We had crowds to hear us wherever we went. In one village we found two venerable old men, one of them over 80 years of age, the other two or three years his junior, but he had long been sick and seemed older and more feeble than his friend. These two men were the principal zemindars of the village. They called all their people together and we preached to them for a long time. The old man in feeble health then called me to his side, and wished me to say more of this salvation. He seemed to be weighed down by a consciousness of sin and wished to know how he might be freed from it. I talked to him for a few moments and took his hand and said, 'I shall probably never see you again in this world, but I hope to see you in the world to come.' I then turned to go away, but the old man called me back and said with great earnestness, 'You will reach heaven, but I am a great sinner and much fear that I shall come short of it. Is there any hope for me?' 'Yes,' I told him, 'Jesus is able to save unto the uttermost.' Bowing with humble reverence, he said, 'O Lord, have mercy upon a poor old sinner.' Then, laying his old withered hand upon mine and pressing it with as much force as he could, he said, 'Now you may go.' The venerable appearance of the man and his great earnestness led me to think of Cornelius, who, although by birth a heathen, was 'a devout man and one that

feared God with all his house, who gave much alms to the people and prayed to God always.' The old man had heard the Gospel from Mohan Lal and others before. Today we move off again, stopping half-way between Khudaganj and Gursahai Ganj. Our letters and papers are to be brought out by the coachman who drives the *shigram* to Cawnpore, and so are not delayed."

From his camp near Kanauj, in the Farrukhabad district, he writes :

"You may wonder that we stopped so long at this place, but you would not if you were here. We are just a mile from Kanauj, which is quite a city, and we have crowds of people to hear us, and the anxiety to secure books is very great. A few days ago an old man—Gopal Das by name—came to our camp, led by a grandson, for he is nearly blind, to ask for a Testament. He has had several, he says, and that while he could he read them to his friends and others who wished to hear them, and that they were so much prized that he had to give away one copy after another until he had none left. He said he was persuaded that the Bible was the Word of God and that Christ was the Saviour of the world. The next day I took some of the catechists and went to a distant part of the city to preach, and was soon surrounded by large crowds. One of the catechists spoke, when a man present said to me, 'We have a man here who believes just as you do,' and he ran off and brought him. It was Gopal Das, to whom I gave the Testament the night before. He sat down on the *charpoy* with the catechists and listened to all we had to say, nodded his assent, and said from time to time to the people about us, 'This is all true, all true.' We have heard of a bearer, or rather of a man who was a gentleman's bearer, and from whom he received a Testament. He lives some miles from this place, on the banks of the Kali-

nadi. He is a man well up in years, and has a family of grown-up children. He has long been going about among the villages reading his Testament and explaining it, and declaring his belief in the religion which it teaches. His people have built a separate house for him, and refuse to live with him. Still, the affection for him leads them to support him while he gives his time to his Testament. Verily the Word of God is not bound. I have never been so much encouraged as during this tour. We have a noble band of catechists and readers—14 in all—and we and they preach from morning until night. We expected to leave this place today, but have decided to remain until Monday."

We come now to the closing years of the life on earth of Mr. Fullerton. After nearly fourteen years on the Plains of India without a summer's visit to the Hills, his health began to give way. It was proposed that he be transferred to Dehra Dun, that he might be in a cooler climate and within fourteen miles of the hill station of Landour. He was reluctant to give up his school in the heart of Farrukhabad city and his itinerating during the winter in the villages of that large district. This transfer meant taking up a new work at Dehra Dun. Writing to his wife on December the 8th, 1863, when the letter suggesting this transfer came to him, he says: "I cannot tell you how much trouble this letter has given me. I have been at a loss to know what the path of duty was. My old station and my long connection with this Mission led me to wish to remain here, but you and the children, and the hope that I might be able to remain in the country, led me to decide in favour of Dehra, should the way be open. In laying the matter before the brethren, I told them how matters stood and wished them to decide what was duty for me. Their reply was that they would be sorry to lose me, but that were they

in my place, i.e. considering my own health, and the fact that my family is in the Hills, they would go. I have decided, therefore, to take the station if the brethren of the Upper Mission will let me have it; and I will do the best I can. You need not fear the Doon except in the rains.

“I am just now starting to call on Dr. Anderson, to urge our claim for a grant-in-aid” (this was a grant-in-aid for the Farrukhabad high school—an interesting fact when we remember that this was 64 years ago). It was finally decided that he should make the change, and in the early part of 1864 he took over the work of Rev. David Herron, who was returning to America.

In a letter from Dehra, April the 4th, 1864, he writes to the widow of his brother, Stewart: “You have probably heard that we have removed to this place, to be near the Hills. It is in a valley called the Doon—the most beautiful spot in India. We are surrounded by rose hedges, tea gardens and orchards; and from our door we can see the house which we occupied when up-hill, although it is fourteen miles off. I am about as I have been for the past two years. I came here hoping that the change might do me good, and it may do so, but I sometimes think I will see brother Stewart before I see the rest of you. May God permit us to meet in that better land. Give Thomas my best thanks. It was very kind of him to mention me as his father’s successor, but if able to remain here I will do so, for I feel that now I can be far more useful here than at home. I leave in a day or two for the Hardwar fair.—I remain down all summer if I can, but I am not sure as to my being able to do so.”

In a letter to his brother, George, written from Dehra in May, 1864, he tells of the murder of two missionaries whom he knew and loved—Rev. Levi Janvier, of Ludhiana, and

Rev. Isodor Lowenthal, of Peshawar. The narrative concerning the death of the latter gives information that is wholly trustworthy.

"I send you herewith the copy of a telegram which reached me day before yesterday from Major James, Commissioner of Peshawar: 'Mr. Lowenthal was shot this morning at 3 o'clock by his Muzbee watchman, and has just died—April 27, 5 a.m.' This is all we know about this sad case, and we wait with great anxiety for details. What does it all mean? Two of our best men have been cut down within a month. What does God mean to teach us by it? Have we been leaning upon an arm of flesh, and is it to teach us to rely for success upon the Lord of Hosts? Oh, that we may all lay it to heart, and may it make us more watchful, prayerful and laborious! Mr. Lowenthal was born in Poland, of parents who are still Jews. He went to the United States about the year 1848, ignorant of our language, remained there eight years, during which time he became a perfect master of it, speaking it with an accuracy and an elegance with which few of our own people speak it. No one who heard him ever dreamt of his being a foreigner. He came to this country to commence the Afghan Mission in the year 1855, and stopped with us for some days in Agra on his way up country. He preached twice for me, and I have thought since that his were the most able sermons I have ever heard. He went to Peshawar—a large city in the hands of the English, just on the border of the Afghan country. Here he applied himself with great assiduity and success to the study of Pushtoo—the language spoken by the people of Afghanistan. He soon mastered it, and translated the New Testament into that tongue, and was waiting for the door to open that he might enter the country and take up

his residence at Kabul or some other central point. But he is gone! And our Mission to the Afghans is, for the present at least, at an end. How mysterious are the ways of God! Truly His ways are not our ways, nor His thoughts our thoughts. Mr. Lowenthal read Hebrew, Greek and Latin with great fluency, and could speak or read many of the languages of Europe. He was acknowledged on all sides to be the best Pushtoo scholar in India. He was very popular with the English, and was greatly admired by them for his learning. Mr. James, the Commissioner, who sent the telegram, was an admirer of his. He is a good man and is much interested in the Afghans—thinking them to be the descendants of the lost tribes. Mr. Lowenthal studied theology at Princeton. On his way to India he wrote to his parents, asking them for permission to visit them, but they called him an apostate and told him that they never wished to see his face again. So he had to come on to India without seeing them.

“We had our Communion service on last Sabbath. Three adults were added to the Communion of the Church and five children baptised. We are all pretty well. I have been better for the past month than I had been for two years before. The change to this place will, I hope, do me good. It is nearly two thousand feet above my last station, and 2,369 feet above the sea. Pray for us and for the cause of Missions.”

In a letter to his brother, George, dated Dehra, August the 10th, 1864, he writes: “Many thanks for sending us so much news, both domestic and political, for although it was fourteen years, day before yesterday, since we lost sight of Bunker Hill Monument—the last we saw of America—we are still interested in all that relates to home—‘Home, home, sweet home.’ I enclose two coffee leaves and

two tea leaves. The large leaves are the coffee. They are from our garden. I send for dear Ida a hair from the tail of our nearest neighbour's elephant. I pulled it out myself! There are a great many elephants in the Doon, both wild and tame."

Writing to his brother, George, on February the 19th, 1865, he tells of a visit to the Missions of the American Presbyterian Church in the Punjab.

"Have I written you since my visit to the Punjab? The object of my visit was to attend our annual meeting at Ludhiana—our oldest Mission station in India. I left home very unwell, in a *dooly*—a light bed, with a framework over it covered with cloth. I was carried by four Hindus who are carriers by profession, two others ran along by their side, who relieved them from time to time. One of these carried a torch, partly to enable them to see their way and partly to keep the wild beasts off—such as tigers, leopards, hyenas, bears and elephants. I left home just at dark. One set of men carried me about ten miles, and when my dooly was put down at the end of the stage it was taken up by another set. The next morning, about daylight, I was at Saharanpur, 58 miles from Dehra Dun. This is one of our most flourishing missionary stations. Here the Rev. J. R. Campbell lived, laboured and died. There is a large orphanage connected with the station, which contains many promising boys, who were secured after the famine and who were under a course of instruction to prepare them for future usefulness. On the evening of Monday I set out for Ambala, distance 67 miles. I travelled in the same way. When we reached the Jumna river we found it very much swollen, and the men took my dooly on their heads, and thus carried me over. The next day at noon I was put down at

the house of brother Thackwell, one of our missionaries. He is a Welshman and has never been to America, but he is thoroughly American in his feelings and is one of the best of men. Having rested a day, I left for Ludhiana in company with brothers Thackwell and Calderwood and Mrs. Janvier and her little son. We travelled by stages and reached the place of our destination (72 miles distant) in the evening of the same day. Ludhiana is a thriving city, containing a population of some eighty thousand inhabitants. Brothers Rudolph and Henry, one from Berlin in Prussia and the other from Kentucky, are our missionaries there. We had a most delightful meeting, which was in session for a week. We have a large printing establishment at this station and a most flourishing school, an orphanage for girls and a flourishing church. After the meeting I crossed the Sutlej into the Punjab proper, and visited Kapurthala, Jullundar and Lahore, in all of which we have missionaries. The Maharaja of Kapurthala is married to one of Martha's old pupils (Miss Hodges), and I received a warm reception there. Lahore is a place full of interest. We have a college, church and girls' school, and every operation going on there. I returned home as I went. We still think of going home next cold season."

Mr. Fullerton's last preaching tour was to Hardwar, in April, 1865. To preach the love of God, seeking the lost as the shepherd seeks his lost sheep, had ever been his delight, and now, at the great gathering of hundreds of thousands of Hindu pilgrims from all parts of India, he had the privilege once again of telling the good news of a Saviour whose name is Immanuel, but it cost him great bodily suffering. In a letter to his brother, George, dated April the 20th, 1865, he writes: "I was just leaving for Hardwar when I last wrote, to attend the annual fair at

that place. It is thirty miles distant, and I was absent nine days. There were three missionaries and four native helpers present. We all preached until our voices failed us. This was my third visit to the place for the purpose of preaching, and I found it, as upon other occasions, a very trying experience. It is just outside the last range of the Himalayas, and the extremes of heat and cold are very great. The hot winds swept over us by day like blasts from a furnace. We had a large tent pitched under some mango trees, but the heat was so great in it from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. that we could scarcely bear the least clothing on us. But at night the wind swept down upon us from the snowy range (which, although 100 miles off, is in sight) like blasts from the North Pole. Quilts, blankets and overcoats were all in demand, until the sun again sent down his fiery rays upon us and made us glad to lay our covering aside. We had, however, plenty of ice-water to drink during the heat of the day, for the waters of the Ganges were snow only 24 hours before they reached us. There was this drawback to our enjoyment in drinking of it, however—there is a place twelve miles above Hardwar called the Rishikesh, where the Hindus throw their dead into the river, under the belief that their sins will be washed away and that they will be immediately admitted into heaven. These corpses were ever and anon floating past us, in every stage of decomposition; but there was no help for it—Ganges water we had to drink. I was quite unwell for a few days after returning from the fair, but I am feeling unusually well just now.”

In a letter to his brother, George, June the 1st, 1865, he writes: “If spared, I hope to see you all by this time next year. We are already making preparation for our voyage, but we shall not leave Calcutta before January. The doctors say that I will not get rid of my complaint

until I return to my native climate. But for this I would send Martha and the children home without me, and remain at my post. I like my work, but the doctors and my missionary brethren tell me that it is my duty to seek for a change of climate now, and that I may delay too long. Had I followed their advice, I would have gone home three years ago. Our work progresses as usual. I admitted three adults to the Church at our last Communion here—two on their confession of faith and one by certificate. There were several other applicants, but they were kept back by the Session until our next Communion season. Oh, for the day to come when we shall not have applicants by eight or ten, but by thousands! The day is coming.” .

CHAPTER XI

THE supreme purpose in the preparation of this Memoir has been to bring praise to our Lord Jesus Christ through the life of this beloved servant of His. Our Lord Himself has said, "I am glorified in them." This is the justification for letting others than those to whom he wrote read these outpourings of his heart in his letters. And it is also the justification for letting other eyes read of his sufferings during his last days and weeks on earth. The promise of the Lord Jesus to His disciple—"Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid"—was abundantly fulfilled to him on earth. So much needs to be said to the readers of these letters to justify their publication. More than one heart has been touched and comforted while reading them, and there must be other hearts to whom the words of this Great Heart, facing death in one of its most painful forms, may speak messages of peace and victory. The writer of the life of Edward Payson did not leave out the narrative of his victory over the last great enemy, and so telling of the last days of him whose life has been traced in this Memoir during 15 years as a missionary in India, may give him the privilege of witnessing—63 years after his death—to the presence of the Lord Jesus with him even to the end.

In a letter from Landour, seven weeks before his death, Mr. Fullerton writes to the mother of his wife: "We expect to leave this place in November, and we are looking

forward to the pleasure of meeting you. I wish to introduce our six children to you, and to talk over with you the events of the past fifteen years—but what are our plans and even life itself? You will gather from this that our plans may not be carried out as early as we expected, and that with regard to some of us they may never be carried out at all. You know that my health has not been good for the last three or four years; still, I was able to do my work and went on in the hope that our contemplated voyage and our residence for a time in our native land would restore it. Early in June I rose one morning with a relaxed sore throat, but I thought little of it at first. The following night I sat up with a neighbour—a good old man, a Wesleyan—who closed his earthly career before morning. I directed his attention to the promises, and sang some of his favourite hymns for him. The last was:

“ ‘ Here we suffer grief and pain ;
Here we meet to part again :
In heaven we part no more.

Chorus : Oh ! that will be joyful,
When we meet to part no more.’

“ When I came to the chorus the old man joined with me and sang it to the end. Since then I have not been able to sing, and may not be until I can unite in singing with others the psalms of Moses and the Lamb. My disease gradually developed until the doctors pronounced it cancer. An operation was first thought of, but after consultation it was given up. All I have to do now is to wait until our heavenly Father calls me home. Were it not that our children ought to be at home, I would wish to wait here on these mountains until my change came. The thought of dying in India does not trouble me; for the past fifteen years I have sowed the good seed among this people, and

in the Great Harvest I should like to awaken among my sheaves. But should my health permit of it, I may feel it to be my duty to try and get my family home. In this event I shall end my days in the land of my fathers. After all, it matters not where. I have had many sleepless nights and suffered a good deal of pain the last month, but my mind has enjoyed perfect peace. I know in whom I have believed, and that He is able to keep what I have committed to Him until that Day. I have no fear of death. I cannot tell you how grateful I am for this evidence that the religion I have preached to others is founded upon a rock—the Rock of Ages. I may see you again in the flesh—but I hardly expect it. Be this as it may, we shall soon meet where there is no sin, no sorrow, and no death. May the Lord sustain and bless you is the prayer of your affectionate son.”

Then a month later, September the 19th, 1865, follows a letter from Mrs. Fullerton to her mother :

“If you have not received the letters sent on the 15th of August you will, I know, be anxious about us, and it is for this reason I write to you ; otherwise I would be glad to wait longer, for I can only tell you of suffering and sorrow. The doctor here, Dr. Orton, said he thought the disease might be greatly retarded in its progress by an operation. He said there was no hope without it and there was some hope in doing it. Mr. Fullerton told him to do what he thought best, and seven days ago the operation was performed. It proved much more difficult and tedious than he expected. Mr. Fullerton has been obliged to lie on his back ever since, without turning his head in the least to one side or the other.

“My dear mother, we are in the hands of our heavenly Father, who does not afflict willingly. I am so thankful

for the peace of mind which my husband has enjoyed through all his suffering—not a doubt or fear has troubled him. The Saviour has been very near and precious, and he has been enabled to say, in the midst of pain and weariness, ‘All is peace, perfect peace.’ I trust that, though laid aside from active service, my dear husband has been enabled to glorify his heavenly Master by suffering His Will as much as he did by doing it. All who know him here are astonished at his peace and calmness in the midst of so much suffering. On the day of the operation one of the physicians who assisted, and who was not himself a professing Christian, said, when he saw my husband walk out so calmly to lie down upon the operating table—‘That calmness only a true Christian could feel.’ Mr. Fullerton sends much love to you and to all our family, and says, ‘Tell them it is all right, whatever the result may be.’”

On Wednesday, the 4th of October, about 11 o'clock in the morning, without a struggle, Robert Fullerton gently breathed his last, and his spirit[†] passed away from this world of toil and sin and sorrow to the Father's home.

“They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.”



MARTHA W. FULLERTON IN 1894

CHAPTER XII

THESE Memoirs would not be complete without a few words at least telling of the journey of Mrs. Fullerton and her children back to America. In a letter to her brother, George, written at Dehra Dun, November the 18th, 1865, she writes: "Heaven seems to me much nearer than America, and if it were not for my children I would not go home, but try to labour on here while God should spare my life. But I know that my duty now is to meet the duties and trials of life with resolution. May my heavenly Father grant me grace to do it." And grace was given, year after year, through all the days and years that followed. The long voyage back from Calcutta to Boston was made in a sailing ship—more than four months at sea. Her first letter to her brother, George, after reaching America, is from Philadelphia, 17th of May, 1866.

"You will see from this that we have reached 'home.' Our ship anchored in Boston harbour on Saturday evening last, and by the time we had secured a boarding house it was almost ten o'clock at night. Monday and Tuesday were occupied in getting my goods through the Custom House and in settling the question whether my children were foreigners or not. At first I was told they were, and that I would have to pay two dollars each 'head money,' but when the question was reported to the proper authorities it was decided that they were American. God has been very merciful to us in all our wanderings. Two weeks ago I had almost given up hope of reaching my native land.

We had fearful storms, and were driven out to sea again when we had almost reached our port. On the 26th of April we were within three hundred miles of Boston, and ten days after we were five hundred miles away. It was a succession of gales from the north-west; and for some time our vessel was quite unmanageable, but it was well built and able to weather the storm. May we not forget the goodness of our heavenly Father, for His kindness and love have been most signally manifest in the dangers to which we were exposed and from which He delivered us. It is, indeed, a sad return for me to my native land. How often dear Robert and I talked together of our anticipated visit, and he looked forward with so much pleasure to meeting old friends again, but when sore affliction came, and he felt that all these hopes must be given up, he could still say, 'It is all right—God's will be done.'

"I left Boston at 8.30 on Tuesday morning, and reached this place (West Philadelphia) at one o'clock p.m. yesterday—spending less than eighteen hours on the way. Dr. Irving, one of the secretaries of our Board of Foreign Missions, came on to Boston for me, and accompanied me to New York, so that I came on very comfortably and received a very warm welcome from my dear sister here. For the present I remain with her, but I wish to settle down quietly in a home of my own and send my children to a good school. I am willing to make any sacrifice and to work as hard as I am able to do, in order to accomplish this end. I believe God will take care of them, if I can only do my duty faithfully. His promise never fails." And it did not fail. How could it?

"Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away."

CHAPTER XIII

THERE could be no more fitting close to this Memoir of Robert Stewart Fullerton than the loving tribute to him and Mrs. Fullerton from the pen of a distinguished Scotch physician, Dr. T. Farquhar, the physician of the chief officers of the British Government in the City of Agra before and during the Mutiny, and also the beloved physician of the Fullerton family and their warm personal friend.

Ten years after the Mutiny, January the 1st, 1877, this tribute appeared in the *Sunday at Home*, published by the London Tract Society. It is entitled "A Recollection of the Indian Mutiny," by a Company's Officer :

"In the spring of the Mutiny year there were at Agra two or three American Presbyterian clergymen engaged in missionary work. That station was the headquarters of the Government of the North-West Provinces, as a northern division of India is called, having a population of above thirty millions. Such a government required a number of clerks who could speak and write English. There were few Englishmen in India then, other than the covenanted civilian and military, so these clerkships were held principally by Eurasians, who were educated by their parents expressly for such work. A Government college and missionary schools were the educational establishments to which these lads were sent. At these mission schools they were welcome, as they gave a Christian tone to the classes, which were otherwise filled by heathen youth. It was also felt that

these Eurasians were an important class over whom it was necessary to watch, lest they should fall into heathenism, and be a hindrance, instead of a help, to the spread of the Gospel in India. The certainty of employment for educated sons made the parents eager enough to place them at schools, but, as there were few missionary ladies in India at that time, it was very difficult to get any good education for the daughters of this class.

“One of the missionaries at that time in Agra was the Rev. Mr. Fullerton, who had pastoral charge of the Presbyterian Church there, which was attended, almost exclusively, by these Eurasians and their families. He was a man of about forty years of age, broad-shouldered and of powerful make, with a fine open face and kindly blue eyes, that shone with joyous brotherly kindness to all men. His bearing, too, reminded one of the brave old Covenanter whom no ills or fears could daunt, and gave the impression that he had a well-spring of life and health within him that cheered himself and made those about him happy. He was a married man, and his wife, an American lady, was truly a helpmeet to her missionary husband. Though she had three young children, and from the smallness of her husband’s missionary salary was unable to have much help in the way of servants, yet she made or found time to assist her husband in his work. Being well-educated, she opened a school for the Eurasian girls of his congregation, and spent her spare strength in teaching them and preparing them to be good Christian wives and mothers, such as the people around might take a lesson from and imitate.

“Like a thunder-clap the news of the Mutiny at Meerut, on the 10th of May, fell on the Agra community, and turned the whole current of men’s thoughts from the duties and schemes of the day and bade them prepare for the coming

struggle. Duties had, however, to be continued, and Mrs. Fullerton's school was carried on, subject always to the pressing thought that the danger and suffering which had fallen on other stations must be expected some day in Agra. At that time three native regiments and one European regiment, with six guns manned by Europeans, formed the garrison of that station.

"On Saturday night, the 30th of May, news arrived that some companies of one of the Agra regiments had mutinied at Muttra, a station thirty-five miles off, and had fired on their English officers. The Agra regiments, notwithstanding their protestations of fidelity to their 'salt,' could no longer be trusted. The Lieutenant-Governor, Mr. Colvin, after consultation with the Brigadier and Mr. Drummond, the magistrate, resolved on disarming, and the magistrate sent orders to rouse all the civilians and Christian clerks, and send them, with their wives and children, to rendezvous that had been appointed beforehand for their reception in the hour of danger.

"Mr. Fullerton, with his wife and family, went to the one known as 'Boldero's House,' a bungalow perched on the top of an old lime-kiln, which from age was covered with sheltering trees and clothed with grass.

"The Sabbath sun rose that morning on a strange scene in the usually well-ordered station of Agra. Instead of early morning church, the troops, English and native, were assembled on parade, and there the native regiments, to their great astonishment, found themselves drawn up opposite the European regiment, and guns with lighted port-fires, and ordered to lay down their arms. The great mass of men obeyed, as they had no time to make any arrangements, and, piling their arms, saw them carted away to the magazine in the fort. At night I visited 'Boldero's

bungalow' about ten o'clock. Outside the house lay groups of gentlemen under the trees, talking quietly over the events of the day, but with loaded double-barrelled guns and plenty of ammunition by their sides. In the verandahs, ladies and native *ayahs* lay pretty closely placed, while the floors of the rooms inside were strewn about with as many babies and young children as they could readily hold. I saw Mr. Fullerton and his fellow-missionaries, with some other gentlemen, sitting or lying below one of the trees. The full moon shone through the leaves, and I remember well Mr. Fullerton's face turned up to speak to me with a look and words of thankfulness for the mercies of the day. At his side, too, lay a double-barrelled gun, which some gentleman had given him, knowing, however unwilling, his heart was stout enough to use it in defence of the helpless women and children.

"That danger passed over, but in five weeks a mismanaged fight required the Christians to retire inside the Agra Fort, and Mr. Fullerton's house was burnt with the rest. But the lives of all the civilians and native Christians, with a few painful exceptions, were saved; in this respect being so much better off than the people at Cawnpore, Futtehghurh, Delhi, and other stations. Distressing news from all these places harrowed the hearts of the Agra people, whose friends and relatives were the sufferers; but Mr. Fullerton and the other American missionaries were touched peculiarly by the massacres at Futtehghurh.

"At Futtehghurh an American Presbyterian Mission had been long established and abundantly prospered. The converts there had been taught an industry which was of great use to the Government and officers of the army. The best tents were made by them that could be had in India; the cloth was sure to be good, and all the ropes, poles, etc.,

of the best material. You were sure, indeed, of getting there the best article of its kind which you wanted, and good value for your money. The consequence was the community was largely patronised, and was rich and prosperous. The people had excellent houses, and their village was so clean that it was a model which the Christian could point to with some pride and great satisfaction. Two or three American Presbyterian missionaries laboured there and in the neighbouring city and villages. In the centre of the village stood a handsome little church with a spire, telling all around that *Yisu Masih* (Jesus the Messiah) was worshipped there.

“Vainly did the English officers for weeks trust the deluded sepoy garrison, and, to show their confidence, refuse to provision the fort. On the approach of another mutinous regiment, the garrison rose on the officers; and they, with the civilians, missionaries and others, had to flee for refuge to the fort. Starvation, however, soon drove them to the Ganges, where they embarked at night in boats and dropped down the river. When opposite Cawnpore, about seventy miles down, they were, as we know, missionaries and all, foully butchered. The sepoys and mob from Futtehgurh (or rather Furrukhabad, the name of the city) went off to the Christian village, wrecked it, and slew or shot all the Christians they could lay their hands on. News came to Agra that they had all perished, but presently other news came that some had escaped, and were wandering in the jungles. Again news kept coming of one and another being caught, tortured and slain with the sword, or blown away from guns.

“In those days there was no getting down from Agra to help these people. At last, in October, the road was cleared. Delhi fell, and a force detached from there came down to

Agra, and in a brilliant victory defeated an army that threatened the fort. It then passed down-country and joined Lord Clyde's army at Cawnpore, and he, before delivering his second attack on Lucknow, marched his headquarters up to Futtehgurh. Mr. Fullerton, yearning after the remains of the Futtehgurh flock, and hearing of this movement, joined Mr. Raikes, a civilian, in the perilous attempt of reaching, without a guard, the commander-in-chief's camp, some seventy or eighty miles off. They started together one night on the mail-cart, and happily arrived in safety. About a week after, I and others had to follow, and I shall never forget my impressions on arriving in camp, and the first sight of the long and anxiously looked-for army from home. The first thing I came on was the artillery siege-train of monster guns, guarded by a party of the 42nd Highlanders, one of whom was standing sentry. His fresh English complexion, so different from what we were accustomed to, gave an impression of vigour and manhood which spoke of certain and speedy victory. I then went to the tent of my friend, the gallant young artillery officer and Christian soldier, Lieutenant Hastings Harington, so soon to be decorated with the Victoria Cross.

"The next morning was Sunday, which was spent quietly in camp, with the usual early morning services for the troops on parade. In the forenoon, also, there was a separate service for the headquarter staff, and any other officers who chose to attend, in the commander-in-chief's large tent. Harington and I went there, and a goodly sight it was to see the chiefs of England's brave army in the East coming voluntarily to church. One could not help looking on the manly fellows there, and wondering sadly who of them were to survive the deadly struggle they knew they

were so soon to face. In a front place sat Colonel Adrian Hope, commanding the 42nd Highlanders, whose tall handsome figure made his reverent bearing and earnestness more conspicuous and telling and good as an example. He was one of those who not long after fell, trying to get his men out of a false position they were unfortunately sent to occupy.

"In the afternoon, as the sun was beginning to go down, Harington and I were sitting in the tent, when '*Harington Sahib hai ?*' ('Is Mr. Harington here?') sounded outside as from a well-known voice. On going outside there was dear Fullerton, who had come from the city (Furrukhabad), about two miles off, to see Harington, and asked him to attend the first Sunday service he was to hold with the newly-found native Christians of Futtehgurh.

"We started at once. On the way down he told us the story of how, on his arrival in camp, about a week before, he had heard of some native Christians who had come to the city on being told that the English army was there. He determined to find them out, and, all alone, went down towards the town. On his way he met a blind Christian girl, led by a stranger. He at once recognized her, for he had seen her not long before the Mutiny began, when he was down assisting at a Communion service at Futtehgurh. He stopped her and asked where she was going. She said she was on her way to the English camp to find a *padre sahib*, who she heard had arrived there. Fullerton told her that he was the *padre sahib* she was in search of. . . . Catching his hand she wept over it with joy. He asked her about the others, and was immediately conducted by her and her friend to a house in one of the streets. On being admitted, Mr. Fullerton walked right into the inner court, and there saw a number of Christians sitting around, who stared

at him for an instant, amazed. One of them recognized him, and all rose in a body with the happiness of those relieved from long-continued anxiety and fear. He represented the return of the Christian Government, and his presence among them was an assurance of deliverance out of all their troubles. Their deep joy broke him down too, and he could not help mingling his tears with theirs. As Mr. Fullerton was telling us about them, we reached the city, and were greatly struck with its sad appearance. About the hour when we got there the principal streets of a town are usually filled with men on business, or strolling up and down meeting friends and shopping. That evening we met very few. The shops were almost all shut, nor was there any of that 'busy hum of men' which is so especially characteristic of Eastern cities. Most of the houses seemed deserted. The people we did meet looked uneasy, no doubt, at the presence of the great English army and authority, after the scenes they had joined in or witnessed, without caring or daring to check. Worst of all, they could not hide the state of preparation they were in to fight the English force, which was now at their doors. Their houses were loopholed all along the principal streets, by order of the Nawab and sepoys; but on its arrival they and their rulers had lost heart, and the city now lay at the mercy of the English. What added to their difficulty was that a sepoy army was advancing on Futtehghurh, full of the promise that they would, within the week, destroy the English army and restore the authority of the 'Nawab.' As the boasts of coming victory were no doubt loud and deep, we can fancy there were many who believed the deeds would not belie the words. At last we reached a house where Mr. Fullerton stopped, and said that there he was to have his first regular Sunday service with the remnants of the Futtehghurh

Christians. We entered through a courtyard, and ascended by some steps to the roof of the house, where was an open space of about twenty feet square. On the street side there was a screen-wall some four or five feet high, which protected the people of the house from the vulgar gaze of the passers-by. The walls of the neighbouring houses were also so raised and arranged that the people in them could not see us, nor could we see them. The most noticeable thing was that the screen-wall on the side next the street was loopholed for musketry, as in so many other of the houses. Who the owner was we did not know, though no doubt Mr. Fullerton and the Christians did; but he had thought it prudent to leave his house, with his property, and stay away from home till the present storm had passed. At the farther end of the roof from the street was a covered-in verandah, for sitting in during the day or sleeping in at night. There Mr. Fullerton took his stand, and was joined by an English-speaking catechist, one who had been of good repute for long among the Christian community. The man had an intelligent, pleasant expression and manner, but his garments were in a miserable state. Had we not known his circumstances we would not readily have believed that a respectable native Christian stood before us. Presently the congregation began to arrive, all presenting the same draggled and worn appearance. They had been wandering for months in the jungle, more or less hunted and harassed. Part had been hidden and cared for by a Hindoo village chief, at his great personal risk. He had compassion on them, and a heart to hate the cruelty of the city roughs and mutinous sepoys. The others had wandered about from place to place, hiding during the day and begging by night.

“The congregation on the house-top sat down in rows,

with earnest but cheerful faces, with their children by them, and some of the mothers had infants in their arms. 'The baby,' on this occasion at least, formed no excuse for the mother absenting herself from service, and though, after the manner of babies, cries or shouts frequently interrupted the meeting, no one seemed to be offended with them or their mothers. No ; there was deep thankfulness that these little ones were spared, and a mother's love was honoured by the care that had been taken amid sore troubles to preserve the children through such difficulties, exposure and dangers. The service began with a Hindustanee hymn, which they all seemed to remember. Mr. Fullerton read a chapter, and spoke to the people many words of comfort and kindness in a short address. After this, we had a prayer from the catechist. It was, of course, in Hindustanee, but a more touching cry to our heavenly Father I thought I had never listened to. It gave the impression of having been composed or thought out during days of the deepest mental anxiety and bodily want, when the need of heaven's love and care were truly felt and their supply earnestly sought.

"At the close there was a talk all round between the clergyman and his flock, and kindly *salaams* bade him good-bye for the night. After they were all gone, Harington and I talked a while with Mr. Fullerton, who told us more of his dealings with the people. He found them, as we saw, in rags, and even unable to procure sufficient food. He therefore set about planning for their present needs. He first of all selected all the strongest of the men whom he thought he could get employed as policemen by the magistrate, who was in camp. He then went to the camp, and asked if they would be received as such. A ready answer, 'Yes,' was given, for the English magistrate

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was then in sore want of men about him on whom he could thoroughly depend. He then returned, and told the men they were to have immediate employment, on seven rupees a month (fourteen shillings), which was good pay in their great need. But there was one difficulty—he could not take the men up to camp in such hopelessly tattered and scanty garments, so they must first be clothed. He therefore sent to the bazaar, and bought the cheapest white cloth that would do at all, had the men measured, and set the women to work at once to make up clothes, so that the men might be presentable. Willing hands worked hard, and, soon as he was able to go with them to camp, had them all taken on as Government servants. Knowing well the small stipend Mr. Fullerton had from the Mission Board in America, I asked, ‘But where did you get the money to do all this?’ ‘Oh,’ he said, ‘I had it.’ ‘And how much have you over?’ was my next question. He was silent for a moment; I saw the tear start in his eye; his lip quivered a little; at last he said, ‘A rupee.’ The truth was out; he was at starving point himself, but did not care to tell. Harington and I made him take what we could give, for we knew there was much more he wished to do if he had the means. Mr. Fullerton was to sleep in his church on the roof of the house that night, but he would accompany us a short way towards camp.

“On descending the stair into the courtyard, and as Harington and he walked on before, I observed a water-carrier, with a few dry twigs, trying to get a *lotah* (brass drinking-vessel) to boil. It contained some four or five potatoes. I asked what these were being prepared for. He said, ‘They are for the Padre Sahib’s [Mr. Fullerton’s] dinner.’ ‘Is there anything more?’ ‘No.’ Next day

I started back for Agra, where dear Mr. Fullerton was so well known. I told Mr. Lowe, a civilian and a Christian man, who loved Mr. Fullerton and his work, all I had seen and heard at Futtehgurh. He started at once to see a few of his friends, and that evening sent off five hundred rupees, which were cheerfully given to aid Mr. Fullerton in putting his native Christian friends beyond want, at least for a while to come.

"If any think that the faith of native Christians in the East is inferior to that of Christians in the West, the company of worshippers we met that Sunday afternoon would have dispelled any vain dream of superiority. These men had borne the spoiling of their goods; they had seen some of their number cruelly murdered; they had suffered the humiliation, and had undergone all the hardships, the watchings, the anxieties, and fears that fill up the cup of bitterness that martyrs in other climes and ages have had to drain. They had only to renounce their faith in order that they and their families might be restored to honour and comfort. But they would not deny their faith, and lived a noble company of witnesses for the truth.

"England was at the time busy with the story of the sufferings of English women and children, and there were none able to write to the papers from the Futtehgurh jungles, so little was known of what was going on. If England's Queen would have been glad to see her army at prayer under the difficulties and distractions of active service, the American people had reason to be proud of their countryman that day, caring for nothing but to do his best for the Indian people, whom his brethren had been the means of rescuing from heathenism and in ministering to whom they had lost their lives.

"When peace was restored other American clergymen

came to Futtehgurh, and it is again prospering under their care. Mr. Fullerton was not permitted to labour long. Cancer of the throat attacked him, and he was sent to Landour, a sanatorium in the Himalayas. There he bore his sore trial and painful suffering with the patience and resignation which were so natural to his noble Christian character. He chose to die in India, his adopted country and the scene of his many labours of love. His widow returned with her children to America. If they read this story in the *Sunday at Home*, they may not guess or remember the writer, but he cherishes with affection the memory of the dear servant of God who preached on the house-top that happy Sabbath day."

PART II

TRIED GOLD

FOREWORD

THE Narratives which make up Part II of this book were written by Mr. Fullerton in 1859-60, and appeared as a series of six Narratives in the *Foreign Missionary Magazine* of the Presbyterian Church of the United States of America. The Editor of that Magazine, Dr. John C. Lowrie, was the founder of the American Presbyterian Mission in the Punjab in the year 1834. In a Foreword to the first Narrative, which appeared in the Magazine of October, 1859, Dr. Lowrie wrote: "We seldom call special attention to the articles inserted in our columns from the pens of our missionary brethren, but we do so now, as Mr. Fullerton's paper is longer than usual. Long as it is, we are sure no one who reads it will wish that it had been shorter. It is indeed a remarkable and touching narrative, and one that wonderfully displays the dealings of God, by his Spirit and Providence, with some of the converts in India."

Mr. Fullerton planned to put the six Narratives in book form. The privilege of carrying out that plan has been given to me. With the permission of his daughters, I have abbreviated the Narratives here and there.

J.J.L.

NARRATIVES OF MUTINY DAYS

1. THE STORY OF DHAUKAL PARSHAD: THE MARTYR

I HAVE heard, through several sources, that many persons at home wish to hear more of the personal trials of our brethren during the Mutiny of 1857 than they have yet heard. I have been told also that in some quarters the most exaggerated stories are in circulation about them. For example—that many of them renounced their religion, betrayed their teachers into the hands of the rebels, and in some cases not only held the clothes of those who put them to death, but more directly aided them in their bloody work. It would be an easy matter to say at once that these stories are untrue. Here and there, some through weakness may for the time have given way, and, like Peter, said, “I know not the man,” but no native Christian, as far as my knowledge extends, ever raised his hand against his teachers, or actively opposed Christianity in any way, during the period to which reference is made. But instead of formally denying these charges, I prefer to allow these brethren to speak for themselves. . . . I do this the more readily because I know that many of these brethren are not unworthy successors of those who in the early church, “had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover of bonds and imprisonment”—“of whom the world was not worthy.” But my object in writing them is not to gratify curiosity or to defend these brethren. . . . In preparing

these narratives it is not my purpose to confine my attention to the doings and sufferings of the subjects of them during the Mutiny alone, but I shall, where I think it would be of interest to the reader, give also some account of their previous and their subsequent history.

I shall, so far as I can, allow them to tell their own story, but as some of them have fallen asleep I must depend upon others for facts respecting them. I will only add in these introductory remarks that, though the notes for these narratives were taken down from the lips of those relating them, I shall not attempt to write them out in *their* language, but my *own*; still, while wearing a Western dress, the narratives shall in every case be theirs, not mine.

Bholepur is a large village near Futtehgurh, occupied, as most villages in India are, by farmers. The well-cultivated fields lying adjacent to it show that its owners are both industrious and skilful, and that they and their families are strangers to want. But it does not in this respect materially differ from thousands of other villages which line the banks of the Ganges. Its chief glory is that it was the birthplace of Dhaukal Parshad. This its present inhabitants do not know, but when the light of the Gospel shall have dispelled the dark cloud of heathenism which still hovers over it, they, or their descendants, will point with pride to the spot that gave him birth, saying, "He was born here."

This event occurred twenty-seven years ago. Bhagirath, his father, was at that time, and for many years afterwards, the accountant of the village; a situation that secured for him the respect of his neighbours and a competence for himself and family.

When Dhaukal was three years of age his mother died, and he went to live with a maternal uncle, in Masseni, a.

neighbouring village, where he remained several years. This uncle taught him to read Hindi, and seemed to have formed a strong attachment for him. When he was about ten years of age, Colonel (then Captain) Wheeler, who, during a long career in India, seems never to have forgotten the obligations which rested on him to labour for the good of others, gave him a tract and told him of the Saviour of sinners. From this good man he received his first impressions in favour of Christianity. These impressions might have passed away "as the morning cloud and as the early dew," had it not been his good fortune not long after this to become a pupil of the Furrukhabad Mission High School, then under the care of the Rev. W. H. McAuley. Here the Bible and other good books were placed in his hands, and these, accompanied with the oral instruction which he received, so deepened the impressions which had already been made upon him that they were never effaced. He was, however, several years in school before he made known the state of his mind to his teacher, and informed him of his desire to become a Christian. His teacher, as he met him day after day for many months in the classroom, little knew what was passing in the mind of the quiet, thoughtful boy before him. He was a diligent, successful student, and one who, by his mild, gentle deportment, won for himself the esteem of all; but there seemed to be but little probability of his forsaking Hinduism, and with it his friends and home, to become a Christian; much less that in the dark hour of trial he should be found equal to it, "not accepting deliverance, that he might obtain a better resurrection."

O Christian teacher! wherever thou art, be patient and persevering. Ignorance and superstition are strong, but truth is stronger; the god of this world is strong, but

there is a stronger than he, and "to him shall every knee bow and every tongue confess." While instructing the pupils now committed to your care you may be instructing those who live thousands of miles from you—nay, generations yet unborn; or it may be that you are raising up martyrs, whose patient endurance under suffering and triumphant death shall strengthen the faith and quicken the zeal of God's people through all coming years. Dhaukal long remained silent, but the word of God was in his heart "as a burning fire shut up in his bones," and the time came when he was compelled to speak out. The announcement of his intention to become a Christian was met by a storm of opposition upon the part of his friends. Every effort was made to induce him to abandon it, but neither threats nor entreaties could turn him aside from his purpose. Imitating the example of Bunyan's pilgrim, he turned his back upon his opposers and drowned their clamour with the cry of "life," "life," "eternal life!" When they saw that he was immovable, they thrust him out and refused to have any further intercourse with him, and he was compelled to seek a home with the missionaries at Barhpur. Here, after receiving further instruction, he was baptized. A scholarship enabled him to remain at school until he was prepared to become a monitor, after which he rose from one step to another, until he became the headmaster of the school—the position which he occupied at the time of his death.

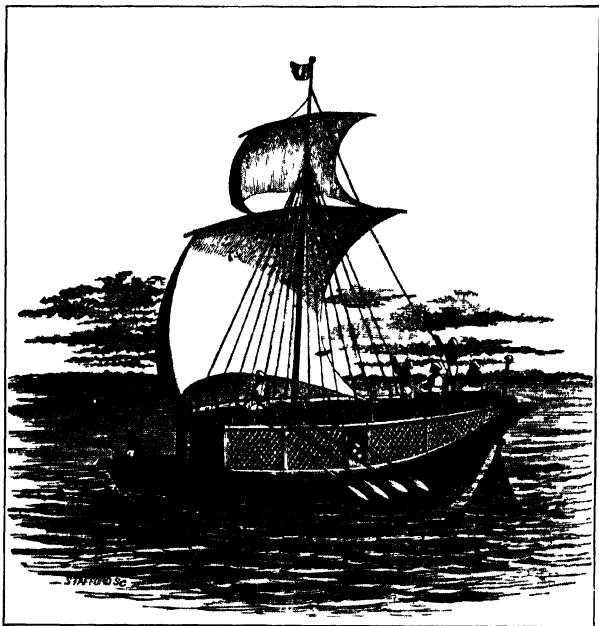
Some time after embracing Christianity, he was married to Rebecca, a native Christian who had been brought up in the family of a government official in the station. She was a well-educated, interesting girl, and made him a good wife. They had, at the time the Mutiny occurred, four promising children, all of whom were cut off with their parents.

A native Christian, who was with Dhaukal from the day the news of the outbreak reached the station until he and his family fell into the hands of the Nawab of Furrukhabad, says that when they heard that the mutineers were marching upon the station with the intention of attacking it, they took their wives and children and went to Negpur, where they remained several hours, and would have remained longer had they not been driven out by the people of the place, who reviled them and threw clods after them as they left. Not knowing what to do, they returned to their home, where they passed a sleepless night. The morning dawned, but it did not bring with it a feeling of security to the watchers. Evil-minded persons were seen hanging about the premises, who were evidently only waiting for an opportunity to plunder them. The little party was startled by every unusual sound during the day, thinking that it was the signal for their destruction, and so great was their feeling of danger that hunger and thirst were forgotten. Their lives had hitherto been spent in peace and security, and they were not yet prepared for the dreadful ordeal through which they were soon to pass. In the evening they went to Masseni, where they were received into the house of Bholanath, a cousin of Dhaukal, and with whom they were allowed to remain until the next evening, when they were told that they must be off, as it would be dangerous to harbour them any longer. Leaving Masseni at five o'clock, they set out for the Ganges, beyond which they hoped to find a refuge in some retired village. They left under the guidance of Bholanath, who had agreed to accompany them to the other side of the river; but before it was reached they were seized and stripped (by villagers) of their clothes and the money they had about their persons, and but for the entreaties of Bholanath would have been retained as

prisoners and made over to the sepoys. Fearing to go forward, Bholanath now brought them back to a garden near his village, in which he concealed them until nightfall, when he took them to his house, where they remained until five o'clock the next morning, at which time they returned to the garden. Four days and nights were spent in this way, i.e. they remained concealed in the garden during the day and slept in the house of Bholanath at night. It at last became evident that the latter had become tired of the party and wished to get rid of it, and, under these circumstances, they felt that they must seek a place of shelter elsewhere; but as this could not be done without money, Dhaukal returned to his home to get a small amount of treasure which he had buried before his first flight from his house. When he arrived at the Mission premises he found that the sepoys had reached the station, and that they and the neighbouring villagers were plundering the houses of the missionaries and the native Christians.

As he was in disguise, he thought that he could mingle with the crowd and accomplish his object unobserved, and, but for a Brahmin from Negpur, who recognized him as he passed out at the gate and betrayed him to the sepoys, his plan would have succeeded. One of the sepoys now levelled his gun and proposed to shoot him on the spot, but the majority were in favour of keeping him as a prisoner, at least for a time. While they were discussing this matter the buildings were fired, and as they were covered with thatch they were soon reduced to ashes. Some Zamindars from Barhpur (a village near the Mission premises, and after which they were called) now came forward and, after much entreaty, persuaded the sepoys to let him go.

Stripped of all he had, he returned to his family to find that their companions had taken refuge in the fort (where



BOAT ON THE GANGES

a handful of Europeans had resolved to make a stand), and he determined to follow them. Having reached the fort he secured a place for his wife and children, and then offered to render the besieged such assistance as he could. Being unacquainted with the use of arms, he made himself useful to the garrison in various ways, but particularly by his attentions to the sick and the wounded.

All that thirty-six men could do to hold the place was done, but it was impossible for such a handful long to withstand assailants who outnumbered them a hundred to one—especially as they had been driven into the fort at a moment's warning, and had none of the appliances necessary for sustaining a siege. The result was that, after ten days of unparalleled exertion (during which their loss, considering their number, was great), they were compelled to evacuate the fort. This they did one morning before day, by means of three boats which they had provided for such a contingency. The women and children and other non-combatants greatly outnumbered those who bore arms, and hence three boats were necessary for the party.

Each of these boats was under an officer, whose authority was absolute. Col. Robertson was in charge of the one upon which Dhaukal and his family embarked. The station was soon left behind, and Bhojhpur, ten miles from Futteh-gurh, was reached without opposition upon the part of any one of the fugitives. They were, however, followed by the sepoys, who overtook and attacked them at the latter place, while they were engaged in preparing their food upon the bank of the river. A rush was now made for the boats, one of which was left behind (in which Hanukh, a native Christian, and his family subsequently escaped to the opposite shore). One of the two that passed on down the river reached Cawnpore in safety; but it would have been

well for those on board if it had not done so, for they fell into the hands of the Nana, and were massacred, with many others, on the approach of General Havelock's column. Col. Robertson's boat grounded soon after leaving Phojhpur. It was in vain that the men leaped into the river and tried to get her afloat. They were soon surrounded by sepoy, who poured into them one volley of musketry after another. The non-combatants laid down in the boat to avoid their fire. The rest returned it, and continued to defend themselves until the most of their number were either killed or wounded.

Then followed a scene which beggars description. Husbands and wives bade each other a hasty farewell, and then leaped into the stream, that they might not fall into the hands of enemies of whose atrocities they had heard so much. The Rev. Mr. Fisher, the chaplain of the station, carrying his babe on one arm and supporting his wife with the other, attempted to reach the shore by wading. The former was shot before the eyes of its parents, and Mr. Fisher was severely wounded, but he struggled on in the hope of saving the life of his wife; a moment more and they were beyond their depth, when she was swept from his arms by the violence of the current and drowned. He reached the Oudh side, but how is not known; he was seen standing on the bank of the river miles below the scene of their disaster, by one of the party who floated by upon an oar; no one knows how or where he died. He was a good man and a faithful minister, and wherever or whatever his end may have been, "He rests from his labours, and his works do follow him."

Col. Robertson also reached the Oudh side of the river badly wounded, but only to linger for months in a wretched village and then to find a grave among strangers. Of all who were on his ill-fated boat, but two survive to tell the

story of their sufferings. When the boat fell into the hands of the sepoys, Dhaukal and his family, several women and children, and the dead bodies of two ladies and three gentlemen were found in it. The former were secured and the heads of the latter were cut off. The sepoys now formed into a line and started for the station, dragging their prisoners after them, and exhibiting the bloody heads of those who had fallen by their hands in the villages through which they passed on their way. When any of the prisoners were unable to walk any farther they were carried upon litters, which were hastily constructed for this purpose by persons whom the sepoys seized and compelled to discharge this duty. A respectable Hindu still relates with horror a scene which he witnessed as this procession passed his house. It was that of a little girl sitting on a litter by her wounded brother, crying bitterly, while the head of one of the murdered men was borne aloft by their side. Reaching Futtehghurh, the procession halted for the purpose of resting, and allowing the thousands, who had by this time assembled there to rejoice over their victory, time to see the prisoners. When the curiosity of all was satisfied, the procession was re-formed, and the prisoners were marched off in the direction of the city of Furrukhabad, three miles distant. On the way Dhaukal passed his father's house in Bholepur, and, farther on, the Mission premises where he had spent many happy days. The latter were in ruins now. Of the little church by the roadside, in which he had bowed with his Christian brethren in prayer, nothing remained but its walls. Its pulpit was broken down, and its doors, windows and furniture were carried away. As he passed on he met pupils, old friends, and relatives, but none of them dared to recognize him. The pathway of the Christian was now strewn with thorns, and no one coveted a martyr's crown.

At last the "Red Gate," the principal entrance to the city on the east, was reached. Dhaukal had for years entered it almost daily on his way to school, but he now enters it under new and untried circumstances.

Courage, Dhaukal! It is true the Nawab's fort is still a mile and a half distant, that you are to reach it through the principal thoroughfare of the city, and that a hundred thousand eyes will be turned upon you—some to exult over your misfortunes in silence, but others to ask in derision, "Where is thy God?" "Is He able to deliver you out of *our* hands?" But fear not, for "The Lord on High is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea"; still, in His inscrutable providence, He sometimes allows the wicked to triumph. "Jerusalem killed the prophets and stoned them which were sent unto her," and then, as the crowning act of her impiety, she laid her unhallowed hands upon *Him*, who but for their unwillingness "~~would~~ have gathered her children together as a hen gathers her chickens under her wings." Swords and staves were employed in His arrest, and He was dragged through her streets as though He had been the vilest of malefactors. Where now are those whom He healed? whom He miraculously fed? and who but a few days before followed Him shouting "Hosanna"? There are none to recognize Him! All—even His beloved disciples—have forsaken Him and fled, and His language is, "Lover and friend hast thou put far from me."

O thou who art persecuted for righteousness' sake, be strong! You and your little ones may perish, but "fear not them that kill the body." You are following in the footsteps of Him "who endured the cross, despising the shame, and who has sat down at the right hand of the throne of God," and "If *you* suffer with him, *you* shall reign with him."

Two-thirds of the distance to the fort was passed when a large building, four stories high, was seen on the right, a little distance from the street. It was the one lately occupied by the high school, and in which Dhaukal had so long and so faithfully laboured. It was vacant now. Its principal had fallen in Cawnpore, its teachers and pupils were scattered, and its books, apparatus and furniture destroyed.

Here we may pause and ask, Is this the end of twenty years of toil? Have our labours, our prayers and our tears been in vain? The answer is, No! Does the farmer plough and sow, and do the clouds yield their treasures to the earth in vain? No earnest effort to advance the interests of the Redeemer is ever in vain. Within the walls of the city are hundreds of youths, who understand Christianity as a theory and have seen it enforced by the life of one of their own countrymen whom they have long known and loved for his many virtues. He has one more lesson to teach them, and then his task on earth will be done. He has taught them how a Christian should live—he is about to teach them how a Christian can die. It was no doubt for this that his life had been spared until now, and nobly did he perform his allotted work. Unknown to him and unknown to his enemies, many of his pupils followed him in his painful march through the city, and others, with hearts overflowing with sympathy for him, looked down upon him from the roofs of their houses as he passed. Many sermons have been preached in the streets of Furrukhabad, but none so effective as this (though a single word was not uttered), and it must and will have its effect in hastening that day, when “its people shall be all righteous.”

The fort is at last reached. Not the one which the

prisoners had evacuated, but the one occupied by the Nawab, Tuffazul Hassain. It is nearly a mile in circumference, and is built upon an artificial hill, forty or fifty feet high. Within it are the Nawab's palace, his musjid and gardens and buildings for the accommodation of some five or six thousand of his retainers. It belongs not to the present but to an age gone by, when the country swarmed with petty rulers who were ever at war with one another, and when it was not an unusual thing for the people to rise up against the king that oppressed them and put him to death.

When the English became the paramount power in India these forts were common, and their possessors, receiving princely allowances from Government, were allowed to retain the forms of royalty within their walls. With nothing to do and with ample means within their reach to gratify every wish, it is not wonderful that these princes made their forts the hotbeds of vice, whose baleful influence was felt to the utmost bounds of the province in which they were found. Of these provinces, after Delhi and Lucknow, Furrukhabad was probably the most corrupt. Since learning the forms of wickedness which existed in them, but which were concealed from the public in part by their walls, one can but wonder at the long-suffering and forbearance of God. But vice has its limit. The storm at last came which was to rid the moral atmosphere of the pestilential vapours which had for years been gathering in it.

The storm is now passed, but while we who survive it still mourn over the untimely end of beloved associates in labour, we look around us in vain for one of the great barriers which formerly stood in the way of the spread of the Gospel. The scenes of revelry and debauch mentioned above have passed out of the hands of their former owners, and many of them are now lying in ruins.

But to return to Dhaukal and his companions. As soon as they entered the fort and its massive doors closed behind them, the women and children were confined in an apartment by themselves, and Dhaukal was taken to an open shed near the palace, where he remained for three weeks at the mercy of the sepoys, under a guard of whom he was placed. The Nawab allowed him a sum equal to three cents a day to buy food, but, as it passed through the hands of the guard, he never received more than one-third of its value. His daily rations were some parched corn and two thin unleavened cakes. But sometimes even these were withheld, until he was almost starved. After the excitement occasioned by the fall of the station had in some degree subsided, Dhaukal was visited several times by one of the teachers and several of the scholars of the school, and upon these occasions he always begged them to give him bread; but they were not allowed to do so. One day, when almost famished, word was brought him that the Nawab was suffering from an attack of cholera; and as the doctor had given up all hopes of his recovery, the former had resolved to release two male prisoners as an atonement for his sins, hoping by this means to secure for himself a new lease of life. Under the same shed with Dhaukal were several other Christian prisoners, who had been captured and brought in from the neighbouring villages, and it now became a matter of painful interest as to which of them would be released. Dhaukal perhaps thought that he might be one of them, as he had claims upon the Nawab that the others had not (having often visited him in his palace and supplied him with books); and, once free himself, he no doubt thought that he could prevail upon his deliverer to release his family also; but his hopes were not realized. Dore and Knowls were called for, taken into the presence

of the Nawab and ordered to pray for his recovery ; which having done, they were sent away, under a promise that they should not be molested again. Not long after this Dhaukal was offered his life and liberty, and the life and liberty of his family, upon the condition of his becoming a Musalman ; and he was told that to do this it would only be necessary for him to repeat, in the presence of a Muhammadan priest, the words, " There is no God but God, and Mohammed is His prophet." Hindu and Muhammadan friends in the city, learning of this offer, visited him and urged him to embrace it, saying, " You believe half of the creed which you are asked to repeat, and surely there can be no harm in your repeating the rest in order to save your family and yourself." But their entreaties fell upon his ear unheeded. His reply was, "*What is my life that I should deny my Saviour ? I have never done so since the day I first believed on Him, and, by the grace of God, come what may, I never will !*"

The Nawab had, in the meantime, recovered ; but his sickness wrought no reformation in him. As soon as the fear of immediate death was removed, he resumed his former evil course. Among his female prisoners was one whom he had well known previous to the outbreak, and whom he had promised to take under his protection whenever there should be necessity for it. She was a woman of some property, but of a doubtful character. True to his promise, the Nawab sent his carriage to her door a few hours before the station was attacked by the sepoys, with a message to make no delay in coming to his fort. On receiving the message, she had a box containing her plate and jewels placed in the carriage, and was about to get into it herself, but, remembering that she had forgotten something, she went back to get it, and when she returned she found to her horror that the carriage was gone ; seeing this, she fled

to the fort into which the Europeans were retiring. But for her treasure she would have been carried at once to the Nawab, but when Wazir Ali (the Nawab's agent) saw that he had this in his possession, he could not resist the temptation to leave her to her fate, that he might secure it for himself. He was a thorough villain, and to one so skilled in villainy it was an easy matter for him to invent a reason for having returned to his master without the person for whom he had been sent ; and, as the rebels soon after entered the station and took possession of it, he felt sure that his treachery would never be discovered ; but, to his dismay, the day the Bhojhpur prisoners were brought in he saw this woman among them. Concealing this, however, he congratulated her upon her escape and apologized for having driven off and left her, saying that it was not his wish to do so, but that his horses became so restive that he could not control them. As for the box which she had put in the carriage, it was, he said, taken from him by a number of outlaws whom he met on his way to the city. She professed to be satisfied with this explanation, but his practised eye saw that she was not, and, knowing that she would avenge herself on him as soon as she would be in a position to do so, he resolved to be beforehand with her. He foresaw that the Nawab would soon pay his addresses to her and probably make her proposals of marriage, and until this time he kept his thoughts to himself. His plan was, by working upon the fears and the jealousy of the principal Begum of the palace, to bring about this unfortunate woman's death. When his anticipations were realized, he told the Begum that it was evident to him that she could only retain her position in the palace by getting rid of her rival, and then, as if actuated by an earnest desire to advance her interests, he proposed a plan by which this

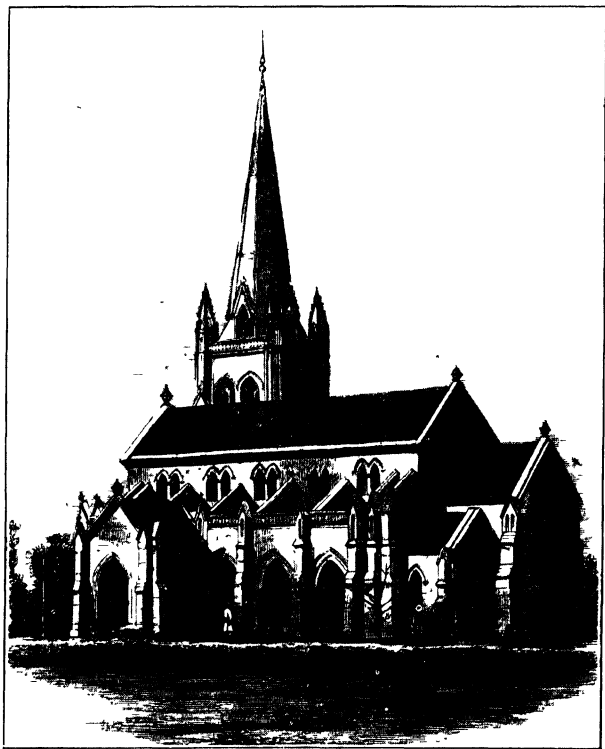
could be done. It was to have a letter written in English to General Havelock, who was at this time in possession of Cawnpore, in such a way as to leave the impression upon the minds of those into whose hands it should fall that it was written by the prisoners. The strength of the force which held the station and the means by which it might be successfully attacked were to be mentioned in detail, and the letter was to close with an earnest request to the General to hasten to their relief. To this plan the Begum at once agreed, although it involved the death of all the other prisoners as well as her rival. She perhaps thought that their death was only a question of time, and that, at any rate, being infidels, they ought to die. But whatever may have been the means which she employed, if she found any necessity to quiet the upbraiding of conscience, the plan was carried into immediate execution. The letter was found by a sepoy near one of the gates of the fort, and carried to the Nawab's prime minister, who handed it to his master. The latter called his council together and laid the letter before it. Its contents having been read, the prisoners were brought in to answer to the charge of having written it. All, of course, asserted their innocence, and declared that they had never seen the letter before and did not know who the author of it was. But their denial had no influence upon those who were sitting in judgement upon them; a plausible excuse had only been wanted from the first to put them to death. The Nawab would have gladly spared the life of his favourite, but by this time Gunga Sing and several other counsellors had been let into the Begum's secret, who insisted upon her suffering with the rest; and the Nawab not having sufficient manliness to withstand them, they carried their point, and the whole party was found guilty, sentenced to be blown from

a gun on the parade ground at Futtehgurh, and their death warrant was sealed. Carts were now procured, and the women and children were placed in them, while the men were paraded on foot, preparatory to their march to the place of execution. These preparations being made, the prisoners were marched out of the fort, whose gates once more closed behind them; they are soon to enter the iron gates of death.

The crowded street, through which they had marched to prison, is once more to be threaded, and the Mission premises and Bholepur are once more to be passed. What Dhaukal's thoughts were while making this journey we have no means of knowing, but it is the testimony of all that he showed no signs of fear. The parade ground was at length reached, where a large crowd was waiting to witness the execution of the prisoners.

It is usual to bind persons to the muzzle of a gun who are to be blown away, but, as there were thirty-two persons on this occasion who were to suffer in this way, the officers whose business it was to see their sentence carried into effect determined to save time and powder by blowing them all away at once; and for this purpose they drew them up before a large gun loaded with grape-shot. When all was ready the word of command was given, and the match applied to the touch-hole. The powder in the latter flashed, but the gun did not go off. Up to this point the prisoners had said nothing, but Mrs. Sutherland (the wife of a wealthy and much respected indigo planter, who had resided at the station many years) now joined her hands and begged the officers to spare the lives of the party, reminding them that they were nearly all of them helpless women and children who had done nothing worthy of death. But to this there was no reply. The touch-hole

was filled a second and a third time, and the match was applied; but in consequence perhaps of the gun's having been improperly loaded, the result was the same as when the match was first applied. The powder was once more poured into the touch-hole and the match was blazing, ready to be applied the fourth time, when Mrs. Sutherland made one more effort in behalf of her companions and herself; but finding that the sepoy and their officers were inexorable, she said to them, "I have only one more word to say. Think not that by putting us to death you will crush Christianity. Rest assured that, although you should leave nothing of us but our shoes, the English will come and pick them up and give them decent burial!" The match was now applied and the gun went off; but, strange to say, that although several of the party were wounded no one was killed. The scene which followed, however, was one that drew tears from the eyes of many who previously had no sympathy with the sufferers. Little children, overcome with terror produced by the report of the gun, clung to their mothers for protection, and the latter, some of them wounded, clasping them in their arms, begged the sepoy to spare them. "Do you not see," they said, "that it is not the will of heaven that we should die? How many times was the match applied before the gun went off? and since it has gone off do you not see that none of us are killed? Think of the love you bear your own children, and spare them and us." But their words were addressed to men as destitute of sympathy for them as the wild beast of the forest. Their only reply was to draw their swords and rush upon the petitioners, whom they remorselessly cut to pieces. As a sepoy approached Dhaukal, the latter leaned forward and his head was severed from his body at a single blow. Poor Rebecca received six



THE MEMORIAL CHURCH AT FATEHGARH ABOUT 1860

strokes of the sword before she fell, and then their children were cut down one after the other.

This awful tragedy ended, the Muhammadans who were present proposed that the bodies of their victims should be thrown into the Ganges; but to this the Hindu sepoys objected, saying that if the bodies of the slain but touched the waters of that holy stream they would go to heaven, and that, so far as they were concerned, they did not wish them to do so. Both parties at last agreed that some low-caste men should drag them to a well nearby and throw them into it, which was done.

Regarding the piety of the most of this party, little is known. Mrs. Sutherland, with whom the writer of this narrative was acquainted, was a pious woman, a friend of Missions, and one who brought up her children in the fear of God. Of the large family of which she was a member, a little boy, who was in the hills at the time, is the only representative left. All the rest—father, mother, sisters and brothers—perished in the Mutiny. The Nawab, by whose order this party was put to death, is now an exile, far from his native land, and to which he cannot return without forfeiting his life. The Begum is dragging out a miserable existence in an old gateway, within a stone's throw of the ruined palace of which she was formerly the mistress. As for Wazir Ali, the coachman, he paid the penalty of his crime, a few months since, upon the gallows, in sight of the spot where he had exulted over the fall of his victims. The first act of the English, after the re-occupation of the station, was to erect a temporary monument over the well which contains the remains of its slaughtered inhabitants, and this is now to be superseded by the new station church, whose site it is to occupy. Thus have the last words of Mrs. Sutherland to the sepoys been fulfilled.

In Dhaukal, the Church in Northern India has sustained a great loss. To a well-trained mind he added deep, consistent piety, which made him a living epistle, "known and read of all men." He was distinguished for straightforwardness and honesty of purpose—neither turning to the right hand nor to the left when in the pursuit of an object. As a teacher, he was faithful and successful, winning the esteem of all who tried to do their duty, and securing for himself the respect of all. In his dealings with his fellowmen he took the golden rule as his guide, and he was ever ready to overcome evil with good. As an example of this, it may be mentioned that, although disowned by his father and grandmother, who for years refused to have anything to do with him, he appropriated about one-sixth of his salary to their support when their circumstances rendered it necessary; and this he continued to pay to the last. Thus true to himself and to the religion which he professed in life, he was not less so in death. When the utterance of a single sentence would have saved his life, he refused to utter it. Thus lived and thus died this beloved brother, and though dead he "yet speaketh." To the Hindu his language is, "Behold the lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." "Whosoever believeth on him shall not be ashamed." To Christians who "have not yet resisted unto blood, striving against sin," his example says in the words of inspiration, "*Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.*"

In the Rakha Church is a memorial tablet, on which is inscribed:

SACRED
TO THE MEMORY
OF
THE REV. JOHN E. FREEMAN AND MRS. ELIZABETH FREEMAN,
THE REV. D. E. CAMPBELL AND MRS. MARIA J. CAMPBELL,
WITH THEIR CHILDREN FANNY AND WILLIE,
THE REV. A. O. JOHNSON AND MRS. AMANDA JOHNSON
AND
THE REV. ROBT. McMULLIN AND MRS. SARAH C. McMULLIN,
MISSIONARIES OF THE BOARD OF
FOREIGN MISSIONS OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,
WHO WERE PUT TO DEATH AT CAWNPORE
BY THE INSURGENTS, ON THE 12TH OR 13TH OF JUNE, 1857.

ALSO OF
DHAUKAL PARSHAD,
HEAD MASTER OF THE MISSION HIGH SCHOOL,
AND OF HIS WIFE AND FOUR CHILDREN,
WHO WERE PUT TO DEATH
AT FUTTEHGARH ABOUT THE — OF JULY, 1857.

2. THE STORY OF HULAS ROY, THE CHRISTIAN SCHOOLMASTER

The subject of this narrative was rescued from starvation by the pious Col. Wheeler during the famine of 1837. He was at that time a boy, some nine or ten years of age. His father was a small landholder living near Cawnpore, but at the time the famine occurred Hulas was living with a maternal aunt in Yaqut Gunj, near Furrukhabad. He was old enough when he fell into the hands of Col. Wheeler to know that his countrymen prized caste above anything

else in the world, and he was at first very loth to abandon his ; but, impelled by hunger and influenced by the example of the orphan boys, he at length gave it up.

After remaining some time at Futtehgurh, he was transferred to Dr. Madden, then living at Futtehpore—a good man, who felt a deep interest in the temporal and spiritual welfare of the people, and who had collected a large number of orphans at that place. Here Hulas remained until a sore domestic affliction led his benefactor to return to England. He was then made over, with many others, to the care of the Rev. H. R. Wilson, of our Mission, who was at that time on his way to Futtehgurh to occupy it as a station. He found a home in the asylum at this place until the year 1845, and then accompanied the Rev. J. J. Walsh to Mynpurie, where he has since lived. While yet in the asylum he was fond of books and showed an aptitude for study, and, under increased facilities for improvement at Mynpurie, he made such rapid progress that he was in a few years raised to the important and responsible post of head teacher in the Mission school at that place—a post which he still holds with great credit to himself and with much satisfaction to the Mission (1860).

The Rev. J. F. Ullmann was in charge of Mynpurie when the mutiny at that station occurred. The account which Hulas gives of this event is as follows :

On the night of May 21st, 1857, at two o'clock, Mr. Ullmann aroused me to inform me that the troops at the other end of the station had mutinied, and that the Judge and Chaplain, having collected all the ladies of the station, had brought them to his house and placed them under his care, with directions to leave with them for Agra at once. Two Scripture readers, viz. Dummarr Sing and Zabardast, with their wives, and my own wife and child and myself,

were the only native Christians at the station at the time. For several hours we were in a state of great suspense, but were relieved during the course of the next day by hearing that the rebels had left for Delhi without molesting anyone. As the magistrate and a small band of Europeans still held the station we felt for some days comparatively safe, but soon the startling news reached us that the Jhansie mutineers were within a few marches of us. We now removed with our families to the house of Mahandar Sing, a Zamindar living in Deopura, a village just back of the Mission house. He had promised previously to give us shelter, and he did not fail us when the hour of extremity came. From the flat roof of his house we saw the mutineers fire the Mission premises, and as the smoke thereof ascended up to heaven we gazed upon each other for a moment in silence, and then our pent-up feelings found vent in tears. But we soon learned that it was a time for action, not for vain regrets, for we saw a large number of the sepoy's coming toward our hiding-place. We had not a moment in which to decide as to our course: for the women to flee was impossible; we therefore shut them up in a private room of Mahandar Sing's house, thinking that the rebels knew nothing of our being in it, and that if they should enter it they would not think of searching private apartments. Having done this, Dummar Sing, Zabardast and I fled towards the jungles; but the sepoy's were better informed than we had supposed: some evil-minded person had told them that we were at Mahandar Sing's, and, acting upon this information, they came at once to his house, fired a volley through his door, broke it open, and then rushed in. Not finding us in the more public parts of the house, they began to search the private apartments, and soon came to the room where our

wives were concealed. They at first tried to break it down with the butt-ends of their muskets, but finding it very strong they desisted; they then asked who were in the room. Clarissa (my wife) replied, "Three women and a little girl"; upon which the following conversation ensued:

SEPOYS: Are there no men with you?

CLARISSA: None.

SEPOYS: Where are your husbands?

CLARISSA: They have fled, we know not whither; go away and let us alone.

SEPOYS: We don't believe you; open the door and let us see for ourselves. If we find men with you we will kill them but spare you.

CLARISSA: We have heard of your treachery elsewhere and will not let you in.

SEPOYS: Then we will set the house on fire and burn you out.

Clarissa now consulted with her companions, and they concluded that it would be better to be shot at once than to be burned to death, but before opening the door she made them take their oath that they would not kill them. This done, the door was opened, and in another moment the room was filled with mutineers. Having satisfied themselves that there were no men present, they next proceeded to break open our boxes and plunder them of their contents. After this the women were taken out into a field and loaded muskets were pointed at their breasts, and they were threatened with instant death unless they told where their husbands were. As they were unable to do this, they felt that nothing remained for them but to die. Seeing their danger, a Brahmin of the village came out and pleaded for their lives. He told the sepoys that it was unworthy of them, as soldiers, to kill women and children, and

assured them that God would not prosper their cause if they should be guilty of such conduct. Through his entreaties Dummar Sing's wife and Clarissa and my little girl were released, but they took poor Illan away with them as a prisoner. But to return to Dummar Sing, Zabardast and myself: we fled from Mahandar Sing's house about ten o'clock in the day, and, having reached the jungle, we all three climbed up into a tree, the foliage of which was so thick that it would have been almost impossible for anyone passing to see us. Here we remained until late in the afternoon in a state of great suspense, not knowing what might have befallen our poor wives and my little Martha. Between four and five o'clock I had the pleasure of seeing Clarissa and our little girl approaching the tree in which we were concealed, and soon after Dummar's wife made her appearance; they had both providentially fled in the same direction as ourselves, and entered the jungle at the same point as we did. We soon learned all that had happened and the fate of poor Illan, but, as much as we pitied her, we could not help pitying Zabardast more. He was overwhelmed with grief. For greater security we now separated, Dummar Sing and his wife and Zabardast going in one direction, and my family and myself in another. We soon reached a field of sugarcane, in which we concealed ourselves until the dusk of the evening. I then came out to a road which runs near the place, and saw the wife of a sweeper passing, whom I knew. I told her to go home and tell her husband that we were in great trouble and that I wished him to come to our rescue. He did not make his appearance until nine o'clock. Oh! how wearily the hours passed; we thought, sometimes, that he would not come at all, and that we were now deserted by all the world; but we were "*strong in Him*," for we felt that He was saying

unto each of us, "Fear not; for I have redeemed thee; I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee; and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee. . . ." At last Boodhu, the sweeper, came, but he told us that he could not help us; that if we were found in his house the mutineers would raze it to the ground and then put him and his family to death. We prevailed on him, however, to allow us shelter in his house for a few hours, as it was raining, but at three o'clock in the morning he told us that we must leave.

In a very retired place, not far from Mynpurie, there is an unfrequented garden, with an old building in it in a ruined state; thither Boodhu now led us. We had eaten nothing the day previous, as we were driven away from Mahandar Sing's by the rebels just as we were about to sit down to breakfast. We had nothing to eat upon this day also, but, with death staring us in the face, we had but little desire for food. In the evening, Boodhu's wife brought us a pound of flour, which Clarissa prepared with cold water and baked in thin cakes upon a few coals. We spent three days and nights in this garden—they were long and weary; and it still makes me sad to think of them. On the morning of the fourth day Boodhu brought me word that the rebels had left the station, which was welcome intelligence to us. In the evening I set off in the direction of the city, hoping to find some of our schoolboys, who I knew would help us. I had neither hat nor shoes, nor indeed any clothes, except a small piece of cloth about my loins. The villagers had stripped us of everything on the first day of our flight. I had not gone far when I met Chheda, one of our pupils, who gave me a cloth to throw over my shoulders; another soon joined us, who took the shoes off

his own feet and gave them to me ; a third gave me a pair of drawers and a fourth a coat. Chheda now told me that his father had an old house in the city in which he could conceal us, and that he would see to it that we should want for nothing if we would put ourselves under his care. We were only too glad to do so, and at night Chheda conducted us to our place of concealment. It was a dismal old building, with dark, damp cellars under it, which had not been occupied for many months save by bats and spiders, but it was so much the better on this account for our purpose ; it was a building which few would think of entering. Here we experienced the greatest kindness from the schoolboys, for, while they carefully concealed our hiding-place from their own parents, they did not hesitate to make it known to their classmates. Dummy Sing and Kurassain, former pupils of the school, but now holding lucrative offices under Government, also visited us ; and one of them gave us a bedstead, and the other bedding. For two months these kind friends watched over us and provided for our wants, even though they knew they did it at the peril of their own lives. They also gave us such news as from time to time reached the station. This was often of a very alarming nature ; sometimes we heard that the little band of Europeans before the walls of Delhi had been overpowered by the sepoy, and that they had perished to a man ; at others we heard that the fort at Agra had fallen, and that all its inmates had been put to the sword ; and at still others we were assured that the last of the English had been driven into the sea, and that their rule would return no more. In the midst of our troubles Martha fell sick—so sick that for many days we thought that we should lose her. She is our only child, and we felt that it would break our hearts to part with her. The heavens above us now seemed

to be brass and the earth beneath our feet iron, and we were sometimes ready to ask, with the Psalmist, "Will the Lord cast off forever? and will he be favourable no more? . . ." But as often as these distressing thoughts arose in our minds we heard a voice, as it were from the skies, saying to us, "Fear not, I am with thee; weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

Just after reaching the old house in the city I asked one of the schoolboys to try to get me a Bible; after searching among the ruins of the European houses, he found one, which was our constant companion during all our subsequent trials, and it was to us a never-failing source of comfort. About this time I wrote to the Rajah Taj Sing, telling him that we were in great trouble and in need of assistance. He was at this time himself a rebel, but as I had previously gone to him every day to give him instruction in English, I was sure he would not betray us. He sent me ten rupees and told me to send for more if I should need it, but said that I should not, upon any account, leave my hiding-place, as sepoys were daily passing through the station, from whose hands it would be impossible for him to deliver us. A few days after this our old Rajput friend, Mahandar Sing, found us out and came to see us. Seeing how sick Martha was, and our solicitude on her account, he pitied us and said, "We have both been plundered by the mutineers, but I am better off than you are; return to my house and I will share with you what I have, and defend you, in case of danger, to the extent of my ability." Knowing that Martha needed the change, we accepted his kind offer, and removed to his house the following night. He did for us all that he had promised; Martha recovered rapidly, and we soon found our condition much improved. We made Mahandar Sing's house our home until about the middle of October, when

Col. Greathead's column reached the station. The rebels fled without so much as attempting to prevent its entrance, and British law and British supremacy were once more established. With the return of the English our troubles were at an end.

Upon the above narrative I would make a few remarks :

1. It may be gratifying to the reader to learn that Mahandar Sing, who so nobly befriended Hulas and his family, has since received from Government a village worth a thousand dollars a year as a reward for his conduct.

2. Rajah Taj Sing was not only true to Hulas, but he also faithfully preserved several boxes of books, clothing and other property of the Rev. Mr. Ullmann, which Hulas sent to him, at Mr. Ullmann's request, for safe keeping.

I knew the young Rajah well during a short stay in Mynpurie, in 1851 and 1852, and we often exchanged visits. Believing, as I did, that he had been induced to rebel by a designing relative, the present Rajah of the district, for the sake of securing his throne for himself, I drew up a statement of the above facts and sent it to the magistrate (an old acquaintance and formerly a member of our church in Agra), hoping that it might have some influence in his favour should he fall into the hands of the English. He has since surrendered and has been pardoned, but his estates have not been restored.

3. Hulas' narrative is especially valuable as showing the influence of Mission schools upon our pupils. While other young men were swelling the ranks of the rebels, or joining bands of plunderers who were swarming like the locusts of Egypt through all parts of the district, these pupils remained in their houses, and, when opportunity offered, imperilled their lives for the protection of their teacher, and, at no inconsiderable cost to themselves,

administered to the wants of himself and family. Nor is this an isolated case ; I have yet to hear of a pupil of one of our schools or any other Mission school joining the rebels, or of his aiding them in any other way. Let the English learn a lesson from such cases as the above, if they would consolidate their rule in India ; and let all who feel an interest in Indian Missions be encouraged by them to go forward. A cry has been raised in some quarters of late years, that we are giving too much time to schools and too little to preaching. Half the charge is true ; we are giving too little time to the direct preaching of the Gospel. Let the Church multiply this agency, if she can, a thousand fold, but we are not giving too much time to teaching ; alas ! we are giving too little. Be assured that the instruction of a teacher who secures the affection and esteem of his pupils, as Hulas has secured the affection and esteem of the Mynpurie pupils, will not be lost.[†] The good seed, though it may lie buried long, will germinate ; caste and superstition cannot destroy it. The harvest may be distant, but it will come. For the word of God, whether proclaimed in the bazaar or in the schoolroom, “ shall not return unto *Him* void.”

3. DUMMAR SING, THE CHRISTIAN STATESMAN, AND ELIZA

It will be remembered by those who have read the narrative of Hulas Roy that the subjects of this narrative were mentioned in it. Dummar Sing is the son of a landholder in Oudh. For many years he was a pupil in the Mission High School in the city of Furrukhabad, where he distinguished himself as a scholar, particularly in the mathematical department, and where he found what was of infinitely greater value to him than a good education—the pearl of great price. His father is a man of property, a

near relative of Hardeo Bakhs, the powerful Zamindar near this who remained loyal to Government during the late Mutiny, and who saved the lives of such Europeans as reached his friendly fort. As a reward for this, he has since received the title of Rajah and a princely income from the English. In consequence of his wealth and his connection with this powerful landholder, Dummar's father was a man of much consequence in the village in which he lived. Dummar was his favourite son, and for this reason he kept him in school, while his other sons had to labour in the fields. He often went to the city to visit him, and listened with inexpressible delight to the accounts which his teachers gave of his progress. He saw in him the ornament and the future stay of his family, but his hopes were to be disappointed. As Dummar's mind expanded, he became more and more dissatisfied with Hinduism; and as his acquaintance with the Bible increased, his conviction that the religion which it reveals is the only one adequate to the wants of our race increased also. At last he announced his determination to his father to become a Christian. The proud old Rajput was overwhelmed by it. When, however, he recovered from the shock sufficiently to allow him to converse on the subject, he remonstrated with his son upon his course. "What!" (said he to him) "will you renounce the religion of your fathers for the religion of strangers?—a religion which, as compared with our own, is but of yesterday! Will you give up your caste, be forsaken by your friends, abandon your prospect of wealth, and become the scorn of your countrymen in order to embrace it? Pause, my son; ponder well what you are about to do. Remember that the hopes of your father and mother are upon you; abandon the idea of becoming a Christian, and all that we have is yours. But should you pursue a different course,

you will cover yourself and us with shame and bring down our grey hairs with sorrow to the grave." But Dummar had counted the cost. It was hard to give up all that he had formerly held dear, and to resist the tears of a beloved father, but he recollected the words of the Saviour: "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me." "Likewise, whosoever he be that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple."

The result was, Dummar was soon after baptized, and not long after this he was married to Eliza, the daughter of Zika, a most worthy native Christian in Benares, and then accompanied the Rev. Mr. Ullmann as a Scripture-reader to Mynpurie. Eliza is an intelligent, interesting woman. Above all, she loves her Bible, and daily strives to obey its precepts. She was a teacher in a female school in Benares, under the care of the Church Missionary Society, at the time of her marriage, and was much esteemed by all who knew her there. She and her husband had been at Mynpurie but a short time when the sepoys at that station mutinied. The account which she gives of this event is the same as that given in the narrative of Hulas Roy, up to the time that she and the other fugitives separated in the jungle. We have seen what became of Hulas and his family; the party to which Eliza belonged consisted of her husband, Zabardast and herself, and she relates what befell them as follows:

"After leaving Hulas and Clarissa we fled to the canal, which was at some distance from us, and concealed ourselves in the long grass which grew on its bank. From our hiding-place we could see people passing and re-passing, many of whom we knew would betray us to the sepoys if they should find us; for this reason we scarcely allowed ourselves to move. The water in the canal was flowing

within a few feet of us, but we did not dare to leave our concealment until dark to obtain it, although we were parched with thirst. When we did obtain it, we found it tepid and unpleasant to the taste, but still we were glad to get it. We now resumed our journey, and did not stop until we reached a mango grove, where, having selected a suitable tree, we climbed up into it for the purpose of spending the night. From our hiding-place we could see the flames of the burning bungalows in the station, and hear the shouting of the villagers and mutincers; and, as if to render the night more hideous, the jackals in the neighbouring jungle kept up for several hours a most unearthly howling. About eight o'clock the clouds began to gather, and then the sound of distant thunder fell upon our ear; this grew more and more distinct, and the lightning became more and more vivid, until at last the storm broke over us, and we were soon drenched with rain. It was a most cheerless night, but though hungry and threatened with death on every hand, we did not forget that 'God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.' We looked up to Him for protection, and felt that we could say, 'The Lord of hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge.'

"At four o'clock in the morning we came down from the tree and started to Mynpurie. We knew a sweeper there who, we thought, would take us in. We had many misgivings as we entered the city lest we should be seized and made over to the sepoy, or lest the sweeper should refuse to receive us; but our fears were happily groundless; we found the streets deserted. Fear kept the law-abiding within doors, and the lawless, worn out by the exertion of the night previous, were not yet on the move. A few moments' walk brought us to the sweeper's door, and we

were at once admitted. His house was a very humble one, built of mud and containing but one room, with a verandah in front, and a small closet at one end of it; the latter was appropriated to our use, but was so narrow that we could not lie down in it. Having fastened us in, the sweeper tore down his stack of fuel and piled it up against the door, so that no one might suspect that we were concealed within. He had previously supplied us with an earthen vessel full of water, and a quantity of parched grain (a kind of pea), and this was our fare for three days and nights. The heat was excessive, and the air in the closet so confined that we could breathe it with difficulty. The only sleep we obtained was by sitting on the ground and bracing ourselves in an upright position against the wall. On the morning of the fifth day, after the sacking of the station, we were rejoiced to learn that the mutineers had left for Delhi, and on the evening of the same day we set out for Agra. We had not, however, gone two miles before we were three times surrounded by the villagers, who came out to plunder us; but when they found we had already been stripped of everything they let us go. At Bighrai, ten miles from Mynpurie, a man came out armed with a sword and threatened to kill Dummar Sing and Zabardast, and then to take me back to Mynpurie, saying that he knew I was the wife of some European, whom they were trying to take to Agra. It was in vain that Dummar told him that I was his wife; he would not believe it. While we were talking with this man, ten or twelve sepoy in the employ of the Rajah Taj Sing overtook us, and released us from his hands. We now travelled in company with these friendly sepoy until we reached Gharaul, where we stopped in a caravansary while they went on their way. Entering the station in such company

we thought that we had nothing to fear, but the keeper of the caravansary, a bigoted Musalman, suspected us, and about midnight came to our quarters armed with a sword and ordered us to leave, telling us that we were infidels and that he would not give us shelter any longer. We all thought that his object was to get us out that he and some of his Musalman friends might fall upon us and cut us to pieces without the fear of molestation. For this reason we refused to leave ; he now grew furious and threatened to cut us down, and he would, perhaps, have carried his threat into execution if our fellow-travellers had not interfered. These were a company of Bengalees, consisting of thirty persons, who had been on a pilgrimage to Mattra and Bindraban, and were now on their way home. They told us that while we were with them we had nothing to fear. They had come through Agra, and we inquired of them about the road ; they told us that it was very unsafe and that we could only reach it with difficulty, if at all. We now determined to change our plans, and try to get to Dummar's relatives in Oudh. Our new friends gave us permission to travel with them as far as we wished, but as the Bengalees are much darker than the people of the north-west we were afraid that our light complexion might get us into trouble ; but one of our number suggested the application of a little oil and coal, and with these we soon transformed ourselves into very passable Bengalees. The next day we returned to Mynpurie, which we entered about dark. As we were doing so, Dummar saw one of the school-boys, who told him that Hulas and his family were concealed in a cellar hard by, and offered to conduct us thither ; so, thanking our Bengalee friends for their kindness, we put ourselves under his direction and soon reached Hulas' quarters. We sat up until late at night talking over our

deliverances, nor did we forget to thank God for mercies past or to implore His aid for the future. We knew that trials awaited, and we prayed that His grace might be sufficient for us, and His strength made perfect in our weakness. As I was now so worn out that I could walk no further, Hulas procured us two rupees eight annas, with two of which Dummar hired two men to carry me in a *dooly* as far as the Ganges. Shekhpore, the village in which Dummar's parents live, was sixty miles distant, and we could not hope to reach it unmolested; we had, indeed, many misgivings as to whether we should ever reach it. We, however, bade Hulas and Clarissa farewell, and set out on our journey. The first sixteen miles were passed over in safety, although we met several bands of rebels on their way to Delhi. They did not suspect that we were Christians, and, judging from our appearance, they thought, I suppose, that they would gain nothing by plundering us. At Bewar, however, some of the people recognized my husband, and we were soon surrounded by a noisy rabble clamouring for our blood. 'Kill the Christians!' 'Kill the Christians!' resounded from all sides, and for a while I thought that we should have been torn to pieces, but other counsels prevailed. There were some in the village who thought that the English rule might be restored, and they knew that in that event our blood would be avenged. But for this we would have been killed and dragged out of the place and left to be devoured by jackals. As it was, they took from us the last four annas of the money left from the sum which we received of Hulas, and sent us on our way without even a pice to procure food. Between Bewar and Singarampore, and a point at which we crossed the Ganges, we found nothing but anarchy and confusion, one village plundering another and every man

doing what seemed good in his own eyes. We are interrupted every few miles, and more than once threatened with death. After leaving Bewar, we had nothing to eat until we reached Singarampore but a little coarse bread, which a Musalman gave us, and a small quantity of parched corn, which Zabardast bought with a pice which he providentially found in the road.

“On reaching Singarampore our troubles were at an end, for here we found an uncle of Dummars, who took us under his care and provided for our wants for two days, and then conducted us in safety to Shekhpore. Dummars’s father and mother were rejoiced to see us. They had heard of the fall of Mynpurie, and supposed that we were among the slain. A neighbour, indeed, who had passed through that place a few days before, had told them that he saw our mangled bodies in one of its streets; and they now rejoiced over us as those who had been dead and were alive again. They took us at once to their hearts and home, and supplied all our wants. A few weeks after our arrival my little Johnny was born, and had I been among Christian instead of heathen friends I could not have been more tenderly cared for. None of the family, however, would eat with us; our food was prepared for us and given to us separately, but not in a way to hurt our feelings. While eating our meals my mother-in-law usually stood beside us, and I often heard her say, with tears in her eyes, ‘Did I dare to do so I would not hesitate to eat the food you leave, but cruel caste will not even allow me to eat with my own beloved son and daughter.’ While in my father-in-law’s family we did all in our power to bring the dear members thereof to a knowledge of the Saviour of sinners. The Bible was almost daily read to them, and its doctrines were ever the themes upon which we dwelt in our conversation with them. May the Lord

open their understandings, and regenerate and save them. Dummar stayed at Shekhpore until November, and then went to Agra. I remained until Lord Clyde took possession of Futtehghurh. This was in January, 1858. My friends now brought me and my child as far as the Ganges, and then bade me farewell, and a few moments after I met my husband, who had just arrived from Agra, in the bazaar."

Here Eliza's story ends; but the reader may feel interested in hearing that Dummar Sing is now the Kotwal (mayor) of Kanouj, a large city forty miles below Futtehghurh, the chief city of Brahminical influence in this region, and once the capital (in Hindu estimation) of the most powerful kingdom in Asia. Nor is this all: there are intimations that he is soon to be the mayor of Furrukhabad, a city containing a hundred thousand inhabitants. He has, indeed, been promised the appointment. When he receives it, his salary, with perquisites, will be about a hundred dollars per mensem. Like Dummar Sing, several of our people have risen to important positions under Government. If true to themselves and the religion which they profess, they must wield a mighty influence for good; but we do not forget that they are exposed to great temptations, and would hence ask for them an interest in the prayers of all who love the Redeemer's kingdom and desire to see it spread among men.

Christians in America, no doubt, often wonder why we have so little apparent success in our work as compared with the means employed. Let them learn, from the portion of the narrative that relates to Dummar Sing, what it costs a Hindu to become a Christian. His father subsequently became reconciled to him, but at the time he renounced Hinduism he literally forsook all for Christ.

Now many of his countrymen are as thoroughly convinced as he was of the truth of Christianity ; but, having less resolution, they have not hitherto openly embraced it. Many have long since given up idol worship, and some, I know, in the retirement of their homes, worship the living and the true God. We acknowledge that it is their duty to profess Christ before men, but let us not judge them too harshly. How many professors of religion at home would have acted as they do, had they been placed in similar circumstances? Would we see the result of Missions we must not look alone at our Church records. There are multitudes almost persuaded to be Christians, and many others, some of whom are perhaps unknown to the missionary himself, who know that "God is a spirit," and "worship Him in spirit and in truth." But though unknown to men, "the Lord knoweth them that are His." The barriers which have hitherto prevented Hindlus from embracing Christianity are gradually breaking down, and when these are removed the long night of toil will be followed by a glorious day. Let us not be weary in well-doing.

4. ZABARDAST KHAN AND ILLAN: THE CHRISTIAN OFFICIAL AND HIS WIFE

The names of Zabardast and Illan are not unfamiliar to those who have read the narratives of Hulas Roy and Dummar Sing. They were both born and brought up in the city of Furrukhabad, in that religion which of all others is most calculated to fill the heart with pride and sear the conscience—they, and their ancestors for many generations before them, were Muhammadans. Zabardast was educated in the Mission high school, where his eyes were opened to the true character of the religion which he professed, and was baptized at the first annual meeting of our Mission in

the year 1855 ; it was a scene I shall never forget. It was on a Communion Sabbath ; nearly all the members of our Mission were present, and the church was crowded with native communicants and with people from the neighbouring villages, who came to witness what is ever to them a strange and novel scene—the celebration of the Lord's Supper. Before us were the emblems of the broken body and the shed blood of our blessed Redeemer, but before partaking of them it was announced that a person was to be baptized. This person was Zabardast ; and all eyes were turned upon him as he arose and proceeded down the aisle and presented himself before the pulpit. He was then about eighteen years of age and was possessed of a pleasing countenance, indicating more than ordinary intelligence.

He was deeply moved by the step which he was about to take, and it was evident to all that he looked upon it as one of the most momentous of his life. The reader will perhaps remember what his own feelings were when, in presence of the great congregation, he renounced the world with its allurements and its snares, and declared his intention to be on the Lord's side ; but no one who has not been in India, and who does not know what it costs to become a Christian here, can realize what the feelings of the candidate for baptism were. But few at home sever the ties of friends and kindred by making a profession of religion ; but among all his relatives, and the friends of his childhood and riper years, there was but one to sympathise with him in his profession of Christianity. He was about to leave all that he held dear behind him ; and before him he was certain of nothing here save that affliction, persecution, and perhaps death awaited him. But he knew that it is only through much tribulation that we can inherit the kingdom of heaven, and his resolution was fixed, whatever might be

the decision of others, to serve the Lord. After his having renounced Muhammadanism and expressed his faith in Christ, brother Ullmann baptized him, and then, in a most touching address, reminded him of what would be expected of him as a Christian, pointed out the dangers to which he would be exposed, and mentioned some of the means by which he could either escape or overcome them. As he listened to this address his tears fell fast, but they were not tears of regret, but of apprehension and joy—of apprehension lest he should come short of that better country towards which his steps were now directed, and of joy at the thought that He in whom he now believed was “able to save unto the uttermost.” There is joy, we are told, in heaven over one sinner that repenteth; there was on that day joy also on earth. Six beloved missionaries, now wearing a martyr’s crown, rejoiced over this baptism because they saw in it evidence that their toils and prayers had not been in vain, and that He who hath promised is faithful. A brother of Zabardast, who had professed the name of Christ a few months before, and who has since gone to his reward, rejoiced also with exceeding joy because “a brother beloved” was now not only a brother in the flesh, but also “in the Lord.”

But while the baptism of Zabardast caused some to rejoice, it filled others with sorrow; among the latter was his aged mother, who still mourns over the apostacy of her son. Illan, his young and beautiful wife, was also opposed to his becoming a Christian, but she did not forsake him on this account, and at the time the Mutiny broke out at Mynpurie she was an inquirer. We have already seen that she was seized and carried off by the mutineers, and we have followed Zabardast to his place of concealment in Oudh. The latter was for a while assisted by the friends

of Dummar Sing, but as he did not like to feel dependent he sought employment among the landholders of the village, and was employed by them, sometimes as a cowherd, sometimes as a grass-cutter, and sometimes as a watchman with his sling, on a lodge in the midst of the fields, to keep the birds away from the ripening grain. He received but a few pice a day, which he found barely sufficient to purchase a coarse blanket, after paying for his necessary food; and this and the cloth usually worn about the loins was all the clothing he had for months. At a time when his prospects seemed darkest, a relative, who had joined the rebel cavalry of the Nawab of Furrukhabad, appeared in the village. He was greatly surprised to see Zabardast, and began to upbraid him for becoming a Christian. "You see," said he, "what it has brought you to; you have lost your wife and your property, and your own life is in such danger that you dare not return to your native city." He then urged him to renounce Christianity and again to become a Muhammadan, and assured him that if he did so his friends would again gladly receive him into their number, and restore him to his former position among them. But all his entreaties were in vain; Zabardast told him that he had embraced Christianity from a conviction that it was true, and that he would cling to it while life remained. At this the rebel soldier was greatly enraged and drew his sword, threatening to kill him on the spot unless he repeated the Musalman confession of faith and returned home with him.

When, however, he saw that he was firm and that he would lay down his life rather than give up his religion, he loaded him with abuse and left him, prophesying that he would come to some bad end. Zabardast subsequently returned to Agra while we were still shut up in the fort at that place, where he remained until Furrukhabad fell into

the hands of the English, since which time he has resided here.

But it is time to return to poor Illan, whom we left in the hands of the rebels. When she and her two companions, Clarissa and Eliza, were seized by them, they asked them who they were. The two latter confessed that they were Christians, but the former, as she had not yet been baptized, said that she was a Muhammadan, a step which she soon had reason to repent of. For after threatening her companions the sepoys let them go, but a trying march and days and nights of anxiety and sorrow were before poor Illan before she was to escape from their hands. As she was a Musalman they said that they would take her with them, lest her contact with infidels should cause her to abandon the true faith. She thus relates what subsequently befell her :

“A rasaldar seized me and said, ‘You are henceforth mine; you will go where I go and stay where I stay.’ Tears and entreaties were in vain; mounting his horse, the iron-hearted man pointed in the direction of the Cantonment, and told me to walk on before him, threatening to shoot me if I disobeyed, and I knew from his look that he would not fail to carry his threat into execution. I at first thought of disobeying him, as I felt that I would rather die than fall into the hands of such a monster; but then the hope that I might find an opportunity of escaping to my husband led me to comply with his wishes. It was with a heavy heart that I turned away from our once happy home, followed by the rasaldar and a body of sepoys. As we passed through the station, I found that the prison had been broken open and that the prisoners and others were plundering the houses and then setting fire to them. Such a scene I had never witnessed before;

on every hand buildings were seen wrapped in flames, plundered and being plundered, and mutineers shouting to each other and rejoicing over the fall of another district into their hands. I found the rebel camp on the edge of the parade ground, and on reaching it I was placed with some other women under some sisoo trees, under the care of a guard. Here we remained several days, while the mutineers, I suppose, were maturing their plans for their future movements. During this time two Christians—East Indians—were brought in, with their hands tied behind their backs; they had been dragged forth from their concealment to suffer a violent death; they were stripped and shot before me, and their bodies were thrown out of the camp. While we remained in Mynpurie, the women with whom my lot was cast shared their food with me, but I ate but little; anxiety about my husband and the suspense I was in regarding my own fate prevented me from doing so. It was at length announced that the rebels had determined to go to Furrukhabad. I learned this from the women, who probably invented the story to comfort me, as they saw I was greatly bowed down, and had learned from me that my friends were living in that city. When about to break up the camp, the rasaldar came to me and said, 'I have sad news to tell you; your husband and all the Christians who fled with him have been killed, and you have been left alone in the world; however, you have nothing to fear; go with us, and I will befriend you and supply all your wants; but should you attempt to escape, you must remember that the whole country is in a state of anarchy, and that it would be impossible for you to reach your friends or a place of safety.' As I thought that he was going to Furrukhabad I said nothing, determining in my own mind to try to escape as soon as we reached that place. He then placed me upon one of the horses

which they had just plundered, and set out. As I, in common with my countrywomen, knew but little about geography, and as my trip from Furrukhabad, some months before, was the only one I had ever made, I did not know, when the rebels struck their tents and set off in a north-west direction, that it would lead me away from the place which of all others I now most wished to reach. The first two or three days of our march I had not the least suspicion that we were leaving Furrukhabad behind us, but on the fourth and fifth days I saw that I had been deceived; still until the thirteenth day I did not dare to ask whither we were going, and when I did so I learned to my dismay that we were within two days' march of Delhi. I will here remark that the conduct of the sepoys during this time was most disorderly; they acted upon the principle that 'might makes right,' and plundered all who came in their way, but they seemed to find special pleasure in destroying Government property. They broke down the milestones and burned the police stations as they went, and did all the mischief they could in the civil stations (already deserted) through which they passed. When we reached Delhi, the king would not allow us to enter it until the sepoys had fought with the Europeans, who had taken up a position on a hill not far from the city; so, after having collected their baggage together outside the walls, they placed a guard over it and went out to fight. They were, however, soon defeated, and returned in great confusion to their baggage. Notwithstanding this evidence of loyalty to the old king, fearing treachery, perhaps, he sent them word to encamp where they were until they received further orders.

"During the following night the rasaldar came to the place where I was lying and asked me to share his tent with him, and upon my refusing he used many arguments to

induce me to do so. He told me that my husband was dead, that I was now far from those who felt any interest in me, and that he was both able and willing to protect me if I would put myself under his care. I felt the force of all he said. I saw that the reign of violence was everywhere in the ascendant, and knew not whither to turn for safety ; but I resolved to be true to myself and to Him whom I had only a few days before so shamefully denied. On hearing what my resolution was, the rasaldar was greatly enraged at me, and drawing his sword threatened to kill me if I did not at once comply with his wishes. I told him to strike—that I could die, but not lead a life of infamy. When he saw that I did not shun death, he said, ‘ No, I will not kill you, but I will cut off your ears and nose and lips, and in this state will let you go, so that if you will not live with me you will never be able to find a home with anyone else.’ He had now been with me a long time, and left me, thinking, no doubt, that the fear of mutilation would make me more compliant the next time. I now determined, whatever might be the consequences, to attempt to escape ; and the next day, having found an opportunity, I fled in the direction of the city. Reaching the gate nearest our encampment, I passed the sentinel unchallenged, and found myself in a broad street, lined upon both sides with much finer houses than I had ever seen before. Down this street I walked at a rapid rate, not knowing where it would lead me. My object was to get as far away from our encampment as possible as soon as I could. After walking for some time, I saw a band of disorderly sepoys approaching, and turned aside into another street to avoid meeting them ; but I soon found them in every place, so that to avoid them was impossible. I was now so fortunate, however, as to fall in with a number of women going in the same direction, and follow-

ed them as though I was one of their number, and in this way I reached a distant part of the city. Here the women separated and went to their respective homes, leaving me once more alone. Hitherto I had only thought of my escape from the hands of the rasaldar, but I now began to think of my forlorn and helpless condition. I was a stranger surrounded by thousands, but there was none to pity or to take me in. I was alone, and worse than alone! These thoughts almost overwhelmed me, but I still walked on at a rapid rate, my feelings growing more and more intense. At last I saw a Cashmeri drawing water from a well in her dooryard; there was something in her appearance that led me to think that she would befriend me, and I resolved to tell her all my sorrows and throw myself upon her for protection. The gate was open and I entered it, and when I essayed to speak my lips were sealed. I could only sit down on the side of the well and weep like a child. The Cashmeri, seeing that I was in trouble, spake kindly to me, and taking me into her house gave me some water to drink. When she heard my story she said that I was welcome to a home under her roof, and that she would supply all my wants; that as her husband was absent on public business in the Punjab, she would be only too glad to provide for me for the sake of my company.

“I was with this woman almost three months, and experienced the greatest kindness from her. I had been in Delhi only about a month when my firstborn son—my only child—was born. There was little in my external circumstances to make me rejoice at his birth. I looked upon myself as a widow, the most helpless of all classes in India. I was far from friends, in the midst of a great city, for the mastery of which a most fearful struggle was then

in progress—a struggle which, end as it might, I felt must be disastrous to me; for should the rebels succeed, I thought that there would be but little hope of my reaching my friends, and should the English take it by storm, I knew I should, in all probability, perish with their foes. But I learned then, what I did not know before, that a mother's love for her child knows no restraints; sorrow and danger cannot repress it, they but render it stronger. Shot and shell from the English batteries fell thick and fast around me, and once one of the latter burst just over my head, and a portion of it fell on the place where I had been standing (I only escaped by fleeing into the house as soon as I knew I was exposed to danger); but still, in the midst of all this commotion and uncertainty, I watched over my boy as none but a mother can watch over a child. The task lightened my sorrows, and often led me to forget my dangers; but the light which shed such a cheering ray over my gloom was soon to go out, leaving me, I will not say in utter darkness (for even then I felt that, although I had denied Him, my heavenly Father was waiting to be gracious to me), but leaving me overwhelmed with grief. When my babe was twenty days old, a cobra crawled out from a hole in the wall and bit him, and he soon after died. The kind Cashmeri sent for some men, who came and carried him away and buried him, and I saw him no more. I still feel sad when I think of my loss, but 'I know that he shall rise again,' and this comforts me. For the first two months of my stay in Delhi the sepoys went out almost daily to fight with the English, and, whatever the result might be, they returned boasting that they had obtained a victory, and that a few more such attacks would annihilate their enemies. But during the third month their tone became much less confident, and the fire of the English became hotter and

more effective; casualties became daily more frequent, people were killed at the wells while drawing water, in the streets and in their shops, and soon the impression got abroad that the city would fall into the hands of the besiegers. And now commenced such a scene as no pen can describe. The Europeans were not strong enough to invest the place, and the citizens began to leave it in vast numbers, on the side which was still open—some on foot, some on horseback, and some in native carriages. The road was thronged with fugitives from morning until night. Among them were the old and the young, the rich and the poor, the noble and the ignoble, each carrying with them such valuables as they could lay their hands on at the time, and each intent on saving his life. I left the city, in company with the Cashmeri, the day before it was stormed and taken. As we passed out of the gate, we saw the sepoy's plundering the wealthy merchants as they had plundered the English before. We did not halt after getting out of the city until we reached an old fort, held by a rebel nawab, five miles distant. Here many hundreds of people had taken refuge under its walls, and we now joined them. In the evening the nawab sent us word that a large body of English were on their way to attack us, and advised us to flee. He did this, probably, to get rid of us, as I have since learned that we were not pursued; but be this as it may, the report broke up our party. Some crossed the Jumna and fled in the direction of Meerut and Allyghur, while others, remaining upon the left bank of that river, fled in the direction of Agra. I was among the latter. In the confusion which followed the announcement that we were to be attacked by the English, I became separated from my Cashmeri friend, and never met her again. She had, however, anticipated such an event, and had given me five rupees with which to

secure supplies by the way, should it occur. With one of these I procured a seat in a native cart filled with women, and renewed my flight. But danger was before, not behind us. We had gone but a little way when we entered the district inhabited by Goojars, men who follow plundering as a profession and who never spare the helpless. As our company was a very strong one we did not think they would molest us, but we were mistaken; we found them collected at a place in great numbers, which, from the nature of the ground, gave them the advantage of us. They first opened fire on us with their matchlocks, and then attacked us with their swords and clubs and stones. Many fell on both sides, and many others were wounded. I was among the latter, but I was fortunately not so badly wounded as to prevent me from continuing my flight with the rest. The carts and oxen and horses of nearly the whole party fell into the hands of the Goojars, and those of us who escaped did so on foot. We were pursued for several miles, and, though sadly weary, we did not dare to stop. At last we found that the pursuit had ended, and hence halted for the night under some trees by the roadside. Well had it been for us had we continued our march, for we were again attacked by the Goojars the next morning at four o'clock, and many others were killed and wounded. What the end would have been I know not, had not some troopers of a rajah living near come to our rescue. After getting out of the Goojar district, in conjunction with several others, I hired another cart, and travelled in it without further molestation until we reached Muttra. But here another difficulty arose; the larger part of our company wished to go in the direction of Bhartpore, while the rest of us wished to cross the Jumna and travel in the direction of Furrukhabad; and as we could not both have the carts, and the stronger party

was unwilling to divide them between us, they took them all for themselves and left us to continue our journey on foot. I walked twenty miles before I could get another conveyance. My wounded foot now became so painful that it was with great difficulty that I could drag myself along; and had not some women, who had been more fortunate than myself, offered me a seat in their cart, I know not what would have become of me. We lost this cart also at Mow. I was now within twenty-four miles of my native city, but yet it took me six days to reach it. As I journeyed slowly along, I thought of all that had befallen me since I had been driven from my home in Mynpurie, and I was convinced that God had been chastising me for my sins, especially for the sin of denying Him (for while it was true that I was not a Christian by profession, at the time I told the sepoys that I was a Musalman, I was a Christian at heart). I confessed my fault and resolved to openly profess His name when an opportunity should occur. I will only add that I was most kindly received by my friends on reaching the end of my journey, and that, after a few weeks, God in His infinite mercy restored my husband to me, for whom I had for months mourned as for one dead. In view of all God's dealings with me during these long months of suffering, I would say, 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.' '*Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies.*' "

Since Illan made the resolution recorded above, she has appeared before the session of the Futtehgurh Church, sustained a satisfactory examination, and has been baptized and admitted to its fellowship.

Zabardast has, since the return of peace, entered Government employ, and, though he is now receiving fifty rupees per mensem, he would return to us tomorrow as a catechist,

did we wish him to do so, on a salary of sixteen rupees ; but, believing that he could, in the position which he now occupies, advance the interests of our Mission in many ways, we advised him to accept it, and we have since had no reason to regret it.

Both he and his wife are highly esteemed, and both are exerting an influence for good. The relative who upbraided Zabardast for his folly in becoming a Christian and threatened to kill him has since begged his pardon and has been forgiven.

4. HANUKH: THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER

I will now introduce to the reader Hanukh (Enoch), who for several years most faithfully and efficiently served our Mission as a catechist, but who is now a rasaldar, or captain of a troop of native cavalry, at Allahabad. He is a tall, well-formed man, distinguished for his intelligence, activity and fearlessness. His story is as follows.—R.S.F.

“I was born in the city of Lucknow thirty-five years ago. My father, Agah Maidhi, was a Moghal from Bagdad. My mother was a Brahmin by birth, but became a Muhammadan after she married my father. My father was a cloth merchant and traded extensively between Calcutta and Oudh, and he was worth, it is said, at one time a hundred thousand rupees (\$50,000). When I was about eighteen months old business took him to Calcutta. He was accompanied by one of his younger brothers, who, having been less fortunate in business than himself, was poor, and went with him as an assistant. While in Calcutta my father sickened and died, and my uncle, having disposed of all the stock on hand, appropriated its proceeds to his own use and fled with them to Bagdad, and since then we have heard nothing from him. An only sister, three years older than myself, and I were

now left to the care of our mother. An uncle, a collector of customs under the King of Oudh, helped her to dispose of our remaining property. This brought us about twenty-five thousand rupees, but as we did not invest it, but lived upon the principal, it was in a few years very considerably reduced. I can hardly tell how my early years were spent. All that I can remember about it now is that I was happy, very happy, in the love of my dear mother and sister. The present was ever bright and joyous, and I seldom thought of the future. My first trial was to part with my dear sister, who was married when I was about fifteen years of age, and went to live with her husband in a distant city. I was thus deprived of her society, and it was a loss which I most keenly felt.

“About this time my mother sent me to live with my uncle at his place of business, about thirty-six miles from Lucknow. While under this uncle’s care, he talked much with me upon the subject of Muhammadanism. He was a zealous Musalman, and felt that it was his duty to instruct me in the tenets of his religion. The Koran was placed in my hands and I not only spent much time in reading it, but I committed large portions of it to memory. But as it was written in the Arabic language, with which I had not the least acquaintance, beyond knowing the forms and sounds of the letters, I did not understand it. I now look back with regret upon this waste of time ; still I learned enough from my uncle, for whom I had a high regard, to make me a thorough Musalman, and, like the rest of my co-religionists, I looked upon Christians and Hindus as infidels who ought to be put to death. When I was about eighteen years of age, I had a quarrel with some villagers about a piece of land which I thought they had fraudulently obtained from my father’s estates. The result was (one not

uncommon in such cases in Oudh), they waylaid me one evening in a solitary place as I was returning home from a neighbouring village, and attacked me with their swords for the purpose of cutting me to pieces, and one of them succeeded in wounding me on the left arm, the scar of which I will carry to my grave. I understood fencing well, and, as I was also armed, I drew my sword and used it with such vigour and skill that I wounded five of their number, but I soon saw that the contest was an unequal one, and fled for my life. As I knew the animus of those with whom I had to contend, I concealed myself some weeks, hoping time would soften their feelings toward me, but a feud about land in Oudh was not, in those days, so easily settled. I came out twice from my place of concealment and was as often attacked by them. I now saw that my life was in danger, so, bidding a hasty adieu to my friends, I fled first to Azimghar and from that place to Jaunpore. At the latter place I remained three days, in a wayside stopping-place, and while there a tract was placed in my hands, I know not by whom, containing a controversy between the Rev. Mr. Wilkinson and a learned Muhammadan upon the subject of Muhammadanism. I read it with deep interest. Previous to this time I had been taught that as one king succeeds another, and as subjects owe the same allegiance to the last king that they did to his predecessor, so God had at different times raised up four great spiritual leaders, viz. Moses, David, Jesus Christ and Muhammad, for the spiritual guidance of the world, and as Muhammad was the last of these, I thought that all who did not receive him as a prophet and yield obedience to him as such were worthy of death; but from reading the controversy just referred to, I saw that his claim to be a prophet rested upon a foundation of sand. This discovery greatly distressed

me: to find that one has been in error in ordinary matters is painful, but to find that one's hopes of heaven are groundless is overwhelmingly so. I sometimes tried to banish the subject from my mind altogether; at others I asked myself, Can it be true that the religion in which my fathers lived and died is false? But my faith in Muhammadanism was shaken! and I soon settled down in the conviction that it was not from God. This, however, did not make me a Christian; having been deceived in one religion I was slow to yield the assent of my understanding to another. I was now like a boat afloat upon the Ganges, when that stream is swollen by the annual rains, and its banks and miles of the adjacent country are covered by its waters. Such a boat might possibly reach the sea in safety, but it would be much more likely to be rent to pieces by contending currents, or stranded upon some unpropitious shore. But why should I speak thus? I was under the direction of Him who notes the sparrow's fall, and by whom the very hairs of our heads are all numbered. Soon after reading Mr. Wilkinson's tract I found myself in Mirzapore, where I met with Mirza Jan Begh (one of the catechists from Allahabad), and with this beloved brother I had many debates upon the subject of religion. He dwelt particularly upon the fall of man and salvation by grace. I saw and felt the reasonableness of what he said upon these subjects, for I felt that I was a sinner exposed to the wrath of God, and I knew that I could do nothing to save myself; but salvation by the cross of Christ was at first so humbling to my proud heart that I could not bear the idea of being saved in this way. Like Naaman the Syrian, I wished to do some great thing to merit salvation. I would have gladly gone on a pilgrimage to the most distant quarter of the globe, and would have borne any amount of

bodily suffering to secure this object ; but to wash and be healed, to believe and be saved, while it is God's plan for the salvation of sinners, was not mine. In this state of mind I came to Allahabad and took service in the type foundry connected with the press of the American Presbyterian Mission, then under the superintendence of Rev. Joseph Warren. From Mr. Warren's instruction I derived much benefit, and was at length led to admit that 'other foundation can no man lay than is laid, which is Jesus Christ.' But the strength of old prejudices was such, and the thought of forever cutting myself off from my friends and relatives was so painful, that I could not for about six months make up my mind to take up my cross and follow Him ; but at the end of this time I was baptized by the Rev. James Wilson. This was in the year 1841.

" By this step I became an outcast. It cost me much to take it, but once taken I was comforted by the assurance of Him to whom I had now consecrated my all, that, ' Whosoever shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven.' Since then I have met with much opposition and had many trials to endure, but I have never seen a time when I would have exchanged my hope of heaven for all the treasures of my native land. Not long after I was baptized, my uncle heard of it and came to Allahabad to see me. Our interview was a painful one. He was filled with grief and rage because I had become a Christian, and he would have laid violent hands on me if he had not been prevented by others. But he was even more enraged at Mr. Warren than he was at me ; he charged him with having led me astray, and went so far as to threaten first to kill him, and then to kill himself. Mr. Warren told him, in reply, that he had made use of no unfair means to get me to embrace Christianity, and

appealed to me to say if what he now stated was not true. I replied that it was, and told my uncle that, while I loved him and my other relatives as much as ever, I was so fully convinced that Jesus Christ is the only Saviour of sinners that my purpose was unalterably fixed to remain a Christian. We then separated and have not seen each other since. I now began to read under the direction of Mr. Warren, with the view of becoming a catechist, and was ultimately received by the Mission as such. I remained at Allahabad nearly nine years—preaching in its bazaars and neighbouring villages. The great *mela* which is annually held there afforded me opportunities for preaching to thousands from all parts of Hindustan. Of the result of these labours I can say nothing. This is the seed time. ‘*The harvest is the end of the world.*’

“During the time I was in Allahabad I was married to Clara, a Christian girl, who has since then shared my toil and trials, and of whom I need only say that, at all times and under all circumstances, she has proved herself to be a true wife and a true Christian. Some time after my marriage we removed to Mynpurie, then occupied as a Mission station by the Rev. J. J. Walsh; here, under his direction, I preached the Gospel until he removed to Futteh-gurh to take charge of the Orphan Asylum, when I accompanied him to this station. At Futteh-gurh I continued to labour as a catechist until the Mutiny occurred in 1857, a part of the time under the direction of the Rev. J. F. Ullmann, and a part of the time under that of Rev. D. E. Campbell.

“I now approach a part of my life over which I would gladly draw a veil, but, as the story of my wanderings and sufferings may serve to illustrate the grace of Him who rescued me from the errors in which my fathers lived and

died, I proceed. I will not dwell upon our alarm when we first heard of the Mutiny at Meerut, or upon that occasioned by subsequent massacres at neighbouring stations. I shall not speak of our flights now to Rakha, and now to other villages for temporary safety, or of days of suspense and suffering spent in a distant, unfrequented garden. For more than a month we were in daily, hourly expectation that the rebels would attack our station; and what we most feared at last occurred. Two regiments of rebel sepoys entered it, our new troops and police joined them, and all law and order was at an end. Two weeks before this time the great body of the Christian residents of the station left for Cawnpore, but a few still remained. These, on the approach of the rebels, took refuge in the fort. They were but a little band, but I determined to join them and escape or perish with them. I entered the fort with my wife and four children and offered my services to Col. Smith, who, when he learned that I understood the use of arms, put me in charge of a bastion. When I looked at the state of the fort and learned that there were but thirty-six of us to defend it, I must confess that I thought there was but little hope of our being able to hold out long. The fort stands upon the right bank of the Ganges, and is nearly a mile in circumference. Its walls are built of mud, and are so inclined that they could be scaled without difficulty. The whole is surrounded by a ditch, which, if repaired and filled with water, would not be a serious obstacle in the way of an active enemy; but it was now dry, and in some places its banks had fallen in, almost filling it up. To add to the difficulty of our position, we had a considerable number of women and children to provide for and our stores were very limited, and, what was a still more serious matter, we had but very little ammunition. We determined, however, to

make the most of the means at our disposal, and began to prepare to defend ourselves against all odds. There were at this time three regular regiments of sepoys in the station, besides the rebel police and a large number of matchlock-men from the surrounding villages, who had been drawn together by their love of plunder. As we could spare but one or two men at a bastion, we made up for our disparity in numbers by loading a large number of muskets and placing them at each bastion, so that, when attacked, we might be able to fire almost without interruption. One or two guns were also mounted and loaded, but we determined, on account of the scarcity of ammunition, to use them sparingly. So busy were sepoys for the first day or two plundering the station that they did not molest us, but when the struggle once commenced it lasted for ten days. Our enemies got upon the roofs of the houses near the fort and shot our men on duty; sprung mines, and tried many times to take us by storm. One of their mines was so successful that it made a breach in the wall, through which a regiment might have marched without the least difficulty. And it was indeed tried; but fortunately one of our two guns was planted near this place under the care of the Rev. Mr. Fisher, the chaplain of the station, and when the rebels were about to enter it we fired it off, killing a large number of them, and sending the rest flying in all directions. But we could not perform impossibilities: our provisions began to fail, some of us having parched gram¹ to eat; our ammunition was rapidly running short; our best gunner had been shot at his post, and others had been killed or wounded; and we were all worn out by days and nights of watching and fighting, and felt

¹ A kind of pea.

that we could hold out no longer. On the eleventh night of the siege we silently left our respective posts and let ourselves down into three boats, which moored under the high bank upon which the fort is built, and quietly floated past the station. It was three o'clock in the morning when we left the fort, but we did not reach Bhojpur before ten, although it is only eight or ten miles below Futtehgurh. Here it was proposed by some of the party that we should stop and prepare some food. I opposed it, but without avail. Some of the party could not be restrained, poor fellows ; hunger overcame both their prudence and their fear of danger. After landing and procuring some food in the village we were soon engaged in preparing it. We were, however, soon startled by the report of a gun, and looking up we saw a low bluff, a few hundred yards distant, covered with sepoy and armed villagers. The round shot and musket balls began to fall thickly around us, and one round shot fell within a few inches of the place where my wife and children were sitting. We saw at a glance that resistance would be vain, and a general rush was made for the boats. One of these was a gun shot further down the river than the other two. I was near the latter. When the second boat left us, I saw that there was no time to be lost, as the rebels were just upon us. So putting our children into the abandoned boat, we jumped into it and pushed it off from the shore. I had never rowed a boat in my life and knew nothing about its management, but I saw that we must somehow or other reach the Oudh side of the river or fall into the hands of our enemies. By means of pole and oar we were soon out of their reach, and, as they pursued the larger parties rather than the smaller, this gave us time to accomplish our purpose. After rowing and pushing until I was almost worn out, we reached the opposite shore, where

leaving our boats we fled to a village by the name of Banka. Here a zamindar of the same name received us and gave us food to eat and water to drink, and at night gave us a piece of coarse sacking upon which to sleep ; but the only place we had to spread it was the cow-yard, among his cows and buffaloes. We might have slept in the street, but we were afraid of being discovered. My wife and children got but little sleep during the night on account of the fleas and mosquitoes ; but it was to me a night of delightful, uninterrupted repose. In the fort I had slept little, and now that I had no longer to defend my bastion I could sleep sweetly, even under these unfavourable circumstances. We were with this zamindar about twenty-four hours, and at first thought him our friend ; but we soon saw that he was actuated in what he did for us by sordid motives. When we saw that there was a probability of our being driven from the station, we turned all our valuables into jewels, that we might carry them with us and that they might serve us as means of support when others failed. These the zamindar now demanded, and, as I had learned during the day that the Nawab Taffazul Hassain had offered two hundred rupees for my head, I did not dare to debate the matter with him, lest for the sake of the reward he should betray us. Concealing a small portion of the jewels about our persons, we made over the rest to him and then left for the nearest jungle. When we reached it, we tore up our clothes and, dressing ourselves like beggars, we set out by the left bank of the river for Cawnpore. We were five days and nights on the road, and we did not enter a house during the whole time. We generally avoided the villages as much as possible, for fear of being recognized ; but this plan, while it enabled us to journey more safely, added to our difficulties. The wells which we found by the route

were deep, and we had nothing wherewith to draw. Sometimes we had to go to the river, which we usually left some distance to our right, for water, and sometimes we drank from the dirty pools by the way. Our food was ordinarily parched corn, but even this sometimes failed us. The cries of our children not infrequently almost distracted me, and sometimes I entered the villages near which we were passing and begged a little food for them. We generally travelled by day for fear of being suspected, and slept at night upon the ground, sometimes upon the open plain and sometimes under the trees. In setting out for Cawnpore, I hoped to find it occupied by Europeans, and thought that our troubles would end there. I need not say that we were disappointed in this. On entering it, we found the houses of the Europeans in ruins, and the place filled with mutineers. All thought that the days of the English in Hindustan were at an end, and that Christianity would never raise its head within its border again ; but my faith in the promise of God did not fail, even in this dark hour. I was now at a loss to know how to get food for my family ; as a last resort I procured a gourd, such as beggars carry in this country, and began to beg from door to door. I was unacquainted with the forms which this class of persons use in begging, but I presented my gourd at every shop as I had often seen them do. Sometimes I was sent empty away, but at others I received a handful of flour, a pice, or a few cowries, and in this way our wants were supplied for three days. On the morning of the fourth I met an old acquaintance, whom I knew I could trust. He did not at first recognize me, but promised to do what he could for me when I made myself known. By his assistance we sold a bracelet, which my wife had concealed in her hair, and received its value. He was much concerned for our

safety, and told us, what we already knew, that we were in great danger. For this reason I did not throw off my disguise, but continued to wander from one part of the station to another as a beggar. In this way I often passed the sepoy guards, who were on duty at their respective posts. In reply to their challenge I invariably presented my gourd, and the matter was generally settled by their giving me some pice. They were more liberal than the shopkeepers, because they had plundered the treasury at the station and were flush of money. With other sepoys I entered into conversation, and from them learned the fate of the missionaries and others who left Futtehghurh with them on the fourth of June. I felt an earnest desire to visit the parade ground where they had been shot, but it was in an exposed place and I was afraid of bringing my wife and children into trouble. From these sepoys I also learned the sad end of Col. Wheeler and his garrison ; and I saw the buildings, riddled with round shot, in which they had so long and so bravely held out. Not far from these buildings was a house filled with prisoners awaiting a bloody death ; but, alas ! it was not in my power to help them. Once in passing the Kotwali (mayor's office) I saw the Nana scolding a sepoy for misconduct, but I did not stop to look at him long, lest his keen eyes should peer through my disguise, and, discovering my real character, he should add me to the long list of victims who had already fallen by his hands. I now learned that the English were still holding out at Allahabad and Lucknow. Our desire was to reach the former, but, as I had itinerated several times over the ground between Cawnpore and that place, I was afraid to make the attempt. The road to Lucknow was in other respects even more dangerous, and for this reason we thought that it would be the safer at present for us, as no one would think of

fugitives seeking safety in that direction. After having laid our plans, we started for Lucknow. It was only forty miles distant, but it was a most trying journey. Clara and the children had no shoes, and their feet were still suffering from the effect of their journey from Futtehgurh to Cawnpore; and before this second journey was ended they became much swollen. The heat too was very great, and the pain occasioned by the burning sands over which our route lay was almost beyond endurance. I carried the children by turns and in this way they found a little relief, but my poor wife's sufferings could not be alleviated. Her hardships brought on fever, and she more than once fell down exhausted by the way. But the recollection of this weary journey is still so painful to me that I will not dwell longer upon it. The domes and minarets of Lucknow at last burst upon my view. I had not seen it for many years. When I left it I was a proud Moslem; I was now returning to it a follower of Jesus of Nazareth. Had the Martyrdom occurred then which was now sweeping over the plains of India, I would in all probability have joined with His enemies in saying, 'Crucify him!' 'Crucify him!' (in the persons of His followers), but instead of being a persecutor I was now among the persecuted—a weary fugitive who had sustained the loss of all things for the love I bore His name. My immediate object in trying to reach Lucknow was, if possible, to join the garrison there, but, should I find this impracticable, I thought that it would be an easy matter to conceal my family and myself in that crowded capital. I had little fear of being recognized, but how often when we think ourselves most secure are we exposed to the greatest danger. Just as we were entering the city a trooper met us whom I had seen, and who had often heard me preach, in the streets of

Furrukhabad. He recognized me at once, and laid hold of me, saying, 'You are a Christian ; I will have you blown away from a gun.' My reply was, '*I am ; do with me what you please.*' My wife and the children now began to cry and plead for my life. He resisted their entreaties for a time, but at last yielded to them and let me go. Pushing on into the city, we soon found that it would be impossible for us to reach the Residency, in which the English were entrenched. It was surrounded with sepoys, and the roar of artillery and the sharp report of small arms were almost incessant. I now began to look about me for a place in which to pass the night, but found it a more difficult task than I at first anticipated. We at last secured a miserable shed, which was rendered still more miserable before morning by the rain, which poured down on us in torrents. I do not think I ever passed a more uncomfortable night. At last its weary hours wore away, and the day, which dawned upon many scenes of wretchedness, nowhere perhaps shed its light upon a more wretched looking group than ours.

"Looking at our condition, I resolved to cast myself upon the generosity of a Musalman relative whom I had not met since leaving the city, and I was soon on my way to put my resolutions into execution ; but in approaching his house I felt as the four lepers did whom hunger drove to the camp of the Syrians, who as they went said to each other, 'If they save us alive we shall live ; and if they kill us we shall but die.' But the friend of my former years was a friend no longer. He would not even see me, but sent me word by a servant to leave the city at once or he would make me over to the sepoys. We now knew not what to do, but at last resolved to retrace our steps to Cawnpore and to try and get down from that place to Allahabad. I

will not speak of our return journey ; suffice it to say that (with the exception of the fact that the rain had cooled the air) it was not less trying than those already made. When within a few miles of Cawnpore, we heard the roar of General Havelock's guns, and I knew, as soon as I heard them, that the English had at last come to rescue those who were in these provinces still holding out against the most fearful odds. General Havelock was fighting the battle which put him in possession of Cawnpore, and we listened to the report of his guns with unspeakable delight. Night overtook us before we reached the river, but when we entered the station the next day we found it in the hands of the English. I, with many others, went to see the house in which Nana had slaughtered his helpless prisoners. I saw the rough matting upon which the women and children slept during their confinement ; the earthen dishes from which they ate their food ; their handwriting upon the walls of the building ; and their clotted blood upon its floor. I saw, too, the tattered garments of the one and the little shoes and stockings of the other, and I longed to assist in avenging them. If the feeling was wrong I hope I may be forgiven. I remained in Cawnpore fifteen days, during which time Mr. Shearer, the Collector of the station, gave me five rupees, and offered me a situation ; but I told him that I was a catechist and could not take secular employment until I consulted the missionaries at Allahabad, whom I had now determined to visit. General Havelock had cleared the road to that place of rebels, so, placing Clara and the children on a horse, which I had bought at an auction for three rupees for this purpose, we once more took the road. My horse had, with many others, been taken from the sepoy, and although he cost me so little he turned out a good one.

“On arriving at Allahabad I saw that but little missionary work could be done until things became more settled. I saw also that the services of every man who knew how to wield a sword were required in the field, and I determined to offer mine to the magistrate, which, with the consent of my friends, I did, and was accepted. . . . My troop has been raised by myself, and is known as the Christian troop. It contains one hundred and thirteen men, twenty-five of whom are recent converts to Christianity, are candidates for baptism, and are under a course of instruction for this purpose. I do not retain my present position from choice, but because my friends think that I can do more for the advancement of the Redeemer’s Kingdom where I am than I could do elsewhere; and I wish to be found where I can do the most for Him who has done so much for me.”

6. KASBU RAM (JAMES): THE CHRISTIAN CATECHIST

My dear reader, are you one of those who feel no interest in Missions?—who think that money expended on them is thrown away, and who look upon the missionary as a well-meaning enthusiast who is spending his labour for naught? Do you fancy that the heathen, wherever found, are a happy, contented people, who find in their religion, whatever may be its character, all that they need both for this world and that which is to come? And would you hence do nothing to unsettle their minds? Read the story of Kasbu Ram, and you will learn that they are weighed down with burdens, from which nothing but “the truth can make them free.”

“I was born in the city of Shrinagar, in the Himalaya mountains, and am now thirty-six years of age. My

parents were Brahmins—my father an officiating priest. Both took much pains to make me acquainted with the tenets of Hinduism, and my home in the mountains and all its associations were well calculated to aid them in this task.

Shrinagar stands on the banks of the Ganges, which has been for ages the holy river of the Hindus. To the northward, some sixty miles distant, Gangotari, upon which it takes its rise, rears its head far above the neighbouring mountains. Its summit is covered with perpetual snow; and here, as my countrymen think, the waters of their heaven-born river first reach the earth. Thitherward pilgrims, at certain seasons of the year, from the plains, staff in hand, may be seen wending their weary way. Now toiling up some rugged mountain's side; now descending, with cautious step, into one of those deep chasms for which the Himalayas are noted, where the sun may almost be said to rise and set at noon; now following up the dry but rocky beds of what is in the rains a mountain torrent; and now hugging their way along the edge of precipices, where a false step would be certain death. But why are they thus braving hunger, and cold, and toil, and danger? They are pressing forward to bathe in the river at a point where it has lost none of its cleansing power by coming in contact with less sacred streams.

"Oh! that men everywhere were equally anxious to reach the source of that river which is 'clear as crystal,' and which 'proceeds out of the throne of God and the Lamb'; and upon the banks of which stands 'the tree of life,' whose leaves are 'for the healing of the nations.'

"Southward of Shrinagar, six marches distant, is Hurdwar, where the Ganges enters the plains. The Hindus think that this place is, as its name signifies, the door of Shiv, or, as Christians would express it, 'the very gate of heaven.'

It is, perhaps, unequalled by any other spot as a place of pilgrimage, in a land where such places are almost innumerable. All cannot reach Gangotari, but all may come here; and many Hindus think that they cannot die happy without having seen it once or more. Here pilgrims yearly meet from all parts of India—from the banks of the Indus and the Burhampooter; from the regions of eternal snows which separate Hindustan from Thibet; and from the cocoa-groves which line the shores of the Bay of Bengal and the Arabian Sea. It was in the midst of these scenes that I spent the early years of my life. I was taught by my father to feel that I was not only to be saved by Hinduism, but that I was to live by it; and hence I diligently studied such books as he placed in my hands, thinking that my usefulness here and happiness hereafter would be enhanced by it. I accompanied him also in his yearly visits to Hurdwar, to bathe and make my offerings to the Brahmins (for the Brahmins of one place make offerings to those of another). I shall never forget the ardour with which I set out on these occasions for this holy place, or the feeling of disappointment with which I invariably retraced my steps at not having found what I had so earnestly sought. Thus seventeen years of my life wore away. I knew that I was a sinner in the sight of God, and longed to be reconciled to Him; but how to be secured I knew not. My books shed no light upon the path which leads to heaven, and although my poor father attempted to guide me, it was only the blind leading the blind. I consulted some of the most learned *pundits* that then visited the fair at Hurdwar upon the subject, and they told me that I must fast, bathe in the Ganges, and spend much time in meditation and prayer. Alas! thought I, on hearing this, they do not understand my

case, or they would not propose remedies which have already been tried in vain. At length, during one of my visits to this celebrated bathing-place, I saw a missionary addressing a crowd of pilgrims, and drew near to hear what he was saying. I soon found that he was trying to prove the proposition that all men were sinners, and were hence exposed to the wrath and curse of God. This I already knew, and wondered that he should attempt to prove what seemed to me so self-evident. After dwelling upon this point for some time, he asked, with an earnestness that startled me, 'Must we all die? Is there no way by which we may escape the wrath which is to come, and be restored to the favour of God, our Maker?' I knew from his asking these questions that he intended to answer them himself, and listened with breathless attention to hear their solution. He paused a moment, and then, pointing to the thousands of pilgrims who were bathing in the river, or praying on its banks, said, 'These persons believe that there is hope, but, oh, how inadequate the means which they employ to secure the desired end! They know but little of the holiness and justice of God, or of the heinous nature of sin, or they would not think that the waters of the Ganges can wash away its stains.' Sin, he added, must be atoned for and repented of before it can be forgiven, for God has said, 'the soul that sinneth it shall die,' and 'God is not a man, that he should lie.' Having said this, he told us the wonderful story of the Cross. How that God hath made Christ to be sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him. What I now heard of the patience, self-denial and disinterestedness of the Saviour of mankind filled me with admiration for His character. I could not help comparing Him with the ten incarnations of Vishnu, some of the greatest and most

honoured of whom were impure, cruel and vindictive ; while He was ' holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners,' and ' who, when he was reviled, reviled not again ' ; the one slew the innocent, the other prayed for His worst enemies, and died to save them.

" Is this a real or an imaginary character ? If real, whom did He come to save ? Is He able, and if able, is He willing, to save me ? Such were some of the inquiries that now arose in my mind, and the most of them were quickly answered by the speaker, who said to us, ' You must not think that this Saviour came to save my countrymen and myself alone. " He came to seek and to save that which is lost," and I have already shown you that all are, by nature, lost ; it follows, then, that He came to seek and to save you as well as me. His language is, " Whosoever will, let him come," and He assures us in His word that " He is able to save unto the uttermost." ' The speaker then urged upon us the necessity of our repenting of our sins, and of our receiving this Saviour as ours ; for, said he, ' There is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved.' Then, closing his discourse, he began to distribute books among those who were near him. As I was anxious to learn more of the great truths which had thus been presented to my mind, I made my way through the crowd to him, and was so fortunate as to receive three.

" A few hours after this time I was with my father and a few of our neighbours, on my way back to my home on the mountains. When we halted to rest, I read my books aloud to my companions, and what we read while resting was the subject of our conversation by the way. My father little knew how much I was interested in it, or he would have ordered me to dismiss it from my mind. He supposed that the interest which I manifested in it arose only

from its novelty, and thought that I was in no danger of becoming a Christian ; and I did not then think myself that I should ever become one. But the more I learned of the plan of salvation through grace, the more did my understanding approve of it, and the more was I inclined to embrace it.

“After reaching home, it was soon noised abroad that I had in my possession books which contained a new religion, and many persons came to make inquiries respecting it, to whom I read my books by the hour, and explained, as well as I was able, their contents.

“My father soon saw that I had lost my interest in my former studies, and, as I now began to draw contrasts between Hinduism and Christianity which were unfavourable to the former, he took alarm, and told me to give up my books and to refrain from ever mentioning the subject in his presence again. This I declined to do ; at which I saw that he was much enraged, but he said nothing further at that time. Not long after this, he found an opportunity to destroy two of my books ; but the third, a New Testament, still remained in my possession, and I guarded it with so much care that he could not lay his hands on it.

“Both he and my mother now began to upbraid me for my undutiful conduct, and besought me with many tears not to bring disgrace upon them and ruin upon myself by forsaking my religion. I told them, in reply, that I was afraid it was not true ; that I had tried it for many years without deriving any benefit from it. ‘This may be the case,’ said my father, ‘and yet the fault not be in our religion, but in you. You are yet young ; you have read but few of our books, and have visited but few of our holy places. You should, at least, not embrace another religion until you

have learned more of your own.' This struck me as reasonable, and I resolved to act upon it. Having procured such clothing as is worn by a *sanyasi*, a religious mendicant held in high repute by my countrymen, I made up a small package of books, in which my New Testament found a place. With this under my arm, a pair of wooden sandals on my feet, a rosary in one hand and a staff in the other, I set out in search of that peace which I now know Hinduism cannot give.

"My plan was to travel along the bank of the Ganges as far as Benares, bathing at all its holy places, worshipping at the many shrines which have been erected on or near it, and conversing with such Brahmins by the way as I might think capable of instructing me ; and this plan I faithfully carried out. On my way down the river, I halted for several days at Hurdwar and Furrukhabad respectively. Little did I then think that the latter place would ever be my future home, and much less that I, a poor wanderer, in search of salvation myself, should ever stand in its streets from day to day to point out the way of life to its inhabitants. I made, also, a long halt at Kanouj, once celebrated for the number and magnificence of its buildings, the power and wealth of its kings, and the learning and sanctity of its Brahmins. I found the city still great in its ruins, and knew that the renown of its former pundits had become a part of history ; but the acquaintance which I formed with some of their descendants led me to think that they were unworthy sons of worthy sires.

"At Allahabad I spent a month, worshipping according to the prescribed forms of the place, and bathing daily at the Tribeni—that is, at the confluence of the three rivers, the Ganges, the Jumna, and the Saraswati, the latter of which is supposed to flow underground until it unites

its waters with those of the other two rivers at Allahabad. I had here much conversation with the Brahmins in attendance, but was sadly disappointed in them. At such a place I expected to find sincere men, to say the least, earnestly devoted to their work; but I soon found that they were supremely selfish, and more desirous of personal gain than of doing good to those who came to them for instruction. But Benares still remained, the holy city of the Hindus, concerning which I had often heard that all who die within five miles of it are sure of heaven. I had also heard much of the erudition and piety of its pundits, and hence, leaving Allahabad, I hastened to put myself under their instruction. I had hitherto met with nothing but disappointment in my journey. I had, it is true, been told at every point that the good I sought was just before me; but what seemed in the distance to be solid rock proved to be, as soon as I placed my feet upon it, quagmire or yielding sand. At Benares I remained nearly a year, worshipping in its temples, bathing at its *ghats*, and listening to the instruction of its religious teachers. From all this, however, I found no relief, and began to look forward with gloomy forebodings to the future. Hitherto, since leaving Shrinagar, my Testament had remained in my package a sealed book. My object in leaving home was to give Hinduism a fair trial; and having now done this, without deriving any benefit from it, I turned again to the Word of God; and, although I was not yet able to say, 'Lord, I believe; help thou my unbelief,' I never laid it down without saying to myself, truly, 'Never man spake like this man.' When the Brahmin, under whose special instruction I had placed myself, discovered how I was engaged, he told me that I was reading a bad book, and ordered me to give it up, adding, 'You have bathed in the

Ganges, and worshipped at its shrine ; you must now try the Nerbuddah.' I still, however, clung to my Testament, and at first refused to undertake a new pilgrimage ; but the entreaties of others led me to obey my spiritual guide, and the next day I was on my way to Jabbalpur, near which I struck the Nerbuddah. Journeying along one of the banks of this stream, I bathed daily in its waters and worshipped at its shrines, as I had done on the Ganges, until I reached Broach, near its mouth. This occupied several weeks, but it left me in the same state of mind I was in when I set out. Having conversed with the Brahmins of the place about it, they advised me to leave the river and travel northward, along the Gulf of Cambay, to its head, and thence to cross over the peninsula to the Gulf of Cutch, and then, journeying along its shore, to pay a visit to Dwarka. To this place Krishna resorted after the victory of Yudisthir. Here he resided for the time, and near it he was at last slain by a Bhil. It stands on the most western extremity of Gwaikar territory, and commands a fine view of the Arabian Sea. With a heavy heart, I girded myself for this journey. I knew that it would be a trying one, but it proved to be even more so than I had expected. My way led me sometimes through salt marshes, where my progress was slow and painful, and at others over burning sands, where I was parched with heat and thirst. But at last Dwarka was reached. Here I remained twelve days, worshipped in its temples, and made my offerings to its Brahmins. Having done this, they wished to brand me with a hot iron, assuring me that, with this evidence of my having been at Dwarka, I would in the hour of my death be safe. I declined, however, this degradation, and turned away, saying to myself, 'Is salvation only to be obtained by such means as these?' Returning by the route by which I came, I

again reached Broach, where I was directed by the Brahmins who had sent me to Dwarka to try the waters of the Godavery. To this, after some demur, I consented, and, continuing my journey southward for some days, I then turned eastward, crossed the Western Ghats, and reached the Godavery near its source. Along this river I also bathed and prayed and talked with the Brahmins, as I had done on the Ganges and the Nerbuddah, until I came to the village of Toka, where I left it for Benares, from which I had set out, taking Aurungabad and Jabbalpur in my way.

“From Benares I directed my steps homeward, but reaching Hurdwar during mela season I had again the pleasure of hearing some missionaries, and of receiving some tracts from them. I was now within a few days’ journey of home, but as I had not yet found that for which I had left it, I resolved upon a new pilgrimage. I had sought salvation on the plains, and I now said to myself, I must try the hills. It is true, all that I had seen and suffered during the pilgrimage I had made only served to confirm my fears that Hinduism was not of God; but, remembering the advice of my father, I determined not to abandon it while a doubt remained in my mind upon the subject. Leaving my home on my right, I passed along the foot of the mountains and worshipped at all the holy places in my way until I came to Tirloknath, a mountain, the name of which, translated into English, would be ‘the lord of the three worlds.’

“At this place my pilgrimage, and with it my efforts to obtain salvation by means of Hinduism, ended. Turning southward, I made for Lodiana. At this place I heard the Rev. John Newton and the Rev. Golaknath preaching in the bazaar. I now presented myself as an inquirer, and having, after a few months, as I trust, experienced the blessedness

of those 'unto whom God imputeth righteousness without works,' I was received into the communion of the church. I remained two years in Lodiana, during which time I was licensed as a catechist. Since then I have lived at Sabathu, Lahore, Agra and Furrukhabad. The latter place I reached only about three months before the Mutiny of 1857 occurred—an event that will never be forgotten in India. I may state here that I was married before leaving Lodiana, and that at the time of the outbreak my family consisted of my wife, four children (two sons and two daughters), and myself. The news of the massacres at Meerut and Delhi filled us with dismay. Our children, who had hitherto been a source of exquisite pleasure to us, were now a source of deep solicitude. It would have been comparatively easy to die ourselves, but to see our dear children slain before our eyes, or reserved for a worse fate, was, we felt, more than we could bear.

“For some time after Government had become powerless in whole districts to the north-west of us, I daily accompanied the Rev. Mr. Campbell to the bazaar to preach. We thought at that time that the fires of rebellion would soon be put out, and that, at any rate, it was our present duty to show no symptoms of fear lest we should encourage rebellion at our own door; but rumours soon became more frequent and alarming, and the bearing of the lawless about us so insolent, that we thought it prudent to give up bazaar preaching for a time.

“For some days after this the missionaries (the Rev. Messrs. Campbell and Johnson) living near the city remained in their houses, but at length, at the suggestion of Hanukh, Dhaukal and myself, they joined their brethren at Rakha, as this place was then thought less dangerous than Barhpur. Before leaving, however, Mr. Campbell called us

all together, told us that we had fallen upon evil times, and said, 'I feel that I am now addressing you for the last time. By fleeing to distant villages you may escape, but I do not think that there is any hope for us ; but whether we survive or perish, and whether the English rule remains or not, I know that the Church in India will remain, and that "the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."' He then exhorted us to be 'steadfast' and 'immovable,' and to die rather than to deny our Saviour ; and having laid his hands on our heads, he blessed us, and then the two Mission families drove away and we saw them no more.

"We still remained at Barhpur, or in its immediate neighbourhood, for some days, sometimes sleeping in the houses of our heathen neighbours, and sometimes in our own. After the missionaries left Rakha for Cawnpore we joined our native brethren at the former place ; but being soon after stripped of all our earthly possessions, we had to flee with them, leaving the houses on the Mission premises behind us in flames.

"The first halt we made was in a mango grove, from which we could distinctly see the flames of the burning bungalows. These we watched for some time, but, although little was said by us, it was easy to read each others' thoughts. The rains had set in ; around us were our wives and helpless little children, for whom we had now neither shelter nor food, nor even a place of safety to which to flee. But we had but little time to think of our destitute condition ; we knew that we would have to separate, which we now did, feeling that we would never all meet again in this world.

"I fled with my family until we came to an uninhabited place, overgrown with bushes and tall grass. Having reached it, we began to breathe more easily, thinking that we might now reach some friendly village before being

overtaken by our enemies and cut down. We had taken the precaution to clothe ourselves in old cast-off garments before setting out, in the hope that these would shield us from harm ; but, in passing along the edge of a thicket, a band of robbers rushed out upon us and demanded our money. As we had none to give, we pointed to our rags, as evidence of our poverty, and asked them to let us go. They said, in reply, that they quite understood us ; that we had disguised ourselves in the hope of concealing our property, but that it would be in vain. They now drew their swords and assumed a threatening attitude towards us, and what the end would have been had not help come, as it often comes, from an unexpected quarter, I know not. A gang of prisoners, who had broken jail at Futtehghurh and were on their way to their homes, came to our rescue, and, being the stronger party, drove the robbers off and took us with them to the village of one of the party, where we received no small kindness from them. We spent the night with them, and they supplied all our wants, and even offered to shelter and take care of us until order should be restored. But we felt that we were still too near Furrukhabad for safety, so we resumed our flight. Our next adventure occurred the day we left them. While crossing a small stream, we found that we were surrounded by a large number of villagers, who were armed with swords and spears, and bows and arrows. As we approached the shore the leader of the party drew his bow, and fitting an arrow to the string told us to stop ; and, having done so, another man came forward, and, laying his naked sword upon my shoulder, ordered us to give them our money. Upon our telling them that we had none they became very angry with us, and threatened to kill us if we did not make it, and any other valuables we might have on our persons, over to

them at once. While trying to convince them that we were indeed poor, a zamindar came along, with whom we were acquainted, and told them that we were telling the truth, and begged them to let us go; and this they did, after having searched us to convince themselves that both he and we were not deceiving them. After they had left us, this friendly landholder took us to his village, and told us that we might remain in it as long as we pleased.

“We gladly accepted his hospitality, and remained with him about twenty days. The name of this village was Islamgunj, which, notwithstanding its name, was inhabited by Hindus. Here we should probably have found a safe retreat, had it not been that there was a Muhammadan village near it between the inhabitants of which and the inhabitants of Islamgunj there was a feud of long standing. While the Government remained strong both these parties had to smother their hatred of each other as best they could, but both now, perhaps, felt that the time had come for an adjustment of their difficulties by a resort to arms. Through our spies we soon learned that our Muhammadan neighbours had planned an attack upon the village in which we were staying. Every village in upper India is a fortification, or may be easily turned into one—the outer rows of houses, on all sides, being built so as to touch each other, except where spaces are left for ingress and egress, and these are narrow and few in number. The doors and windows are usually in the inner walls, and when anarchy reigns in a neighbourhood all the avenues to a village are closed up but one or two, and, when threatened by immediate danger, even these are closed.

“Such was now the state of things in Islamgunj. From the flat roofs of its houses we could every night see villages in flames, and hear the shouting of assailed and assailants.

The reign of justice and peace was at an end, and the reign of violence and misrule had succeeded it. Our village at this time presented a scene of unusual activity. The main entrances were speedily blocked up; small cannon were dug up from out-of-the-way places, where they were only known to exist by tradition, and mounted upon the walls; a large quantity of coarse powder was manufactured; the fires of the blacksmith's shop were not allowed to go out, day or night — old matchlocks had to be repaired and spears made, and the grindstone of the sword-sharpener was never allowed to stand still. At length our preparations were completed, but not before they were required, for we were soon attacked. As we felt that our safety depended upon the safety of the party befriending us, we did not hesitate to use the arms placed in our hands for our common defence. The attack was made at night, amid hideous yells upon the part of the assailing party, and it was met with a volley from our matchlocks, and with a shout of defiance upon ours. It lasted nearly an hour, and several persons were killed and wounded upon both sides; but as the assailants were more exposed than ourselves, their loss was greater than ours. After the withdrawal of our enemies we remained in Islamgunj for some time, and, as no new attack was made, we began to feel quite secure; but a spy brought us word that the enemies whom we had recently defeated had entered into an agreement with the people of another village to take ours by storm, and, having put to the sword all opposers, to plunder it and set it on fire. Having learned this, our friends determined to bury their valuables and to abandon their houses until more peaceful times should enable them to return. Hastily making their preparations, men, women and children left the village at night-fall, and as they separated, each family seeking safety

for itself without reference to others, we Christians once more found ourselves without protection. As one of our party had a heathen relative a few miles from Islamgunj, upon whom he thought we could rely, we determined to go in a body to his house; and, by travelling all night, we reached it early in the morning. He spoke kindly to us when we made known our wishes, but said that it would be quite impossible for him to conceal so many of us; and he urged us, as we valued our lives, to separate; and to this, after some consultation among ourselves, we agreed; and before the sun was up I was once more with my family in the jungle. This was a very trying day; we had made a long march during the night previous and were very tired, but could only obtain rest by lying down on the damp ground; we were also very hungry, and could only obtain such food as a jungle affords. To add to our troubles, my eldest daughter in the afternoon complained of feeling unwell, and was soon after in a high fever. To stop where we were was to die from hunger and exposure; so we were compelled, notwithstanding her sickness, to push on. She walked as long as she was able, and I then carried her until I was myself quite worn out, when she would again walk for some distance, leaning upon the arm of her mother, while I carried one of her little brothers, who had become lame during the night. Late in the afternoon of this day we sat down to rest under the wide-spreading branches of a beautiful tamarind, near a small village. We had not been here long when a number of Musalmans came out, and, looking at us for a short time, passed on into a garden near at hand, where we could see that they were talking to each other very earnestly; but they at length repassed us on their way to the village.

“As soon as they were gone, I went to the hut of a poor

faqir, which was nearby, and asked him for some food for my wife and children. He replied by giving me all he had, the result of his day's begging, and dismissed me with many kind wishes, both for myself and my family. The food thus received was timely and did us all good. I now took it for granted that we were looked upon by the villagers as beggars, and was about to go into the village to look out for lodgings for the night, when an old woman came out with a water vessel on her head, who was on her way to one of the village wells to draw water. As she passed us she stopped a moment and looked about her, and then, seeing no one but ourselves, said to me in an undertone, 'Come with me to the well—I have something to tell you.' Thinking it might be something of importance, I followed her. When we reached the well she said to me, while busily engaged in drawing water, and without seeming to notice me, 'Fly!—your lives are in danger. Did you not see,' she added, 'some Musalmans, a little while ago, looking at you? They know you are Christians, because they heard one of your children call you *papa*, a word only used by Christians, and they have made their arrangements to seize you all as soon as it is dark, kill you and your wife and two little boys, and, having cut off your heads, to send them to the Nawab; but your daughters are not to die. Poor things,' she continued, 'if you are to be taken it would be well for them to die too.' Thanking the old woman for the information which she had given me, I now hurried back to my family. Overcome by heat and toil, I found that all the members thereof had fallen asleep. To wake my wife and tell her of our danger was the work of a moment. We both felt alarmed, but were more concerned for our daughters than we were for our little boys and ourselves. My wife proposed that we should flee, without a moment's delay; but I told her that this would not

do—that we must try to steal away unobserved. Directing her attention to some tall palm-trees, half a mile distant, I told her that she and my two daughters should try to reach them, and that they should wait there for the rest of us until we came up. ‘But,’ said my wife, ‘perhaps we may never meet again in this world.’ I thought myself that this was probable, but said all I could to encourage her. We now awoke our two daughters and told them our new trouble; and then, without changing our position, or assuming the attitude of worshippers, we offered up a short prayer, committing ourselves to the care of our heavenly Father, and praying that if it should be His will that we should fall by the hand of violence, that we might all meet in that better country where there is no sin, nor strife, nor sorrow. My wife now set off, followed by our two daughters, in the opposite direction from the one which she ultimately intended to take. I remained behind with our boys, who were still asleep, until dusk; then, taking the younger in my arms and giving my hand to the other, we slipped around the village unobserved, and were soon at the place where we were to meet. Here I found the other members of my family, who had met with no opposition by the way.

“Our plan had thus far succeeded; but feeling that we were still too near the scene of danger, we travelled all night, avoiding the roads and villages in our route. Our progress, on account of the roughness of the way and the state of our feet, was slow, but still we had by morning left the place from which we had fled far behind us. Soon after daylight we entered a small Hindu village and asked for some sour milk. The villagers looked at us and said, ‘You are Christians, and you need not think that you can conceal it from us.’ We admitted that we were Christians, but told them that we were still their fellow-creatures,

and as such had a claim upon their sympathy ; they said that this was true, and gave us not only all the milk we wanted, but other food also, and a place in which to remain during the day. In the evening they brought us a fresh supply of food, and told us to be off, saying, 'Our houses would be burned over our heads were it known that we have sheltered you.' My poor wife and sick daughter were now greatly discouraged, and said, 'Where is all this to end? Is there rest for us nowhere?' I replied by pointing to the sky above us, 'Where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest.'

"I now told my wife that it seemed useless for us to fly any farther ; that we had hitherto only fled from danger in one quarter to meet it in another, and proposed that we should return to Furrukhabad and throw ourselves upon the mercy of the Nawab, thinking that he might spare us, and feeling, at any rate, that a speedy death would be preferable to the miserable life we were then leading. But my wife said, 'No,' that to do so would be to return to certain death, and that it was our duty to do all we could to preserve our lives. Having lifted up our hearts in prayer to God, we again took to the jungles. We journeyed on for some time without knowing whither we were going, and feeling that effort upon our part to reach a place of safety was almost in vain. We were at length driven into the hut of a Muhammadan faqir by a heavy shower of rain, for shelter, who received us kindly and allowed us to remain for several days under his roof. While here my daughter's fever left her, which was a great relief. The next place we reached was Deorajpur, where a kind-hearted zamindar invited us to stop with him for eight or ten days, or at least until we were better able to travel. His invitation was accepted, but instead of ten days we remained twenty with

him. There were in this village a number of Musalmans, but, if disposed to do so, the fear of the zamindar prevented them from informing on us. While stopping in this village news reached us of the slaughter of thirty-two Christians at Futtehghurh ; and as I wished to learn whether any of our own brethren were among the number, I left my family in the care of the zamindar and started for the station to find out, if possible, who the slain were. On my way I heard that some native Christians were concealed in Yaqut Gunj, near Futtehghurh ; but when I came to that place I was told by those who had concealed them that they had fled on hearing that Dhaukal, with his wife and four children, and twenty-six other Christians, had been blown away from a gun ; and they told me to flee also, assuring me that I could find no safety within the territory of the Nawab and advising me to leave it. This advice I resolved to act upon, and set out at once for Deorajpur, by a different route from the one I came. On my way I came to a mango grove, near Awanabad, in which I found a gentleman lying, with his coat and hat off, on the ground, and with his panting steed by his side covered with foam. I entered into conversation with him, but soon found that he could speak but little Hindustani. I made out, however, to learn that he had been attacked by mutineers near a village, the name of which I have forgotten ; that they had wounded him in one leg, and that he was now fleeing for life. I asked him, if this was the case, why he was losing time by lying in the shade. He replied by saying that both he and his horse were almost exhausted, and that he had stopped to rest and get something to eat. He also told me that a man whom he had found in the grove on his arrival had gone to the adjacent village to procure food for him. On hearing this, I said to him, ' You will be betrayed, for the village of which you speak is full of Muhammadans, and

if you remain where you are they will kill you' ; and while thus speaking I heard the sound of horses' hoofs, and looking up saw that a number of horsemen were just upon us. Telling my companion to fly, I ran and concealed myself in some long grass. I was only just in time, for from my hiding-place I saw the poor stranger cut down while trying to mount his horse. His murderers then stripped him, and divided his clothing and the contents of his pockets between them. This done, one of them drew his sword and severed the head of the dead man from his body ; and then, tying it in a cloth, he swung it on his arm, and mounting his horse rode off with his companions in the direction of Furrukhabad.

"Who this poor unfortunate stranger was, or whence he came, I have never learned. Perhaps a mother, wife, or a beloved child, in a far-off land, unconscious of his end, is still bewailing his loss. Many similar scenes, no doubt, occurred in these provinces during the late Mutiny ; for Christians of every creed and colour were, in those unhappy days, hunted down by the mutineers with relentless fury.

"Leaving my hiding-place, I hastened back to Deorajpur. When I reached it the zamindar told me that he could protect us no longer ; that strict orders, since I had left, had been received from the Nawab, enjoining the apprehension of all native Christians, and threatening those who should harbour them with death and the confiscation of their estates. He said, however, that he would not turn us out, but would send us to a small village where we could find shelter and be less exposed than we then were. Having reached this village, we found the people very kind, and we now thought that we were comparatively safe ; but the same day two Muhammadan horsemen were seen approaching the village, but, as we felt sure that they knew nothing of us, we were

not troubled. We soon found, however, that someone had betrayed us, for they called for the zamindars and ordered them to give us up. The latter would most willingly have protected us if it had been in their power, but they knew that their lives and property were at stake, and hence, pretending not to know that they had been harbouring Christians in our persons, they said to the *sawars* that they might take us away. One of these sawars was an old man, with a long white beard, and of a stern but not forbidding aspect. His companion was, however, in years, and in almost every other respect, the reverse. One could see at a glance that selfishness and cruelty were prominent traits in his character. The former proposed to make prisoners of us and take us to the city; but the latter insisted upon killing us at once, adding that it would be less trouble for them to send our heads to the Nawab than it would be to take us in as prisoners; and, as the Nawab would kill us at any rate, nothing would be gained upon the score of humanity by taking us to the station alive. To this the old sawar now assented, and they both began to prepare to put us to death. At this juncture the zamindars came forward and united their entreaties to ours that our lives might be spared, but without avail. Seeing that they were inexorable, we asked them for fifteen minutes in which to prepare for death; and, upon this request being granted, I gathered my family about me and talked and prayed with its members, as I now thought, for the last time. In a few moments we expected to be beyond the reach of suffering and sorrow. The bitterness of death was now past; indeed, so great had been our sufferings since our wanderings commenced, that I now began to feel that it would be a privilege to die, especially as we were all to die together. But our time had not yet come. The old sawar, touched perhaps by the scene

before him, began to relent, and turning to his companion, said, 'I will have no hand in killing these innocent people. They have harmed no one, and why should we harm them? It is true we would be handsomely rewarded for killing them, but who, for the sake of a little gold, would have innocent blood on his skirts?' 'This is the way you always act,' said the other sawar; 'but for you more than one infidel would have fallen by my hand in Cawnpore.' Some angry words now passed between them, but when the young sawar saw that the old one was not to be moved, he proposed that they should leave; so, mounting their horses, they rode away, followed by the benedictions of the simple-hearted villagers. After they had left us we remained in the village until evening, and then took our departure, thinking that, although we had now escaped, the young sawar might return with companions as bloodthirsty as himself; and we knew, in that case, that a second escape would be impossible. Making a journey of several miles, we came to a village, the zamindars of which promised to give us protection if I would, upon my part, labour for them in the fields. This condition was, of course, readily assented to, and the next day found me at work. Here I remained for several weeks; but at length Mausan Ali Khan, a chief in the employ of the Nawab, heard of our retreat, and came with a band of policemen to arrest us; but warning of his movements reached us in time for us to get out of the way. The day of our flight from this village we made a long march in the direction of Chibramow, near which we were arrested by some policemen, who searched our clothing and the food we had with us for letters—having been ordered to search all suspicious-looking characters, to prevent any communication between Agra and Bengal.

Not finding letters on our persons and not suspecting who we were, they let us go. Passing on through Chibramow we turned southward, and travelled for several days in the direction of Calpi, being determined now to carry out the resolution which I had previously made, viz. to get out of the Nawab's territory. We only halted long enough by the way to rest and to eat the food which we received in the villages through which we passed.

“The road leading from Calpi to Cawnpore was at length reached, and here we learned the joyful news that the latter place had been re-taken by the English, and that the Nana had fled across the Ganges into Oudh. We had intended going to Calpi, but we now changed our course, and, with a lighter heart than we had known for many a day, set out for Cawnpore. It is true none of us had eaten anything but some wild figs for twenty-four hours, but the hope of reaching a place of safety infused new vigour into us and we journeyed until near sunset, when we sought the friendly shelter of a banyan tree growing near a large tank. Here we sat down, hungry and weary, but still thankful for what we had, to spend the night. We had been here but a little while when about twenty sepoy, armed with muskets, came along, and began to make their preparation for spending the night also. They first pitched a tent, which they had brought with them on a baggage cart, and then commenced cooking their food; this consisted of *chuppaties*, thin cakes made of wheat flour, and *dal*, a kind of pea. One of the sepoy, having prepared a large number of *chuppaties*, called to a companion to watch them while he went to the tank for water; the latter assumed the task, but, being busy with his own preparations, he did not notice a hungry dog lingering near, which was only waiting for an opportunity to secure a supper for himself, and which, as

soon as the man's back was turned, leaped into the little square (which had been purified, according to the Hindu custom) where the chuppaties were, and, seizing two or three of them, made off with them in his mouth. This being witnessed by the owner, who was by this time returning from the tank, he was much enraged at the person to whose care he had committed them, and berated him for his carelessness; and then, taking up the remaining chuppaties, which were now so defiled that no high-caste Hindu would dare to eat them, he said, 'I will offer them to these faqirs—perhaps they may eat them.' They were, of course, eagerly accepted; and, as we partook of the repast thus provided for us, we received it as coming directly from the hand of Him who sent the ravens to supply the wants of His servant by the brook Cherith. After finishing this meal, my wife and children soon fell asleep; but I lay awake until a late hour, listening to the conversation of the sepoy, which I could easily overhear, so near were we to each other. I learned from them in this way that they had been defeated at Futtehpoore and that they had been utterly routed at Cawnpore. They said that they greatly outnumbered the English, but that the charges of the latter were irresistible. One had a companion in arms slain by his side, another was slightly wounded, and all had hair-breadth escapes to recount. I learned that they were much concerned lest they should be pursued, and were greatly perplexed as to their future movements. As the hours wore on their conversation became less and less animated, until it at last ceased altogether. No sound was now to be heard, save the croaking of the frogs in the tank, the occasional howl of a hungry jackal in quest of food, and, now and then, the flapping of a vulture's wing, a number of which were perching on a neighbouring tree. I should have slept, for

I was weary, but memory was too busy to admit of sleep. My whole life passed in review before me ; I thought of my home in the mountains, of the friends whom I had left behind me, of the trials which I had brought upon my family and myself by becoming a Christian ; but, notwithstanding all that I had suffered, I felt that my condition was infinitely preferable to what it was when, as a weary pilgrim, I wandered along the banks of the Ganges, the Nerbuddah and the Godavery, seeking rest but finding none. It is true I had seen four Mission families driven from their homes in the midst of the hot season ; that my native brethren were scattered I knew not whither ; that some of them had suffered for refusing to deny the Saviour, and that I could now say, with the apostle, 'in deaths oft,' and, with my blessed Master, that I had not a place where to lay my head ; still I had that peace which passeth all understanding, for I could say for myself and for the members of my family, 'We know that, if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.' I at length fell asleep, but awoke at an early hour, and, having aroused my wife and children, resumed our journey, and by evening we were within a few miles of Cawnpore. We again stopped under a tree by the roadside, spent the night, making our supper off some parched grain which we had received during the day. The next morning, having arrived within a short distance of Cawnpore, we came upon a picket of European soldiers, one of whom challenged us in his own tongue. We replied in Hindustani ; but not understanding us he raised his musket and ordered us to stop. My eldest daughter, who had studied English in the Agra Female High School, now answered his inquiries in that language. By this time the whole picket had gathered around us, and when they

learned who we were they treated us with the greatest kindness. They took us to their tent and gave us food and clothing, and then directed us to the house of Mr. Gomes, the mayor of the city, who assigned us comfortable quarters in his own house and told us that all our wants should be supplied.

“With feelings which I shall not attempt to describe, we now all fell on our knees and returned our heartfelt thanks to Him who had ‘delivered us out of all our distresses.’ This ended two months and a half of anxiety and suffering. We soon after met many of our brethren who had reached the city before us, and in due time we returned to our houses at Futtehghurh.”

The writer of this narrative will only add that Kasbu Ram (James) is a man of pleasing manners. He is a humble, consistent Christian, distinguished alike for his faithfulness in the discharge of duty and for the fervency of his spirit. He is one of the pillars in our Furrukhabad city congregation, and as a catechist commands the confidence and respect of all who know him; understanding Hinduism thoroughly himself, he makes use of this knowledge with telling effect upon his countrymen.

R.S.F.

THE MESSAGE OF THE MUTINY

THE people of India will not soon forget the Mutiny of 1857. The civilised world has heard of the treachery and cruelty of the sepoys, and of the endurance and heroism of many of those who suffered at their hands. The causes, too, of this sad event have been fully discussed, and its suppression recorded; and our rulers are now trying to repair losses and to guard against similar occurrences.

It is not our purpose to dwell upon any of these points. The question which most concerns the missionary, as a watchman upon the walls of Zion, is not how many have fallen in the conflict? what worldly interests have been compromised by it? or what are the causes which led to it? but, what has been its effect upon the interests of that kingdom, which will survive and flourish after swords have been turned into ploughshares and spears into pruning hooks?

That the Mutiny was in some respects disastrous to the interests of Missions, no one can deny. Our churches, printing house, orphan asylums, book-depositories and dwelling houses were all swept away by it. Our schools were broken up and our missionaries and our people were either slain, or shut up in forts, or driven to the fastnesses of the mountains for safety—an end for the time being put to all missionary effort.

The writer will never forget the weary months which some of his colleagues and himself spent in the fort at Agra. It stands on the right bank of the Jumna, and its

lofty battlements overlook many miles of the surrounding country. To these we often resorted, after the heat of the day, to talk over our prospects as a Mission. We need not say that they were very dark.

We had the Lieut.-Governor of the North-West Provinces (now the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh) with us in the fort, but his authority did not, for the greater part of the time, extend beyond the horizon; and it was, for a while, bounded by the walls of the fort.

Our churches, our schools, and our homes in Agra were in ruins, and all our operations as a Mission were brought to a stand. We heard of the fall of Allahabad, Futtehghurh, Futtehpore and Mynpurie, but for many long weeks we were in the greatest suspense (with one exception) as to the fate of our brethren and their respective charges at these stations. The most painful rumours reached us, from time to time, respecting them, some of which, alas! proved in the end to be too true. Having witnessed a good profession, eight of our number and two little children laid down their lives at Cawnpore; some of our people sank under trials which they were not able to endure; and Dhaukal Parshad and his family died the death of martyrs at Futtehghurh.

By the beginning of 1858, the wave of rebellion had divided—one portion of it rolling away to the eastward, and the other towards the west, leaving the territory (occupied by the Furrukhabad Mission) between the Jumna and the Ganges comparatively tranquil. This enabled us, but with a greatly diminished force, to re-occupy our deserted stations; and, when we came to do so, and saw their ruined condition and the extent of our loss, we felt more than ever that the hand of our God was heavy upon us.

Still the Mutiny, like many other evils, was one not unattended by good results. Many of these might be

pointed out, but we will confine our attention to one of them.

Previous to the Mutiny, nothing was more common than to hear worldly-minded people speak disparagingly of Christians. They were accused of having embraced Christianity from improper motives, and it was said of them that a reverse upon the part of its adherents would carry them over to the enemy. So strong was this feeling against them, in Agra, when the Mutiny occurred, that the Government officials in the fort refused to admit them, as a body, within its walls. It was in vain that the missionaries pleaded their cause and urged the danger of their being slain by the rebels. The only favour they could secure for them was permission to occupy a caravansary near the fort. Here they remained until the battle of July 5th, 1857, was fought, in which our troops, overpowered by numbers and the heat of the day, were driven into the station, hotly pursued by the enemy. The work of plunder, devastation and death now commenced. Europeans who had not taken refuge in the fort were cut down in attempting to reach it, and even those who were thought friendly to Christianity suffered with the rest. Under these circumstances, the caravansary soon became too hot to hold the Christians who had taken refuge in it; and, in their despair, they resolved to make a last effort to get into the fort.

The writer was standing upon one of the gateways (watching our retreating force), when he saw them approaching, carrying their little children on their backs. When they reached the gate they pleaded for admission, but were told that it was contrary to orders to admit them.

The missionaries (Church of England), under whose immediate care they were, now came to their aid; and renewed their entreaties in their behalf, but at first without success.

They at last declared that if their people were not admitted, they would remain outside with them and share their fate. This led the persons to whom the request was addressed to refer the matter to Mr. Colvin (the Lieut.-Governor), who, to the honour of his memory be it said, ordered the whole body, some three hundred in number, to be admitted. It need only be added that they behaved well while they remained in the fort, and that they left it much more highly esteemed than they were when they entered it. The same is true of their brethren at other stations. They so conducted themselves as to secure the respect of their European fellow-Christians. At this we greatly rejoice. Had the missionary returned to his station to find that his people had renounced Christianity, he would have felt like abandoning the work in despair; but when, instead of this, he returned to find that they had, almost without exception, been faithful, and some of them even unto death, he thanked God and took courage.

In republishing these narratives, it is due to candour to say that, while the majority of our people behaved so well in the Mutiny, there were a few who wavered in the hour of trial; but of these, although the writer has seen several hundreds of Christians since 1857, he has met with but one, and she is now a member of his congregation in Furrukhabad. Her husband was a fine scholar, a mature Christian, and a man universally respected for his many excellent qualities. He was naturally of a mild disposition, and had been for some months in ill-health. He was not one to outride such a storm as was then gathering over the city, and God, in His mercy, removed him—the night before it broke over it—to that world which the rage of man cannot reach. He left behind him, however, a young widow and two little children, one of whom was a babe only a few days

old. He was buried at night, in our Mission graveyard, by his brethren, for fear of the rebels who were thirsting for their blood, and were then only waiting until the light of the next morning to attack them. Indeed, this beloved brother was scarcely in his grave when a Muhammadan mob surrounded the house in which his widow and children were. This they soon entered, shouting as they did so: "Kill the infidels! Kill the infidels." The mother pleaded for her children as only a mother knows how to plead, but was told that there was only one way by which she could save them. This was to adopt as her creed the following words: "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is His prophet!" She hesitated for a moment, looking now at the gleaming swords of her persecutors and now at her children. The result was—her feelings as a mother overcame her conviction of duty as a Christian. She did wrong, but, Christian mother, do not judge her harshly. Look upon your own beloved children and ask yourself what you would have done under similar circumstances. The warm-hearted, the intrepid Peter, under circumstances less trying, denied his Master, not only once or twice, but thrice. Like him, poor Banno has wept bitterly over her fault. Like him, too, she has said to her injured Saviour: "Lord, Thou knowest all things; Thou knowest that I love Thee"; and, like him, we trust, she has been forgiven.

These narratives might be increased almost indefinitely, for there are but few of our people who have not their tale of suffering to relate. But these will suffice to show the reader the fiery ordeal through which they recently passed. They will also show the manner in which they sustained it.

The event which led to the writing of these narratives has passed away. Our Mission schools are again crowded, and the Gospel is daily preached to thousands of attentive

hearers. But we would not forget that without the blessing of God upon our efforts they will be vain.

Dear reader, will you not help us with our work? Not only with your pecuniary gifts, but with your prayers also. It is a work in which we have, or ought to have, a common interest, for the Redeemer's last command is as binding upon you as it is upon us. He says to us both: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." Have we obeyed His command as we ought? If so, why were the calamities already referred to allowed to overtake us? and why have we had so little success? Why, instead of numbering converts by thousands, are we not numbering them by hundreds of thousands? Are we not "verily, guilty concerning our brother"? The heathen are descending in one vast procession to the grave, relying for salvation upon gods of wood and stone, which can neither hear nor see nor save; and yet what have we done? *What are we doing* to direct them to the "Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world"? How feeble have been our efforts and how cold and formal our prayers!

In view of our past shortcomings in this respect, let us act upon the exhortation of the prophet: "Come, and let us return unto the Lord; for He hath torn and He will heal us: He hath smitten, and He will bind us up."

Futtehgurh,

ROBERT S. FULLERTON.

October 3rd, 1860.

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